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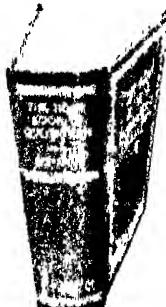
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The Yale Literary Magazine

VOL. CI

FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 6

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE
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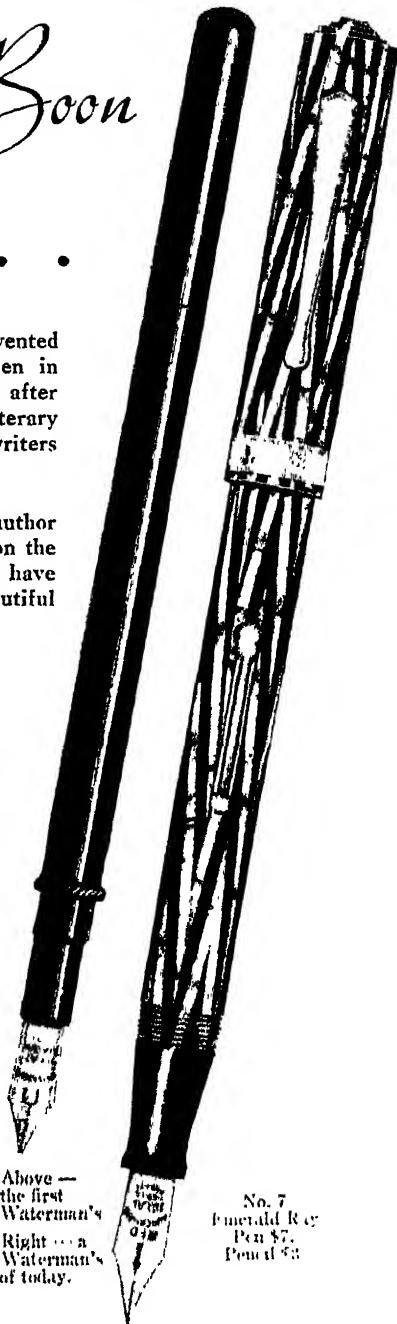
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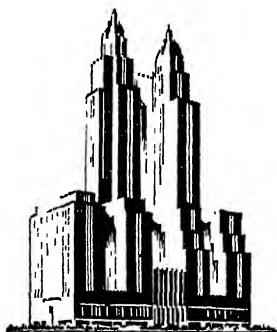
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Editors for This Issue: Lasell, Stewart, Keele

Saturday, February 22, 1936

THE OLD LADY

It is hard to be rational about Yale's Old Lady in Brown. The *lit.* has been with us so long, it is so much a part of the good things in this University, that we could not find fault with it, even if there were faults to be found.

But sentimentality must vanish, when one is faced with the publication of the *Lit. Magazine's* centennial issue. A book of almost three hundred pages, one of the outstanding literary events of the year all this is too momentous, too grand, too nostalgic or old lace. So, brushing away a tear, we shall do our best to hide our emotions and speak as rationally as we can.

The Old Lady need not be ashamed of pride as she looks back over her hundred years. She has fostered more first rate American men of letters than any publication in the world today. Her sons are so many that we shall not attempt to name any of them. And a glance through the pages of this birthday issue will show that her sons are loyal. They are proud to return to her who first gave them encouragement, who first disciplined them and patted them on the back and showed them the road forward.

At Yale and in this country the Old Lady stands alone. She has survived through the changes of the years, while her contemporaries have stumbled and fallen and passed away. Through those years she has maintained her dignity, and with it her validity. And now she remains, alone, the *oldest monthly magazine in America*.

She has meant, and she means today, something that no other Yale institution can ever mean. To scholars and to searchers and to creators she has opened her heart. Under her guidance have flourished the first efforts of those who perhaps most truly have tried to find here *lux, et veritas*.

And so, Old Lady, dressed as you are in your birthday best, we of the *Navy* salute you. May you live and prosper for another hundred years. If you do not, Yale will have cause indeed to bow her head in shame.

We promised not to be sentimental, and we are afraid the promise has been broken. We are sorry.

To the 1936 Board of the *Lit.* we give our highest praise. They have brought forth a publication as interesting and as significant as we have ever seen. And they have made this hundredth anniversary a time not for sentimentality, but for true *et veritas*.

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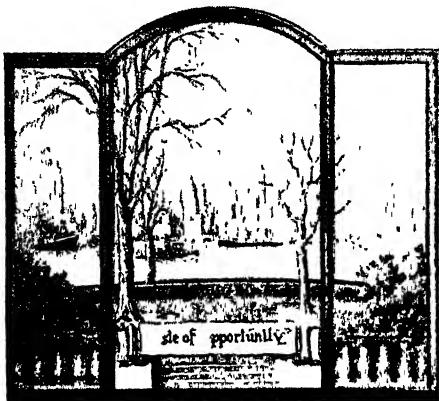
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OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

October 22, 1935.

To the Editor of the
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Dear Sir:

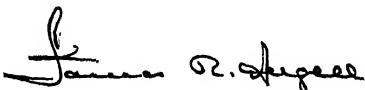
To have been born in New Haven when Andrew Jackson was President and when New England was constantly on tenterhooks lest this wild frontiersman should ruin the country, might have been expected to result in a nervous constitution with small expectancy of longevity. But such was not the case with the infant Lit. The early volumes exhibit a cool detachment from things mundane as complete as that of a medieval treatise on theology; and, while the editorial mind was vexed with such issues as the influence of moral feeling on the pleasures of the imagination, stimulated one suspects by injections of Addison and Dugald Stewart, there is no remotest intimation of concern about any of the political crises which were so profoundly stirring national feeling.

Even the poetry, where one might anticipate surreptitious reflections of current trends in the workaday world, does, for the most part, but echo Catullus and Horace, with an occasional note suggestive of Pope. Serious or playful, it has little or no traffic with the business of the vulgar herd.

In the century which has intervened, while disclosing not a little of the changing tides of literary taste and intellectual outlook in the world outside, the Lit. has run extraordinarily true to form. Like other human institutions it has had its shifting periods of prosperity and decay, but it has been amazingly consistent in adhering to its original purpose. In so doing, it has furnished an admirable training school for a long line of men who have gone forward to win high distinction in letters and the allied arts.

Yale is properly proud of this achievement and it gives me sincere pleasure to offer my felicitations to the "little old lady in brown" who, having learned the trick of the survival of the fittest, should easily go on to another century of distinguished history.

Faithfully yours,


James R. Angell

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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NO. II.

MARCH, 1836.

NEW HAVEN:
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The Cover of the Second Issue of the Lyr. (The engraving of St. Elihu—prophetically—was mislaid and unfinished when the first issue went to press.)

The Yale Literary Magazine

VOL. CI

FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 6

Special Confession

IT is not of her great age that those of us who serve the Old Lady today are especially proud. We feel that there has been perhaps too much attention paid to the fact of her one hundred years, and not enough to the reason of it, and to its very real influence on all those with whom she comes in contact. It is said of every one who succeeds by no matter what curious magic in reaching the centenary mark that he or she is able to read fine print without the aid of glasses, takes an active interest in human events, and intends to celebrate the occasion by a parachute jump over the ancestral home. It is generally added that such great age has been attained by one of two means: drinking twenty-four glasses of water a day and total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages; or by absorbing as much brandy or other liquor as the human system is able to contain without the addition of that dangerous element, water.

But all this is not quite important. Even the fact that a centenarian is still enjoying life, and has perhaps even proposed to a member of the church choir, is not quite important. And we who serve the Old Lady cannot help being impatient at those who do not look beyond such petty details, because her physical presence, however hearty and athletic at this late date, has come to be accepted tacitly by us as a part of the apparatus of that companionship we know with her.

What interests us in the Litr. is what it has meant to those who have gone before, what it means to us today, and what it is going to mean in the centuries to come. The very fact that it will inevitably have a meaning in the centuries to come only emphasizes the unimportance of counting its years. Reader, we would probe the soul of the Litr., seeking a fuller consciousness of its influence down the quickening years. Let us not praise the famous for the animal achievement of great age, but for laughter and tears wiser than bitterness, and for a heart that knows both a late and perfect calm and the sudden sunlit rush of the high hopes of the young. Let us who have been fools look in our hearts and write.

It has been true from the first year in which the Litr. began its abundant life that those who knew it from without could not help missing the chief importance of its being. It has seemed for the last century a magazine that is published, with a certain naive and occasionally hysterical irregularity, once a month throughout the college year, and is read by a group of men whose total number has varied as greatly as the value of the work published in its pages. The Litr. has, even in the public eye, scaled what are referred to in newspaper jargon as the heights; and it has also, in the public eye, wallowed in the deepest of all sloughs of despond. There have been years in which old Elihu Yale peered near-sightedly from a cover that hid a handful of well-wrung pages — and what little public there has been at such a time has had ample and justifiable cause for mockery. There have been years in which our honored Saint seemed a little to straighten on his spavined legs, standing as guardian to scores of pages of a rich worth — and the public then has bestowed its praise like a most liberal and princely giver. But what should be made known is that such public approbation or disapproval, and the evident causes behind it, are essentially the least important part of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

What chiefly interests us today in rereading old issues of the Litr. is the informal chatter of the editors, after the ponderous issues of the day in art, science, and religion have been

dispatched. You see the editors gathered in those early years in the cubby-hole of their office through the late hours of the night; claret on the table, a drowsy fire on the hearth, a great ease and warmth flooding their hearts and the little room. Here they are gathered ostensibly to read those manuscripts contributed since the last meeting; manuscripts whose worth is not much different from that of all manuscripts in all times and all places. After a sentence of each has been read aloud comes the inevitable cry, "Throw it out!" All this is eternal, expected, without purpose to us. We do not care how these men of the eighteen-thirties chose their materials, or how the magazine ever managed to get printed and distributed, because all that has the same bewildering quality as the work of editing today. We are more interested in the claret, certainly, and in the lowering fire, in the oysters (than which nineteenth century Yale seems to have tasted nothing more delicious), the pipes, the songs they sang.

But even behind all this is the true pattern of what we seek. It is the association of minds, the comradeship, the meaningful interplay of their unmeaning words. It is the rich and well-nigh inexpressible union of the long, long thoughts of youth, "the hopes and fears of all the years" that met in them by candle-light under the rafters of the old South Middle. It is the importance of all this that must be made known to explain the essential importance of the Litt. itself. Here is the heartbeat, the very blood whose quick pulse is undiminished through the years; and we would sing this, rather than the praises of long life.

We do not any longer gather under the romantic circumstances of a century ago. Too few have left any respect for claret, while oysters are as archaic as the flickering light by which they were lowered into the gaping mouths of the editors. We have lost an immense deal of that sense of close and immediate intimacy with one another that a smaller college, with fewer interests, made possible. Each of us today is able to prove, and frequently does, that every minute of his day from seven o'clock in the morning until one the next morning is carefully allotted for a multitude of tasks whose relative importance none

of us has time to question; we are anything but reposeful, we are anything but willing or able to spend long hours before an open fire, discussing the cabbages and kings of our own tomorrows. Now we do this. Now we do that. Oh, and this. And that special work for so-and-so. And when will there be time for that other job? It is impossible to pretend that this absurd centrifugal excitement has not been injurious to the Ltr., because the simple element of time alone cannot help but play an important part in the development of friendships one with another, and a higher love for the Old Lady herself, and the myriad secret meanings for which she has stood and will again stand.

But if the Yale of today has robbed us of something of what the Ltr. can mean, we are not yet destitute, we are yet far from what we appear in the eyes of the world. The Ltr. continues to be as much a name of a certain spirit in the college as it does of that magazine which provides its reason for being. It is all too true that the Old Lady would lose much of her worth if she were to be judged by the monthly publication of stories and poems the importance of most of which, in the perspective of the years, is no greater in the eyes of the editors than in the eyes of the discerning public; certainly if this had been true in the past, in those cycles of seven lean years during which there were no full granaries from which to draw, in the occasional moods of despair and futility through which the Ltr. has had to pass; then in such times the Old Lady must have given up her ghost and laid her down with a will. But always there has been a unifying spirit among the editors themselves, a sense of the necessity for her machinery of friendship, that has lifted her above famine or reproof. And has even, what is of more importance, lifted her above prosperity or praise.

We keep that spirit moving among us in spite of the world, as, in the past, the magazine has not failed to appear month in and month out in spite of the world; and we retain the sense that the friendship and mutual benefits of criticism and approval exchanged among ourselves is the prime force and mover of

the Litt. It does not matter how busy — and how ineffectually busy — we have all become. It does not matter that what of our work the world may see and judge is worth the world's praise or the world's instant and almost automatic disapproval; the fostering motherhood of the Old Lady is beyond any man's poor power to praise or destroy.

This is perhaps no time for criticisms, even of ourselves — though they should be, by their very rarity, welcome; it should be rather a time of self-congratulation, which is exactly what it is not to be, it should be rather a time for the praise of famous men, which it is not. We look into the past, and it may be that the genuine nostalgia we feel for those good old days is the most appropriate aspect of our thoughts. Certainly we envy much that was accepted in the less chaotic, less phrenetic years of the last century, and whisper our wish to have been born in any time but this. Yet the feeling that most stirs us is that of dissatisfaction with ourselves — and an urgent prayer for the future of which we of this college generation can be no part. We are disappointed in ourselves. However much it is the sour grapes of this celebration not to admit a complete contentment, it will not be in vain if the teeth of our successors are set on edge —and their young tastes cured.

We have not drawn from the immediate associations of the Litt. the full measure of which it is capable. Getting and spending, we have laid waste our powers, until now, when the last full sweetness of it slips from our senses, we cry and we cry in vain for all that might have been, for all that it is no longer possible for us to share. We know how old the cry is, and what it tells of the condition of our arteries and the yawning grave's almost immediate welcome; but it cannot be said too often in an age in which there are few to listen; we have the pulpit, we have the faith. Is there no one but old men nodding sadly in their pews to say he will be better than we, wiser and stronger than we? Is there no one to whom we can show the infinite possibilities of friendship and mental awakening that lie implicit in the very heart of the Litt.?

All that we might have been . . . We are hundreds of years old now, after four years at Yale, and occasionally we cannot help our tears. We would tell those few of you who will listen to draw the patterns of your lives more closely after the simple and unaffected patterns of the past. We would tell the future to remember nothing of the present except as a warning; to quit the absurd lust for honors that makes us spend our powers in a score of unworthy plots and plans, and to choose but one such association as the Lit., in order to experience in that association a fulness of meaning that those of us whose petty ambitions were storming a thousand fronts could not more than suspect and seek, too late, to win through to the heart of.

What interests us in the Lit. is what it has meant to those who have gone before, what it means to us today, and what it is going to mean in the centuries to come. We know now, when it can no longer matter, how rich and how real its powers can be — and we can only tell over our beads for the future that it may be brighter and wiser than ours.

Of course no one will listen to what we say. But somehow even that does not matter too much — it is the compensation of old age. We have learned for ourselves, we have grown wise, as every one must grow wise, an hour or a year too late; and the knowledge of what we have missed holds a curious fulfilment in it. The new generation will not be content to spend its riches on the Lit. alone; it will seek glory in every field under the sun; it will have become grossly important, it will be admired, respected, it will be asked to address young groups of men intending to enter college. It will know the semi-satisfactions of a thousand hungers, as we have known them.

And it will have missed as much as we have missed, proud and happy in what has been no more than a poor part of the full dream, wondering at its own desires, its own strange brand of wisdom, its own unalterable needs.

It will have missed what we have missed.

It need not, but it will.

Retrospect to Birth

A Survey of American Literature in 1836

By WILLIAM K. COLE, 1936

IN a race whose outstanding characteristics are the transience of its peoples and the ephemerance of its individuals feats of longevity attain a certain dignity. There is something about being a centenarian which in itself induces respect regardless of attendant circumstances. Most of us will recall the visit to America four or five years ago of a Turkish porter who, although he has unaccountably died since, had had a longer life than these United States. There were newsreels of him smiling and inarticulately dancing with chorus girls. He died at the respectable age of 159 — more or less — filled with memories that ranged from the Napoleonic wars to the attack at Gallipoli, from the framing of the Constitution to the New Deal. Such must be the greatest of the pleasures available to the aged — the recollection and recreation of all the various worlds they have known. And while we cannot as yet credit the Lit. with the staying power of the Turkish porter, she too has seen a deal of change on which she is entitled to dote in her more contemplative moments. What lessons she chooses to draw from her reflections we cannot know; but she must glean some — even if only from the circumstance that the nation of her youth was vastly different from our own. For when her founders spanked the Lit. and gave her breath, she cried in a laughing America — in a strident America that contrasts strongly with our own, that was young and expanding and as boisterous and self-confident as it has ever been before or since.

Whoever attempts a criticism of the literature of the time should never forget this fact. America was still adolescent, and most of her attention was distracted by growing pains. Her people had not begun to occupy most of the vast territories that were theirs. What cities there were had hardly been more than villages a century before, if, indeed, they had existed at all; and only one person out of fourteen lived in them. In Washington President Jackson's congressmen were walking through fields and crossing fences to call on him, and in St. Louis men were preparing expeditions for beyond the frontier. Perhaps the small size of the cities may largely be attributed to the fact that America had only begun to pass through the industrial revolution. Systematized manufacture financed by concentrated capital was an innovation and was limited almost wholly to southern New England, only the textile and iron industries having been extensively organized; the rest were for the most part still carried on in the home. Such factories as had been established were situated with respect to the availability of water power rather than the proximity of the labor market so that we find them scattered up and down the rivers instead of choked together in towns. The unit of property and of society as well was pre-eminently the farm, whether we account it a cabin clearing in Illinois or Calhoun's reaches of Carolina cotton. Excellent corroboration of the dominantly agrarian note of the day and the feebleness of contemporaneous industry is found in its politics. Seven years before Jacksonian supporters had crowded into the White House to see their common man on the day of his inauguration, and the mud on their boots that had not been ground into the carpets there they had now thrown at the dying Second Bank of the United States. It was useless for Webster to expostulate; only the Northeast profited by a sound currency backed by a strong government; only the Northeast had factories. The nation lived on the farm.

And so, finding America as we do a huge rural community with all its isolation and lack of educational and communicatory facilities, with men's minds turned by necessity outward and towards

material construction and expansion instead of inward to intellectual and aesthetic frontiers, and with only three centers of population that could by any stretch of reason lay claim to calling themselves genuinely urban, we should inevitably expect to discover our literature in an undeveloped, uncertain condition. We should expect, too, to discern in what writing there was a predominantly rural tone; and in the majority of instances our expectations are fulfilled. In the first third of the century William Cullen Bryant, a native of the Massachusetts Berkshires, had gained for himself the reputation of being the father of American poetry with a tight-fisted output of lyrics on but two principal themes: death and nature and its spiritual manifestations as he recognized them among the New England hills. Fitz-Greene Halleck, the young man who came to New York from a simple country home in Guilford, Connecticut, only rarely achieved in his verse more than superficial urbanity. In the field of prose, perhaps the most regrettable attributes of James Fenimore Cooper's works are grammatical blunders and inaccuracy in choice of words, both of which were caused very largely by the haste with which he wrote and which in turn resulted from his vitality, his impatience and his robust lack of sophistication. And if this indication is not enough, we have only to review the subjects of his best novels to realize that he was only at home in parts where men were men. Other novelists also show this influence markedly. James Kirke Paulding, who collaborated with Irving on the *Salmagundi Papers*, was homespun through and through and always felt slightly resentful towards the relatively polished people whom he met in New York. Down in South Carolina William Gilmore Simms — somewhat Cooper, somewhat Scott, somewhat Simms and somewhat boring — published in 1835 a ponderous novel called *The Yemassee*, and from Baltimore John Pendleton Kennedy was issuing quasi-successful imitations of the style of Irving with an entirely American background. It would, of course, be absurd to contend that such figures as Hawthorne and Emerson are either rural or urban; both of them transcend such criticism. Further, they

belong properly to a slightly later and more industrialized period than that under discussion. Nevertheless it is true that the material subject of most of Hawthorne's best work is the New England Puritan in his native environment, and that the title of the little book in which Emerson presents the fundamentals of his entire philosophy is *Nature*.

In this exposition of the rural quality of American literature a hundred years ago there is no attempt to negate the other side of the picture out of existence. Nobody, no matter how uninteresting he may think him, can call Washington Irving a country bumpkin. Irving possessed a sophistication and urbanity that is not nurtured in corn fields. In grace and subtlety of style and content his writings reveal an aesthetic and intellectual sensitivity far beyond that shown by any other American of his age. That he was unable to rise above the sentimentality of that age, that, indeed, he even contributed to its excesses of virtue, is to be regretted; but these faults are by no means enough to condemn him utterly. Geoffrey Crayon's *Sketch Book* and its authentic predecessor, Diedrich Knickerbocker's *A History of New York* were the earliest immortal works of literary art to appear in America; and since Irving was their author, it is idle to try to argue his merits away.

Undeniably, then, there was an urban society in the East in 1836, and undeniably there were men writing who were or made themselves indigenous to that society. Of these, Irving alone was able to make his work possess greater cultural worth than its surroundings; the rest tagged along with the public. Unfortunately the public's aestheticism was of recent growth and in comparison with the cultivation of the great European cities with centuries of tradition and development behind them could only be called crude; and of these facts Americans were more acutely conscious than they cared to admit. The Western hemisphere had few literary standards during the first half of the nineteenth century, and what standards it did have were mostly bad. In the United States the consequences of this condition were twofold. In the first place anything European was slav-

ishly worshiped and sedulously imitated; in the absence of copyright laws the latest English novels were pirated shamelessly, printed serially, and read avidly; and since this robbery cost unscrupulous publishers nothing, the market for native literature, which naturally could only be had at a price, was seriously curtailed. Secondly, there had arisen a self-conscious demand for an American literature. As a result, many critics were welcoming with applause anything they could get their hands on. Lowell tells us that, "The times were singularly propitious to mediocrity. As in Holland one had only to

'Invent a shovel and be a magistrate'

so here to write a hundred blank verses was to be immortal, till somebody else wrote a hundred and fifty blanker ones." And so we find such men as Nathaniel P. Willis, who were always careful to tell the public what it wanted to hear instead of what it wanted to say, easily riding wave after wave of popularity while other writers, of whom Cooper is as good an example as any, were baited and scorned because they chose to say what they thought, and their thoughts were not in accord with the opinions of the majority. There is no stronger evidence of the paucity of critical ability in America a century ago than the attacks which were launched against Cooper from every side; and a comparison between him and the gentle Willis sheds considerable light on the state of our literary world at this time.

Willis was at the apex of his career in 1840 — at that time he was considered to be unquestionably the best magazinist in the country. That he had long since mastered the gift of the gab and possessed himself of an unusually fluent pen is undeniable. His complete works fill a very fat volume with very thin paper, and it is doubtful whether in all that volume there is a single grammatical error. There is only page after page of polite, uninformative prose, and, at the end, page after page of polite, uninformative poetry. Everything is conventional; everything is right. There are sketches of comfortable travels through Europe and America and stories with the most unex-

pected endings; stern stanzas on the sacrifice of Abraham and light verse on Helen in a huff. The book makes lovely reading; it is the agglomeration of all that the most successful of their contributors gave to the magazines and the gift books and the annuals for which the period is now so famous. And in that stupendous welter of fodder there is not a single idea capable of upsetting the feelings of the tenderest maid in all America. For life with Willis was life as it should be — happy and whimsical, filled with pleasant surprises and quintessentially sentimental. The man had managed to capture everything in Irving except the artist — everything in him, in short, that the naive public appreciated.

Cooper, on the other hand, had never struck a polished phrase. Further than that, he did not particularly care for the society in which he found himself and took pains to let that society know how he felt whenever the opportunity arose. He was, as far as his contemporaries were concerned, a disagreeable man. This is not the place to examine his works with a view to ascertaining what his dislikes were and what his social, metaphysical, or artistic philosophy may have been. Suffice it to say that during the greater part of his career he was a genuine romantic, that in the character of Leatherstocking he seems to have created not so much the typical frontiersman (Natty Bumppo is a far cry from the Old Jules to whom Mari Sandoz introduced us last fall) as his own natural man away from all the pettiness and meanness that he saw in the Jacksonian world about him, and that he did his best writing when he talked of this imaginary world which he made in the wilderness. He was not a meticulous artist; he had too little time and too much to say to endure spending days editing and correcting his mistakes, and the "uncouthness" that resulted and that often verged so dangerously on bluntness shocked his critics. They delighted in tracking his errors to the ground and exhibiting them to the shameless eyes of the proper world. So assiduous, indeed, were they in this task that they rarely bothered to consider the ideas he presented but censured him wholly on his style. In consequence his reputation

suffered not so much through his own faults as through the downright squeamishness and lack of comprehension of which the critics were guilty.

Thus from the judgments accorded Willis and from those rendered against Cooper we may obtain a fair idea of the prevalent literary standards of the times. Whether consciously or unconsciously those standards put a premium on saccharinity. America was a happy land without much background; her literature was very much the same. Such a statement does not imply that the Americans did not want to be cultured; as a matter of fact, such an appearance was exactly what they were striving for and was the primary cause of the imitation of European models. The difficulty lay in that because America did not have background, she was not quite sure what culture was. People had a vague idea that it had something to do with grammar, and so they scorned Cooper. They also seem to have had a feeling that Persons Who Went To Italy were cultured, and this feeling made them overlook Paulding. But very few seem to have formulated any much more definite criterion than that for the measurement of belles-lettres or to have thought that such writing could or should be more than comforting entertainment. And comfort and entertainment were what the vast majority of our reading public desired a hundred years ago; finding themselves in a growing nation of great promise they did not want to have their resultant hearts-and-flowers philosophy ruffled by literary reminders of life's sordid or unhappy aspects, so that the more easily, the more soothingly a man wrote, and the fewer disquieting ideas he included in his words, the more the market liked him.

Nevertheless, there were two men who were striving for a realization of art without regard for the public's conception of beauty. The name of James Gates Percival has long lain forgotten in the gigantic quantities of heterogeneous books and manuscripts that constitute American letters, but through it all he has transmitted to us two or three short poems which have genuine lyric value. We may credit him with a large measure of sincerity,

an unusual and subtle appreciation of beauty, and a correspondingly sensitive emotional make-up. Unfortunately, however, his intellect, being dominated by a lengthy, prosaic pessimism that generally rendered it incapable of translating his reactions into variegated poetic patterns and made almost the whole of his work a dull monochrome, lacked sufficient vigor to gain for him lasting importance. For this fault Lowell damns him unhesitatingly from the stronghold of his own logically integrated prose; and if we read only Percival's *Prometheus* or others of his longer poems, we are inclined to agree with him; for a sustained perusal of this windy, discursive, unenlivened and defeatist exposition of the evil and futility of the modern world requires almost more patience than mortal character can supply. But the shortcomings of *Prometheus* can never gainsay the virtues of so beautiful a lyric as his *The Coral Grove*; and some of the more discerning critics of the time recognized the merits there displayed and, in what was without question an excess of generosity, accounted him the greatest living American poet. At the hands of the public, however, he received short shrift: He failed to expound on either the greatness of the present or the ubiquity of pleasantness, and such a sin was unforgivable.

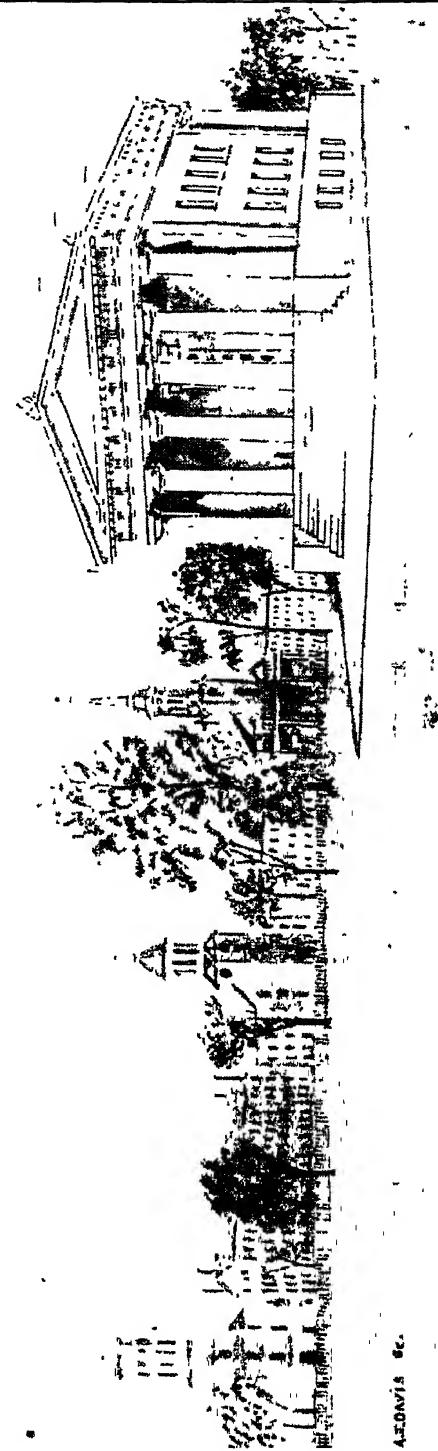
For similar reasons the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe for a long time suffered an almost identical fate. Although in 1836 Poe had already written *To Helen*, *Israfel*, and *The City in the Sea*, the publication of *The Raven and Other Poems* was still nine years away so that not until 1845, less than a hundred months before his death, would he receive popular recognition. Yet he is indubitably one of our three greatest poets, and it is to his undying credit that in practice he retained throughout his tragic life his loyalty to very definite concepts of the nature and scope of poetry. In his prose works he professed to cater to the public taste, but his verse he kept always undefiled, and subsequent opinion has vindicated his position and granted him his deserts as a master of imagery and rhythm and a real albeit circumscribed creative genius. Considered as a whole his writings display a mind powerful both intellectually and emotionally; and while

criticism of his moral weaknesses, his strong prejudices, or his almost insane fears establishes his limitations, it can never become vital enough to set this fact completely aside. As well as being a master of lyric poetry Poe was by virtue of his intellectual acuteness and the excellence of his balanced appraisals of his contemporaries' literary merits America's first and finest critic of letters; and it is a significant proof of his narrative and ratiocinative genius that in spite of the fact that in his stories he admittedly pandered to the market, those stories today are read all over the world and serve as models for bellettristic composition, particularly in the fields of criminal and supernaturally imaginative fiction. It is interesting to notice that Percival's aesthetic character was in many respects like Poe's; that at his best this forgotten poet-geologist came very close to creating the mood of even melancholy which is so intense that if it is agitated it becomes despair, and which enshrouds so many of the Virginian's more quiet lines. The distinction between the two men is largely one of degree: Percival's emotional sensibilities were not as keen as Poe's, and similarly his intellect was less supple and adept and more conventional so that he was unable to differentiate strongly the creatures of his mind and present them clearly to the world but left almost all of their individualities undefined, cloaked beneath one great drapery of chronic melancholia. Had he developed further in the direction which *The Coral Grove* indicated, and had he breathed life through imagery into the dreary metaphysical expositations of his long poems, the literature of the buoyant America of the thirties might have had sufficient power to withstand the influx of pseudo-Europeanisms and the drift to happy mawkishness.

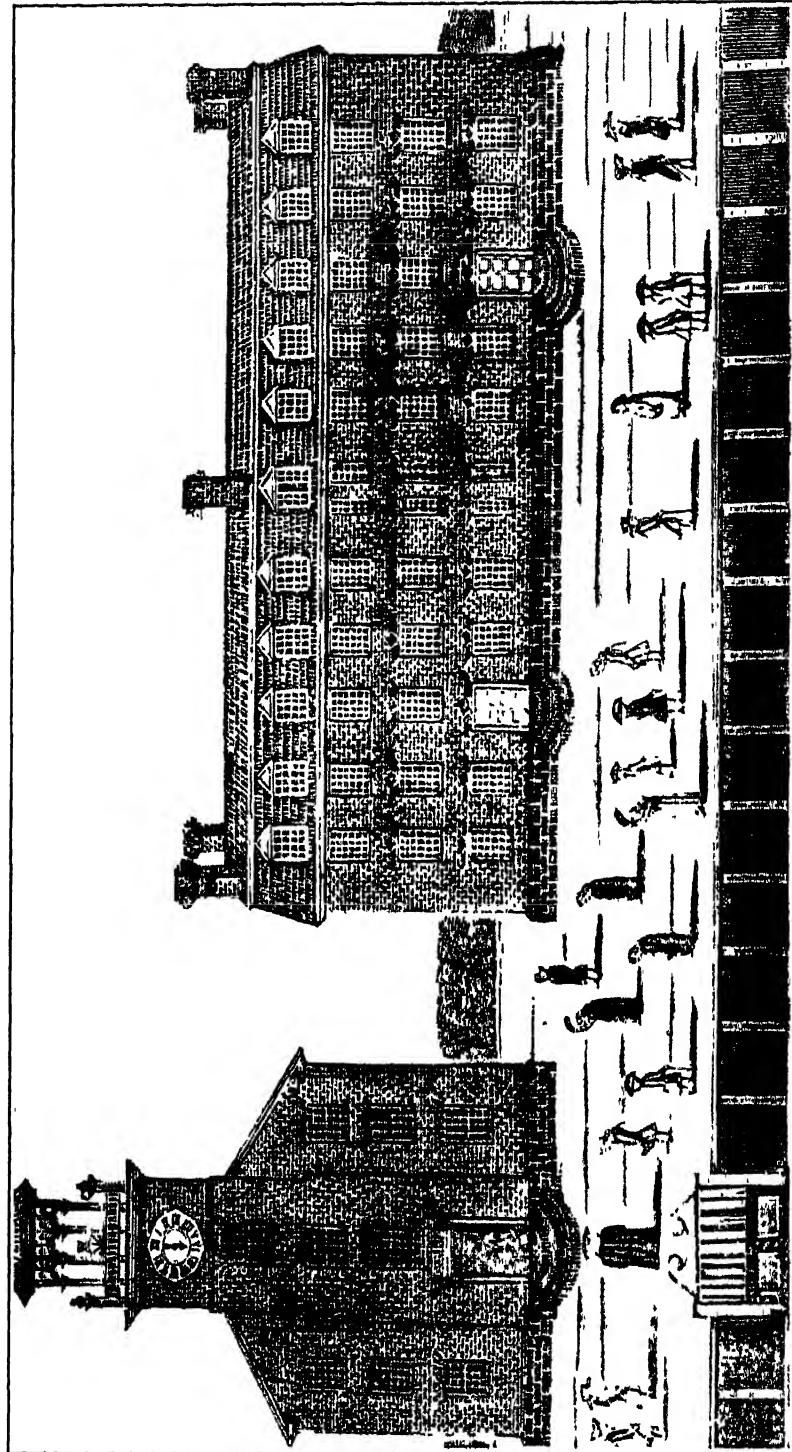
As it was, however, it did not have that power, and in the course of time the disciples of Irving, pushed on by the rising tide of public demand, grew prettier and prettier until finally the great satirist himself was engulfed for a time and was doing hack-work which could only claim for itself the distinction of being less affected and more entertaining than the bilge that his followers emitted. In 1835, 1836, and 1837, in response to

the quasi-nativistic sentiment that had arisen, he put out three "historic" accounts of our own frontier — *A Tour of the Prairies*, *Astoria*, and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*; and which of the three is the least inspired, is the least antithetical to the spirit of that frontier, is still a good subject for debate. It was the last stand of the Knickerbocker urbanites. They had been most acceptable when they had prattled about their little city on Manna-Hatta; they had acquired enough sophistication to be able to write entertainingly about a romantic Europe which they wanted to believe into existence; but with the land of Mike Fink and Mark Twain, the booming country of the Mississippi valley, they were hopelessly out of sympathy. There was an anachronism in the idea of their discussing the West that made that discussion ridiculous and, in the last analysis, impossible. And so they could only persevere in their old, old paths until they had finally descended almost completely to the level of *Godey's Lady's Book* (*Magazine of Belle-Lettres, Fashions, Music,*), S. C. Goodrich's *Token* and Lydia Huntley Sigourney. Meanwhile, new intellectual forces were being generated in America; and while these forces could never damage the pure artistry of Poe or the robust vitality of Cooper, they proved to be fatal to the Knickerbockers, already much troubled with internal dry-rot, and eventually usurped almost the entire Northern literary scene.

When Emerson anonymously printed *Nature* in September, 1836, the first strong literary challenge of the New England Renaissance was issued; but even at that time many of the roots of the movement were forty years old. It was in 1798 that William Ellery Channing, son of a wealthy Rhode Island planter, went to Virginia to be a tutor in a private family and imbibed there the liberal ideas of eighteenth century rationalism on the essential goodness of man. He returned to preach at Boston to a community that was growing very tired of the condemnations of Calvinism and the aristocratic vacuity of Federalism. Channing was not in any sense an Evangelist; he made no attempts to gain converts for a new sect — he only accepted



*An Original Drawing by Alexander Jackson Davis of Yale College and the State House, about 1830.
(From the Stokes Collection.)*



Bartow's View of Yale College, 1780, a Rare Print First Reproduced in the Litt. in January, 1845.

the position of leadership when it was clear that it could not logically fall to anyone else; but the intellectual temper of Boston, with its rising middle class was highly amenable to his doctrines of the beneficence of God and the inherent virtue and perfectability of His people, and they took such firm root there that by the end of the first quarter of the new century they had almost completely exorcised the decayed teachings of Jonathan Edwards and reigned supreme in the form of Unitarianism.

Thus established, the liberalism of the new belief manifested itself in various ways and, as it grew more widespread and absorbed new ideas, paved the way for the Renaissance itself. A detailed exposition of this new trend in American culture is not within the scope of this discussion. Chronologically the movement does not properly belong to the thirties at all and includes only the two decades immediately before the Civil War. For although *Nature* was published in 1836, and Hawthorne had been submitting stories to the magazines ever since the publication of *Fanshawe*, Emerson's thought did not receive general attention until after he had otherwise brought himself under the public eye, and the reputation of the Salem recluse was not widely established until after the appearance of *The Scarlet Letter*. Similarly, in 1836 Longfellow had only *Outre Mer*, a volume of bad prose in imitation of Irving, on which to base his literary reputation; Oliver Wendell Holmes was but just embarked on his career; Richard Henry Dana, Jr. was returning from that voyage of which posterity's youth was to hear in *Two Years Before the Mast*; Whittier had served in the Massachusetts legislature but had written none of his finer poems; Thoreau and Lowell were still in Harvard. It is enough, then, to say of the Renaissance that it was not a mere burst of jumbled literature and manifested itself in every field of current thought, but that insofar as it was literary, it represented the impact of nineteenth century romanticism upon the freshly liberated Puritan mind and was more intellectual or moralistic than aesthetic in character, that its greatest intellectual product was the transcendentalism of Emerson and Thoreau, and that Hawthorne was its

finest, most sensitive artist although even he was primarily interested in manners and morals and was not drawn to *ars gratia artis*. The period lasted in full flower for only about twenty years. The beginning of the reaction against the artificiality from which it suffered at the hands of the Brahmins was marked by the appearance in 1855 of Walt Whitman's first slender edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Except for one deep, gentle flare from the pen of Emily Dickinson it produced nothing better than Thomas Bailey Aldrich after the Civil War. The Renaissance decayed and died in much the same manner as the Knickerbockers had passed away; since that time there has been no single sectional literary group strong enough to dominate the nation.

But in 1836 New England had not yet made its greatest contribution to American culture, for the Renaissance was all in the future. In 1836 the Knickerbockers and their country cousins still ruled the roost. And in the East, when news came in the middle of March of the massacre on the Alamo, few people noticed that Colonel David Crockett of the state of Tennessee was among the dead. Those who did may have remembered hearing of him as a rather vain, boorish congressman, a political puppet who had been swept into Washington in the first flood of Jacksonian democracy. Certainly, at any rate, no Easterner would know that out on the frontier feats transcending physical prowess were being told of this man, that out there were men who thought him every inch the equal of Mike Fink. And even more certainly, no Easterner had ever yet heard of Samuel Clemens, a year-old baby in Florida, Missouri. But this little boy would hear of Davy Crockett; he would hear innumerable other tall tales that were going the rounds among the men who lived on the river; he would be heir to a thousand and one native fables of whose existence such men as Irving and Halleck and Willis had probably never been aware. Further than that, if they ever had heard them, they would not have appreciated them. It would never be given to them to understand why Sam Clemens alternately wondered and laughed and then learned to spin a yarn himself, for in all America there was only one

man of letters of sufficient breadth of intellect to know. Perhaps Emerson intended his words to be interpreted in more than a spatial sense when he said that America lay beyond.



A Century of Verse

By ALFRED R. BELLINGER, 1917

IN the course of its hundred years, the LIT. has published a very large body of verse of the greatest variety in point of subject, manner, and form. Most of it is certainly ephemeral, but not much of it is really poor. Even that part which has no lasting poetic value forms an interesting body, illustrating the course of literary taste in America through the century. Indeed, it is particularly qualified to serve that purpose, for its authors are as homogeneous a group as can be found. Their age is constant, their intellectual and aesthetic background varies with the nation as a whole, for, except in the abnormal conditions of the Civil War, there is very little evidence of sectionalism and even less of conscious representation of a particular class. Moreover, since a college generation lasts only four years, there is no opportunity for the formation of anything like a local school of verse. Of course, this might have been the result if some teacher or graduate living in the vicinity had been of the kind to attract disciples and form a cult. But there has been no such leader, and what might have been gained in concentration of talent has been compensated for in freedom and originality. The poet of New Haven whose place was highest in the undergraduate hearts and minds was undoubtedly Henry Beers, and he was not a man to encourage or desire imitators. So the stream of versification moves along the normal national channel, and though there is little enough apparent connection between the poetry of volumes I and C, they are bound by a perfectly logical progression.

A brilliant beginning is no sure sign of longevity, but it is fortunate that the LIT.'s antiquity can look back with satisfaction to the impressive opening of its career. There is no appearance of genius but abundance of taste and skill, and evidence of an amount of reading which might well be called to the attention of those who believe that poetry is only read in courses. Byron and Scott were the usual models of the day, the former hardly a happy one for young men with neither experience or great emotion to save them from bombast. But they are not exclusive lords of the fields. In this first volume there are two pieces of blank verse which owe less to them than to Shakespeare, a "Pindaric" ode of the eighteenth century type, an imitation of "Thanatopsis," and a poem called "The Cascade," of the kind that one always associates with gift books and steel engravings. There is also a series of translations into various metres of that Latin epigram on Elihu Yale whose final couplet adorns the cover of the LIT. *Sit illic perpetuum.* But the most remarkable performance is a number of articles on the Greek Anthology with translations into verse both English and Latin. To be sure, it is essentially a literary exercise, but one which shows a surprising degree of maturity and critical ability, and a sure feeling for metre.

The productions of these early years will strike the modern reader as very emotional, which only means that they follow conventions that are familiar to everybody and are now largely abandoned. But that does not mean that they are all of one pattern. In the first decade the influence of a variety of writers is apparent — Milton, Moore, Wordsworth, Pope, Gray, Longfellow, Spenser, Coleridge, Shelley. There are translations not only from Greek and Latin but from French and German as well, and when an essayist in 1841 remarks "the names of Goethe, Schiller, and Klopstock are as familiar to us as the great names among our own poets," he is stating an obvious fact. For there are poems in German, and in modern Greek as well, besides the commoner Latin couplets.

The attraction of foreign literature has been by no means constant. During the 70's there were six translations from German,

five from French, three from Latin, and one each from Greek, Italian, and Spanish. But the 80's produced only one translation of Uhland and two of Goethe, while three poems from the French are all that have appeared since. The writing of Latin verse died still earlier; it did not survive the 50's, when Sapphics, Alcaics, and a really good accentual poem proved the vitality of the Classical tradition. The same decade gave birth also to a remarkable performance: a Greek Ode on the glories of Marathon supposed to be sung to the soldiers on their way to Chaeronea!

There were other phenomena of the first volumes which did not persist. An unhappy precedent was set in 1838 by a "Tribute to the memory of Henry Ellsworth Dickson, a member of the Junior Class, who died July 3, 1838, aged 19 years," and for some time deaths in the undergraduate body were followed by dutiful, pious, and lugubrious odes to the memory of the departed. They are frigid affairs whose only interest is an antiquarian one like that of the winged death's heads on contemporary gravestones. Equally characteristic of their date are the "Lines Written in Ladies' Albums," which prove only that the age had no talent for epigram. But what it lacked in point and finish it made up in power of sustained effort, as witnessed by the many verse tragedies or fragments of tragedies, which owed their being to the influence of the literary societies. It cannot be said that they are exciting; they are quite devoid of dramatic quality, and even as blank verse they are by no means distinguished. Yet they served their purpose. The man who can induce his muse to continue with correct and seemly if uninspired pace for a dozen pages has learned something well worth knowing about versification. But the form was too artificial to persist, and in later generations those who felt the urge to write at length were generally inclined to straightforward narrative, particularly in the simple form of ballad, while, when verse dramas reappear in the 20th century, they have an easier manner and an increasing proportion of real dramatic element.

If there were sundry phenomena that disappeared, there were others that persisted, some because they were fundamental, others

for less obvious reasons. There is, for example, a marked tendency to tears through the whole century. It does not seem probable that at any time the undergraduate was given to weeping in his proper person, but he continually bedews this page and that, apparently quite independent of the trend of fashion in other respects. A still more surprising feature is the persistence of fairies. They vary somewhat in character, from the genus described by Rodman Drake to that whose native place is the Emerald Isle, but they are not confined to a single epoch. They occur even as late as 1925, when one would have supposed that all the fairies were dead. But aside from such casual oddities there is the strong continuity of certain moods and certain themes. Morning and evening, winter and spring, love and disappointment, perpetually recur. Such repetition is possible because editors as well as authors serve their term and pass quickly away. It is altogether good that it should be so. It is far better that the young poet should write of what directly strikes his eye or his heart, though his response be the same that innumerable others have expressed than that he should warp his thoughts or assume fictitious emotions because of the false theory that avoidance of convention is sufficient to insure originality. It is perfectly true that there are a great many indistinguishable sunsets and ladies and lost loves in the Lit., but there are some whose freshness lifts the reader's heart, not a whit the less appealing because others have loved and watched the sun go down.

Of course, the manner of expression, and, to some extent, the point of view, changes constantly. There is a frankness and an impatience of the amenities apparent since the War which would have shocked the editors of Victorian days, whose delicacy and suavity would quite as much offend their descendants. Beneath the difference the same emotions play. Bluntness may be very moving, emphasizing rather than obscuring the sensitive spirit; and real feeling will be apparent however courtly the phrases. On the other hand, the new manner may degenerate into ugliness and the old into feebleness, and neither can long conceal the absence of thought. Nevertheless, the difference is real and im-

portant. Until the War the poets were, with rare exceptions, optimists and idealists. The Sophomoric tears do not in the least veil the fact. It is symptomatic that in all that period there is only one unattractive woman. A lady may be cruel and faithless, but on no account may she be other than fascinating. It is characteristic that the influence of the decadents is late and slight. There are instances of bitterness, of course, the most striking of which are the poems of Frank Root in 1871 and 1872, but they are the exceptions. But, with the progress of the 20th century, there has come more of indignation, more of cynicism, and — which is really to be regretted — more of ennui. It is not to be supposed that this is the prevailing tone or that the natural hopefulness of youth no longer finds expression. It is only that the proportions have somewhat changed and that the poets are more likely to adopt the tone of the writers in prose — for the LIT. has always been the home of criticism and protest. Obscurity, too, is a late growth, hardly noticeable before the days of Kenneth Rand, but thereafter of recurrent appearance, sometimes as a fashion, sometimes as a defect.

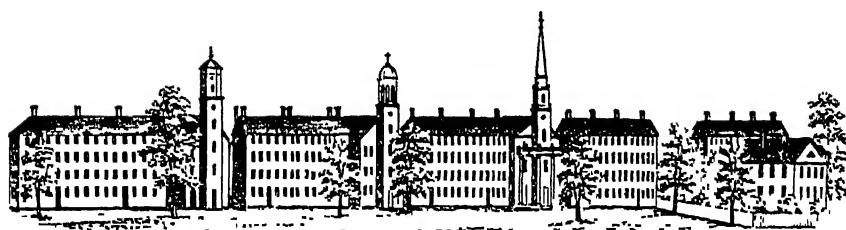
But any suggestion that there has been a general decline or a general improvement would be misleading. The very brevity of undergraduate life makes continued trends all but impossible. Instead, the LIT. exhibits in the little the fashion of literature in periodic rises and declines. Three or four years may be arid and produce a mere dozen poems to the volume, but they will be followed by a swift increase both in number and quality. And particularly brilliant years are likely to influence in a decreasing degree the volumes which follow. For example, let those who suppose that literature began in the present generation turn to Volume XLVII, where they will find no famous poems, to be sure, but a remarkably high level of verse. Volume XLVIII is somewhat less distinguished but very good nevertheless, while in Volume XLIX the glory dies out in a shower of sonnets and leaves Volume L a slim affair, chiefly notable for two pretty pieces of Charlton Lewis. Again, in Volume LVI there were twenty-one poets contributing, in the next, sixteen, while the

third contains a deal of competent verse which is workmanlike rather than inspired. The most striking example begins with Volume LXXXVII. The Board of 1923 was a violent and outrageous one which will be remembered with fury by many, but which exhibited an outburst of real poetic passion such as is rarely to be found in a University. The December number of 1922 consisted of one Leader, four book-reviews, and twenty-four poems, and a remarkable number it is. By the next year the vehemence had given place to a very different mood, and instead of the fury are to be found pretty and carefully written verses again. But the stimulus was by no means exhausted, for that volume boasted sixty-two poems by twenty hands. Thereafter there are finely wrought lines but a progressive anaemia until the happy entrance of Tom Prideaux.

It is evident, therefore, that a few vigorous and prolific writers may build up a considerable body of verse for the time of their undergraduate days, but once they are gone their effect dies away quickly unless chance provides them with worthy successors. But there are the true poets who are but little affected by the literary tone of the day. How arresting in the uninspired spring of 1860 is the voice of Edward Rowland Sill, or, in the happy years just before the War, the young exuberance of Stephen Benét!

There are many minor investigations that might divert the curious: the rise and fall of the Noble Savage; the outburst of French forms from 1907 to 1909; the Scotch period, the Irish period; the decay of anapest and the growth of free verse. There are distinguished names that might be paraded, and the literature of the Civil War and World War might well be reviewed as interesting reflections of the crises. And any such sketch as this ought to be supplemented by a review of the L.R.'s criticism of poets standard and contemporary, which is often of a higher quality than the creative writing. But all this is beyond our scope. Our concern is with the verse alone, and anyone who will read the productions of the undergraduate from year to year will acknowledge that the ambitions of the first editors have been

amply fulfilled and that, had he no further claim to glory, Saint Elihu might well be satisfied by the chorus of song that has risen to do him honor.



Looking Backward

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, 1887

WHEN I was sixteen years old, I spent a delectable month camping out on the shore of Lake George; and one day, after rowing four miles to Ticonderoga for supplies, and being entertained in the house of a hospitable clergyman, I found on the table a copy of the YALE LIT. three years old. I read it through. The Leader was called *Religious Skepticism in College*, and was unsigned, as was the custom in those days. Only one year after I read this article, I was a Freshman; our first Latin recitation was under a man named Ambrose Tighe. After he had made a few preliminary remarks, I said to myself, "He's the man who wrote that leader I read in Ticonderoga," and on going to the Library, consulting the index in the bound volume of the LIT. for 1878-79, I found my surmise was not wild.

It may be the chance reading of that copy of the LIT. fired my ambition; anyhow, from that moment until the memorable January day in 1886 when I was elected an editor, I wanted to be on the LIT. board more than I wanted anything else. I wanted it more than I wanted Phi Beta Kappa, and about three hundred times more than I wanted an election to a Senior Society.

I have been looking over the list of editors of the oldest monthly magazine in America from the class of 1837 to the class of 1936, one hundred years of Yale journalism. If we had to have Yale College publicly represented anywhere by five men from every class for the last century of time, I do not know that we could expose any better samples than our LIT. boards. There

are of course some exceptions, one of which will immediately occur to you; but on the whole Brave Mother Yale should be proud of these particular quintuplets.

I taught one year at Harvard and forty-one years at Yale, which I regard as an equitable distribution of my time between the two universities. Some of my swans turned out to be geese; but there were others of whose future success I was sure. There were three contemporaries, intimate friends in college, and all three LIT. editors; Philip Barry, 1918, Stephen Vincent Benét, 1919, and Thornton Wilder, 1920. Philip Barry is today one of the leading dramatists of America. He has written not only successful box-office plays (one of the most difficult of all things to do) such as *The Animal Kingdom* and *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, but dramas of imagination and cerebration and beauty (one of the rarest of accomplishments) such as *White Wings* and *Hotel Universe*. It is also owing to him, more than to any other man, that Professor George P. Baker was transplanted from Harvard to Yale, whereupon Heywood Broun commented in the *New York World*, "Harvard fumbles; Yale gets the ball." Steve Benét in college was a poet, a scholar, and a wit. It was he, I think, who engineered that famous play at the Elizabethan Club when a student came on dressed as Cleopatra, and the following dialogue took place: anyhow, it was like this:

Q. Who are you?

A. I am Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Q. What have you done?

A. I have changed the history of the world.

Q. Did you ever hear William Lyon Phelps lecture?

A. No.

Q. And you a woman?

Of all living American poets, none is surer of a permanent place in Literature than Steve Benét, with his American epic.

As an undergraduate, Thornton Wilder was a poet, dramatist, story-writer, critic, musician. He wrote some professional criticisms which drew the wrath of famous authors. I have a manuscript play of his, which I suppose some day I ought to return

to him. He wrote it in his Junior year. Sir James Barrie told me that America should be proud of two things: that *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* was written by an American, and that two hundred thousand copies of it were sold in the United States.

The LIT. board of 1910 was graced by Bob French, now Master of Jonathan Edwards College, by Howard Vincent O'Brien, American novelist, by R. D. Hillis, American man of letters, and by the Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs. He could have become an accomplished librettist for musical comedy; he could have become a famous research scholar and historian; he could have become a famous actor; he chose to become a Catholic priest, where he exercises every year a splendid influence on Yale undergraduates. By constant association with him, his dog has canicular intelligence of such brilliance that he has been elected a full member of the Pundits. Lawrason would have acted as a Freshman in Ibsen if he had not had the mumps; in the succeeding three years he was one of the stars of the Yale Dramatic Association. Today I would rather hear him imitate John Berdan than hear any professional mimic. When Lawrason was in college, he gave me a bit of repartee that charmed me. We were talking about some undergraduate, and I had praised him, when Lawrason said, "He has a grouch." I replied, "To be frank with you, Lawrason, I always thought you had a grouch until I knew you," whereupon Lawrason said, "Probably I did have a grouch until I knew you."

The most versatile LIT. editor I ever knew was Archie MacLeish. Although he elected one of my classes, I never knew him well; I found him as difficult to understand as I have since found some (not all) of his poems. The only member of the Faculty who really understood MacLeish was Lawrence Mason, and I wish he were a member of the Faculty now. Mason had a subtle mind. MacLeish was Chairman of the LIT. board of 1915, was Phi Beta Kappa, Chairman of the Prom. Committee (I can see him now gracefully dancing), half-back on the football team, and Captain of the Swimming Team. Today he is a famous poet, and like Steve Benét, has won the Pulitzer Prize. Most

Lit. editors have not been athletes and have shown complete indifference to any form of athletic excitement.

The most famous living Lit. editor is of course Sinclair Lewis, known on the Yale Catalogue as Harry S. Lewis, the only American who has ever been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. His college nickname, "Red" Lewis, has stuck to him ever since, and most of his acquaintances know him only by that appellation. He came to see me early in his Freshman year, and I would not forget that interview if I could, and could not if I would. He was long rather than tall, gangling, covering much longitudinal space when he sat down, with a mop of bright red unruly hair, and with a passionate eagerness in his eyes and voice. He was one hundred per cent individualist. He hated athletics and athletic talk and declined to pretend to have any interest in such things; he despised college politics, and the all but universal ambition to "make" a Senior Society; he was something of a radical in politics, but he was not then, and never has been since, nearly so much interested in politics as in literature. He was full of excitement over the young Minnesota poet Arthur Upson, whose early death was such a tragedy. Lewis did not care much for college life as it was then, or as it is now; he felt rather cabined, cribbed, confined. He needed plenty of elbow-room, and was impatient of rules and regulations. For a time indeed he left college. I wrote and begged him to return and get his degree, for while he may not be proud of Yale, I think Yale ought to be proud of him.

Later, and long before he became famous, I enjoyed his marvellous skill in mimicry; he would describe and imitate various types of people he had seen on the train.

In George H. Doran's autobiography, called *Chronicles of Barabbas*, describing fifty years in the publishing business, he gives an excellent sketch of Lewis, who worked in his office not long after graduation. I remember all that well enough, and I shall always be grateful to Lewis because at that time he sent me a complimentary copy of Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*, a superb limited edition beautifully illustrated. In 1920, when

I was lecturing in Washington, Lewis (to my amazement) was in the audience. At his invitation, I went with him after the lecture to his abode. He told me he had deliberately sacrificed the sure and affluent income from magazine stories, and had lived meagrely a whole year writing one novel merely to please himself; it was about to be published, and he could not tell whether it would succeed or not. I asked him what was its name, and he replied "Main Street."

Today the expressions Main Street and Babbitt are as well known in Japan and Russia and South America as they are to graduates of Yale.

Lewis hates some of the things I love and ridicules some of the things I revere; but so far as I am concerned, that makes no difference in our friendship. I always see that red-headed, long-gearred Freshman, determined to live his own life in a strange environment, full of passionate enthusiasms for literature, violent and explosive in his loves and hates.

On the Litr. board of 1912 was Arthur Goodhart, who has had a more successful career in England than any American I know. He became Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and was then elected Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Professor of Law in Oxford. I think he may be the youngest full professor in either University, and one of the youngest ever chosen. He is at the same time Fellow of a college at both Cambridge and Oxford. He is the editor of the Law Review, and regarded in Great Britain as one of the foremost authorities on British Law, difficult questions being constantly referred to him. To visiting Americans, the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart is something never to be forgotten.

I used to review the Litr. for the *Yale News* and I got into a terrible row with the editors for the class of 1899. On that board was a man named Benjamin Burgess Moore, popularly known as Benjamin Bughouse Moore (for his eccentricities) and "Nigger" Moore (for his tight curly hair). His tastes were exotic, and he lived and died in France. I was grieved by his death, for I was very fond of him. When he was an editor, he wrote a strange

article about a room “filled with crepuscular twilight” where a woman entered, “clad in some rare green stuff.” I reviewed this in the *News* unsympathetically, saying that “rare green stuff” reminded me of how extremely rare green stuff was toward the end of the term. Whereupon the LIT. editors furiously attacked me in print; I am sure Bill Day, who was then Chairman of the *News*, will remember this historic rumpus. The New York *Herald Tribune* had an article headed *Is Professor Phelps the Fighting Critic of the Yale News?* Hugh Callahan, the Chairman of the LIT., and Richard Hooker, who has had a long and distinguished career on the *Springfield Republican*, may also remember the occasion.

I have time only to mention a few more LIT. editors I knew, with a word of comment. Lindsay Denison, Chairman of the board of 1895, one of the most brilliant newspaper men in American history, whose death saddened many friends; his classmate Burton J. Hendrick, one of our foremost masters of biography; George Nettleton of my “favourite” class of 1896, who has succeeded me as Lampson Professor of English Literature; Ed Oviatt, who has rendered such splendid service to Yale as Editor of the *Alumni Weekly*; Gouverneur Morris, of 1898, who tried to substitute for low marks on recitations an original play; and who told “Indian” Smith, the professor of American history, that he should remove his condition in American Constitutional History, because “my great-grand-father wrote the Constitution.” Gouvvie also got the original manuscript poem out of Kipling that made that number of the LIT. perhaps the most valuable financially that has ever been issued. Owen Johnson, whose first novel was called *Arrows of the Almighty* and in reviewing it, I had the misfortune to forget that he had got the title out of the Bible; Ranulph Kingsley, 1901, grand-son of Charles Kingsley; when I asked him how he pronounced his first name, he said “I haven’t the slightest idea.” His team-mates Paul Titus Gilbert, who wrote the funniest piece I ever saw in the *Yale Record*, and Ray Morris, who wrote in the LIT. the best essay on the Cat I ever saw anywhere. Brian Hooker, 1902, American poet

and champion humorist of his day; Jim Wallis, 1905, one of our best writers of murder stories; Duncan Phillips, 1908, famous authority on art; Leonard Bacon, 1909, American poet; Tom Beer, 1911, one of our most distinguished novelists; Kenneth Rand and Francis Bergen of 1914, both war casualties, one a poet, while the other's brilliant talents are commemorated in the Francis Bergen Memorial Lectureship; Emerson Tuttle of the same class, now the accomplished Master of Davenport College; Charles Walker, Chairman of the 1916 board, a leader of a famous Civic Theatre group in New York; his classmate, Dave Hamilton, painter, poet, novelist; A. R. Bellinger, Chairman of 1917, now a member of the Faculty. Johnny Farrar, Wilmarth (Lefty) Lewis, and P. Underwood were on the 1918 board. John the poet and successful publisher and his "heavenly twin" Underwood; Lewis, one of the most accomplished literary scholars in America, and a magnificent help to the Yale University Library; Walter Millis, 1920, whose two books on wars have made thousands stop, look, listen, and change their minds; his teammate H. R. Luce, Editor in Chief of *Time*, and Jack Wiley, the novelist; T. C. Chubb and Cyril Hume of 1922, one a poet, the other a novelist; F. O. Matthiessen, 1923, distinguished member of the Harvard English Department; and so on.

In the case of most Lit. editors, the child has been father of the man; those who have become successful have become so either as creative authors or as literary scholars. Few have achieved distinction in business or in practical affairs. Which is exactly as it ought to be. "They Knew What They Wanted."

Revolution in the Nineties

By GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON, 1896

Revolutions are not made; they come.—Wendell Phillips, in 1852.

Revolutions never go backward.—Wendell Phillips, in 1861.

IN the fall of 1892, Revolution came to Yale with an ardent young instructor, William Lyon Phelps, just appointed to inaugurate a brand-new course in “Freshman English.” He had “lately arrived piping hot” from Cambridge, with a Harvard A.M. — in itself, to conservative Yale M.A.’s, a radical reversal of the old order — and with the dubious background of a year’s teaching of Harvard sophisticates. Might not such a young incendiary set the Quinnipiac on fire? To be sure, it was comforting to recall that he was a Yale B.A. — not a Harvard A.B. — that he had been bred in the editorial tradition of the YALE LIT., and that he had eventually taken his Ph.D. from Yale. But further scrutiny raised further questions. Was not a thesis on “The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement” a dangerous departure from orthodoxy and the classics? A professed student of Thomas Gray — but was it sure that Melancholy had marked him for her own? “A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown” — *absit omen*, but might not the epitaph prove ominous?

We who were just entering as Freshmen were made vaguely aware that grave changes confronted unchanging Yale. Pessimists prophesied that the new Freshman course would be an entering wedge for an upstart subject, and that the upstarting teacher, given an inch, might take an ell. Stouter hearts laughed



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, 1894

" . . . the class of 1896 set up on the old campus a new idol, and welcomed as followers of the liberal cult all those who confessed like faith in Billy Phelps . . . "



The Lit. Board of 1896. Reading around table from left to right: Nettleton, Wells, Peck, Griggs, and Oviatt.

lightly at such womanish *Cassandras*, but were later to find their prophecies ridiculous only as under-statements of the facts. Evidently the times were changing and we who were being changed with them began to glow with a warm sense of our own revolutionary importance. Ardor cooled presently as we found that “Freshman English” was vouchsafed only to the first alphabetical third of our class, and merely for the first of the three terms; the rest of us were to watch and wait — ours not to reason why. The watching proved simple, the waiting harder — for the “first third” forthwith united in showering the envious remainder of our class with superlatives in praise of the new Freshman English teacher. But, in due season, the winter and the spring terms followed, the second and the last “thirds” had their turns, and made the class verdict unanimous. Meanwhile we had discovered that the campus code tolerated Freshman Riots, especially if they had a Town and Gown outlet, but that any outbreak of mass enthusiasm for the required curriculum was a mark of adolescence. The code, however, distinctly favored campus idols. So, though there was no manner of doubt that genuine and contagious interest in the study of required English had actually pervaded the Freshman class as a whole, it seemed conservative to overlook any revolutionary educational impulses and to view the matter simply as a demonstration of personal popularity. Then and there, accordingly, the Class of 1896 set up on the old campus a new idol, and welcomed as followers of the liberal cult all who confessed like faith in “Billy” Phelps. Thus, under another name and in guise of peace, Revolution was admitted within the walls of Yale. The method of invading the citadel, indeed, seemed not unmindful of classical precedent. The unsuspecting Trojans relaxed their guard and forgot their *Cassandras*, but the Freshman invaders had not forgotten entrance requirements laid down in Vergil’s version of the Fall of Troy.

Since the new course in “Freshman English” was wholly in the hands of a single teacher, and since in the course of the year he taught every member of the class, our relations, academic and personal, were uniquely identified. Outside the class-room,

as within it, we felt the vital currents of a magnetic personality. Impulses to write, as well as to read, quickened as we found a kindly critic of our earliest efforts for the Lrr., distant and severe, or for the fortnightly *Courant*, accessible and indulgent. Somewhat awed at the outset by a Lit. "leader", in which a Senior Olympian had deplored the general lack of the "love of learning and literature among the undergraduates", we began to pluck up courage and even to conceive militant revolution in behalf of a cause which we could hardly regard as lost when we had already found a leader, ready to ride and spread the alarm. Our first skirmishes were encouraging. We captured a few outlying posts on the *Courant*, and bolder reconnoiters in the spring penetrated, here and there, the entrenchments of the Lrr. On the strict scholastic front the Freshman forces of insurrection made such salient advances into all the higher positions of academic ranking as to alarm the faculty with fears that marking standards had been culpably relaxed. Investigation, however, inculpated equally all the Freshman faculty, and as most of them were long known to be tried and true, and as rigid requirements made every Freshman program identical, the new factor of a third of a course in Freshman English, could hardly be held solely responsible. So, in class and on campus, Freshman year came to an end. All seemed quiet on the Quinnipiac.

In Sophomore year, the teacher and the class that had entered Yale together, progressed inseparably into Sophomore English. In Junior year, Billy Phelps gave us his first upperclass elective course — *Elizabethan Drama*; in Senior year, his second elective — *Modern Novels*. Thereby hangs the true tale — for it is the story of open Revolution — if not of Civil War — at Yale. All previous innovations were naught in comparison. Revolutionary episodes like the brief intrusion into our Elizabethan Drama classroom of three "co-eds" — as the campus then termed the furtive women students of a shadowy Graduate School — were past incidents. Only the immediate followers of Phelps still recalled how he had made a virtue of necessity, pointing the morning lesson on Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* with deft refer-

ences to his dubious trio of "Ladies Collegiate." Yet to a faculty observant but remote from the scene of action, the only outward objection to the study of Elizabethan Drama had seemed its alarming popularity with students. The congestion of schedules had, indeed, been a sorry affair, but a competent code committee could doubtless amend and enforce traffic laws, and in itself the Age of Shakespeare seemed a not objectionable subject. Now, however, delusions ended abruptly. At long last, Open Revolution had raised its head under flagrant banners with a strange device — *Modern Novels*. Erstwhile cautious Freshmen had now become dominant Seniors, claiming possession of the field in the name of their acknowledged leader.

The LIT. itself, now in custody of the Senior invaders, opened its October *Notabilia* with militant confidence: "No new course at Yale has aroused such general interest as Dr. Phelps' 'Modern Novels'. The most prominent newspapers in the East have very generally commented on it, and in the highest terms . . . Two hundred and fifty men have regularly elected the course and it is far-and-away the most popular optional in college. Now all this has its meaning. It means that the re-awakening spirit of interest at Yale in matters literary is as genuine as, a few months ago, we asserted it to be. It means — a thing which ought to have been perfectly obvious ere this — that the average college man is full as interested in live literature as in the dry bones of the classics. [O brave new world, tilting with a straw, against a champion cased in adamant!] There is no more hopeful sign at Yale than the gradual broadening out of her literary courses. The call for increased advantages is still imperative, but the stone once set a-rolling will not soon be allowed to become moss-covered."

If this was treason, the powers that were made the most of it. The Faculty cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. Later in the year a kindly Dean was called upon to transmit to the instructor of the *Modern Novels* course the official edict that the new course must not be offered again. As the difficult interview concluded, he paused a moment and then added softly: "You

understand, of course, Mr. Phelps, that no action would have been taken if your course had not been a conspicuous success." Thus ended the first and last year of the revolutionary course in *Modern Novels*. For the moment, the prophecy of the Litt. seemed discredited, the insurgents repulsed, and the new order forced to yield place to old.

But, for the liberal forces, the best was yet to be. We counted neither cause nor leader lost, for we had together learned the lesson of Success through Failure:—

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.

And presently, just as the Class of 1896 was about to graduate, the clouds broke. Rumor ran rife through a glad campus that, though the edict against *Modern Novels* stood irrevocable, Billy Phelps was to be made Assistant Professor of English Literature. What mattered a single lost battalion, when our leader, ever a fighter, would continue to march breast forward! We had faith that the new order would find fulfilment in many ways, though we could not prophesy precisely that from the ashes of *Modern Novels* would rise *Contemporary Drama*, or that in the Battle of the Books two Victorian poets would emerge as modern champions, and that the call of *T. and B.* would double the number of volunteers that we had rallied to the support of *Modern Novels*. What need, indeed, for further prophecy, when Revolution personified had been promoted! God was in his heaven; all was right with our world.

Once again, all seemed quiet on the Quinnipiack. The curfew tolled the knell of parting day for the revolutionary young graduates of 1896. The oracles were dumb; even the Cassandras had ceased to prophesy. What need, indeed, for further prophecy, when Revolution personified had been graduated, and curfew law had quickly quenched the momentary blaze of *Modern Novels*. What mattered the ragged remnant of the revolutionary forces already minded to return to the Graduate School and

to elect a brand-new graduate course in *Seventeenth-Century Literature* with the new young Assistant Professor now properly chastened. Naught could molest the ancient solitary reign. All the air a solemn stillness held. Only for a moment was the campus quiet broken by parting cheers for "Professor" Phelps which to a lingering veteran of the Civil War might have sounded ominously like the rebel yell.

Confidence and Content

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, 1899 S

I WOULD like to pass on for what it may be worth a personal tribute of gratitude to the YALE LIT., which is now crossing its century line. I have been editing magazines of one kind or another, and in one way or another, for twenty-five years, yet still retain a warm thankfulness for what I learned from the LIT. and its companion college papers at the turn of the last century.

The LIT. was really a very bad magazine in those days. Its stories were pseudo-romantic, very pseudo, not very romantic. Its poetry was imitative and academic and technically bad. Its essays were horrid examples of crammed literary criticism. Its departments were trivial. Only its leaders showed life, and they were pompous, pretentious, and so moral and idealistic that only a college generation like ours, bursting with loyalty and certain that our college life was the golden heart of America, could have taken them seriously. All this was unimportant. We did the best we could.

Unfortunately we also did exactly what we were told. There was a form, a medium, a sacred cow called the LIT. essay, which was as stereotyped in construction as a sonnet and as obligatory in content as a commencement speech. You took a writer, you described his work, you said it was good, and that someone else had misjudged him. You began with an epigram and finished with a quotation. And all your facts were checked by your instructor in English.

There was a looser and less respectable item called the Litr. story. This, first of all, had to be written in English impeccably rhetorical, and of a "literary" character, which meant that its vocabulary was borrowed from belles lettres and its style suave, allusive, and superior. Its subject was preferably philosophical, its mood adult in the extreme, its plot a progress toward a conclusion, scarcely to be called climax, which should leave the reader with a taste in his mouth of dignified melancholy. Since we were still in the sunset of the nineties, a smart touch here and there upon sex, suggesting an elegant cynicism, was permitted, provided the scene was Paris, or the Café Liberty in New York. Sex in New Haven was sharply discouraged.

And this too was unimportant. We were very young for our age as undergraduates in those days, young emotionally, young intellectually, mature only in our shrewd handling of the competitions of college life. We probably said in those Litr. essays and Litr. stories more than we had of our own to say, not less. We were not ready for self-expression, and living in the pleasant illusions of a romantic college period, we were very bad observers. All we could learn from a college magazine was the habit of writing as well as we knew how, and the priceless gift of working for the approval of the best available judgment.

It was not very good judgment and the approval usually was bestowed upon qualities that had the least to do with literature. No matter. The Litr. was a non-profit-making organization. Of course many if not most of those who wrote for it hoped to gain something tangible in social prestige. But the criterion of their success was less crude than money. It was less crude than popular applause for athletic victories. It involved the difficult attempt to satisfy intellects which we acknowledged (sometimes wrongly) to be not only more exacting but more competent and much more capacious than our own. We learned a good deal that was wrong about literature from the Litr.—but I cannot think that to have been important—we shrugged it off soon and easily. What we did get was the sense that no success was valid that did not please better men than ourselves. No one

becomes a man of letters on such a sense alone, but many a writer has kept to the mediocre level because he lacked it.

I pay my debt of gratitude to the old Lrr. for just this, and there must be many of wider literary experience than mine who feel as I do. We have long since got rid of the romantic nonsense of a degradation in writing for money, and the dangerous fallacy that to please the many is to be somehow inferior or unsound. But we keep a healthy skepticism of easy approval and are content only when the best say that we are good.

I remember the Box, whose slit one passed silently at night, slipping in timorously a contribution, which fell with a dismaying rattle upon sheafs of other contributions awaiting judgment. And I remember the "criticisms" of rejected manuscripts, in which one recalls the narrow room, the nervous faces of other heelers, the embarrassed dignity of the editors, but never a word that was said, probably because the critics had nothing to say except this was not *their* idea of what should be published in the Lrr. But the most vivid memory is of the List, posted on the window late at night on each make-up evening, faintly lit by a street lamp, stealing through shadows to look at it, and away again, fast or slow according to whether a hoped-for title was scrawled somewhere between the Leader and Notabilia. If your name was there for that night anyhow you were confident and content.

Rambling Thoughts on Literature as a Business

By SINCLAIR LEWIS, 1907

If I were a teacher of literature in Yale or any other university today, or if I were an editor of the *Lit.*, I would discourse less to my disciples upon Joyce or proletarianism in the arts than upon the problem of helping such of them as have the itch and the ability to write to make a living.

We of an older generation have done well. Indeed in a great many cases we have received, both in money and in praise, so much more than we have ever deserved that if we were to run into Poe in the club, and he were to scoff, "I hear you're doing very well, my lad!" we would blush distressingly, in memory of his struggles. And those of a somewhat younger generation cannot complain. Among Yalensians, there are Harrison Smith and John Farrar, who are as important as any publishers in America; there are Stephen Benét, and the John Chamberlain who has managed to make the sedate New York *Times* swallow liberalism and gaiety, and like it.

But I am afraid that there is under way a change which is somewhat menacing to the youngsters under twenty-five who believe that they, too, will by their typewriters acquire Rolls-Royces, the unabridged Oxford Dictionary, the right to talk to Scott Fitzgerald at Mentone, Jermyn Street shoes, and all the other precious sweets which older writers have coveted and gained.

That books "simply do not sell any more" is almost true. There are plenty of novels which have sold only ten thousand

copies this past year of 1935 which fifteen years ago would have sold fifty thousand. I know of a really indispensable biography which certainly deserved a sale of five thousand and of which now, in two years, a whole six hundred copies have been taken by our celebrated culture-hungry nation. The author spent a solid year of work on it, and made a hundred and eighty dollars.

All this is by no means the fault of the Depression only. The movie, the automobile, the road house, bridge, and, most of all, the radio are the enemies of magazine-reading, book-reading, and homicidally the enemies of book-buying, because they absorb both the leisure and the share in the family budget which our poor, wretched ancestors devoted to books. And with the rise in the wages of servants, we build smaller houses, rent smaller flats, today, and have no room for books . . . Oh, of course we have room enough for one or two cars, for one or two coffin-sized radios, for the electric refrigerator and (if you live in a suburb, as I do) for a "game room" decorated in the style of a rath-skeller, but certainly no room for a couple of hundred books . . . Besides. Who would read Sir Thomas Browne, or William Faulkner, if you prefer it that way, when he could be listening to Eddie Cantor or Ray Knight's Cockoos or, with the little ones, to the Itty Bitty Kiddy Hour? (Cross my heart! This last item was listed for nine P. M., Sunday, December 22, 1935, on station WHN.)

I suspect that in the future a writer will be able to make a respectable living (say a thousand a year or so) only by toiling for the radio or Hollywood, and while there may arise geniuses who will be able to create century enduring beauty and strength in those media . . . yes? and I suppose some day there will be photographers as great as Rembrandt? . . . yet from what I know of those nimble arts, and from what I know of writers of the last five hundred years, it is about as probable as to suppose that bran will presently become a tastier dish than grouse. Even in such magnificent films as "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "The Informer," I suspect that the actors, the cameramen, and the director were much more important than any writer connected

with the job; and as to the picture from "David Copperfield," I am glad that Mr. Dickens wrote it in an innocent supposition that books were books and not, at their highest, raw material for the Film Industry.

And there are "good programs" on the radio. Woollcott and Van Loon have the dramatic gift which, in general, most writers lack in speech. Practically all "good programs" are music and nothing else and for writers in general I should say that deep-sea diving or manicuring has considerably livelier promise than the microphone and that in general, if they will persist in writing, they may expect considerably less bread than stones—the latter not necessarily handed to them.

Now of course this prospect will not stop, will scarcely halt, any writer who is authentic. You can't keep him from writing! A Bunyan or a Raleigh or an O. Henry, even, is rapturous about the leisure and seclusion for writing that he finds in prison. A man who will not write as zealously for the *Yale Lit.* as for the *Yale Review*—or the *Saturday Evening Post*—is a bad craftsman, and all Nature rejoices when a bad craftsman passes to his bad forefathers.

What the young writer of today should contemplate is a dual profession—and incidentally it would be the best thing in the world for his tortured creativeness to be forced to touch some non-literary world, forced to remember what saner folk are daily up to. Let the young Balzac or Byron not only wear his elbows shiny at his desk, but let him with equal assiduity learn another and slightly more lucrative calling. But I would like him to keep out of advertising, journalism, and the teaching of literature, if possible, because they are too much akin to his writing. No, let him become a doctor or a grocer, a mail-flying aviator or a carpenter, a farmer or a bacteriologist, a priest or a Communist agitator, and with the two professions together, he may make a living . . . provided any of us will be "making livings," a couple of decades from now.

I do not jest. I really know a poet, a good poet, who keeps alive by conducting a grocery store, with a gasoline pump in

front of it, in Northern Vermont. He had time not only to write, but to edit and, himself, by hand, to print a small magazine. I know of no chromium-plated, stream-lined writer of magazine serials who has half his leisure or a tenth of his dignity.

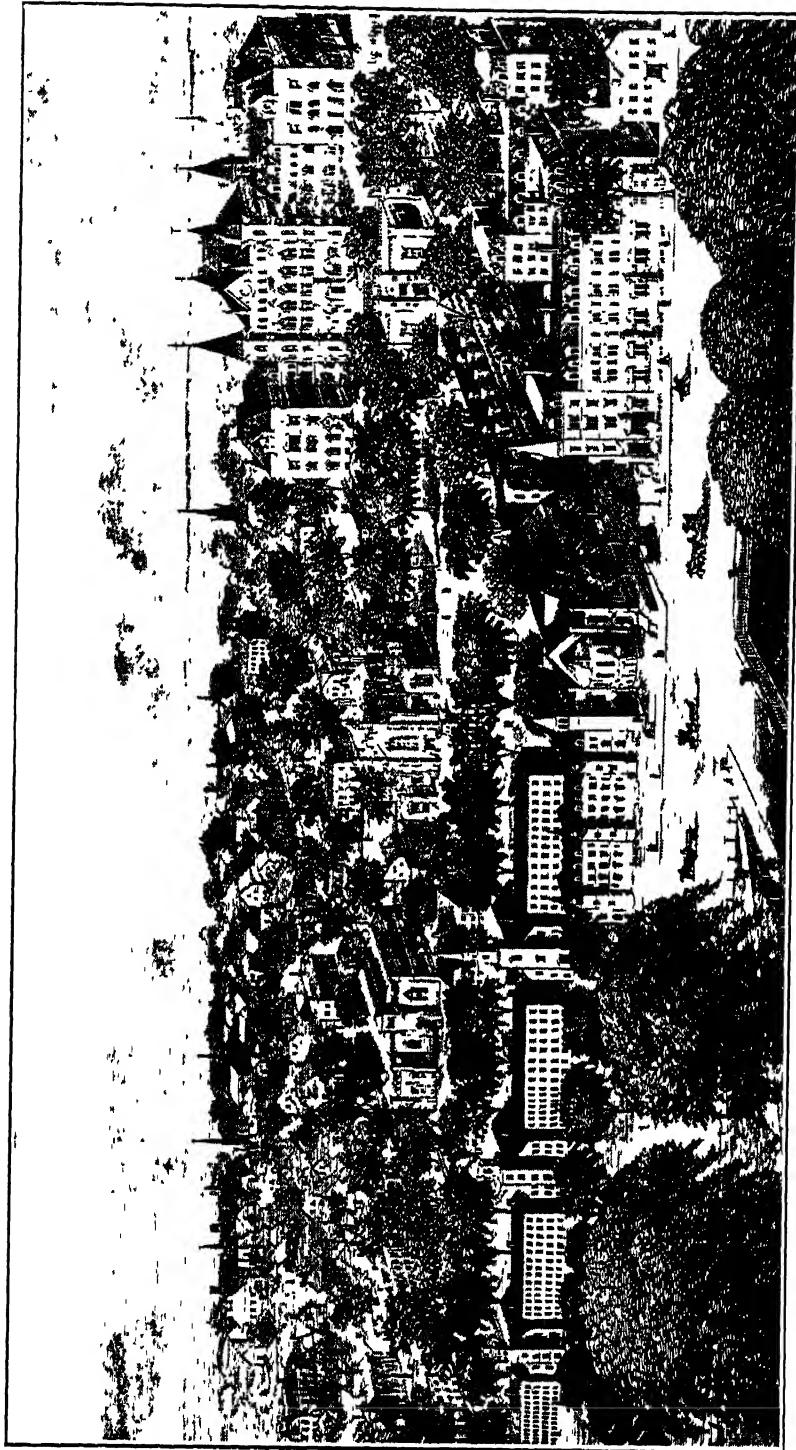
Were we all to do this, perhaps we might advance backward to the nobility of Emerson, the preacher and lecturer, Hawthorne, the customs-house clerk and foreign consul, Whittier, the farmer and editor, Longfellow, the teacher, Lowell, the teacher and diplomat, Holmes, the doctor, Whitman, the government clerk, and Thoreau, the pencil-maker. Not one "professional writer" in the lot!

I warn you, though, that if you become like any of these, you will not win the approval of Mr. Ernest Hemingway. In "Men without Women," "Farewell," and "Sun Also Rises" it was indicated that Tom Wolfe and he are far the best among the fictioneers now under forty, but in his new book, "Green Hills of Africa," a volume in which he tells how extremely amusing it is to shoot lots and lots of wild animals, to hear their quite-human moaning, and see them lurch off with their guts dragging, Mr. Hemingway notes:

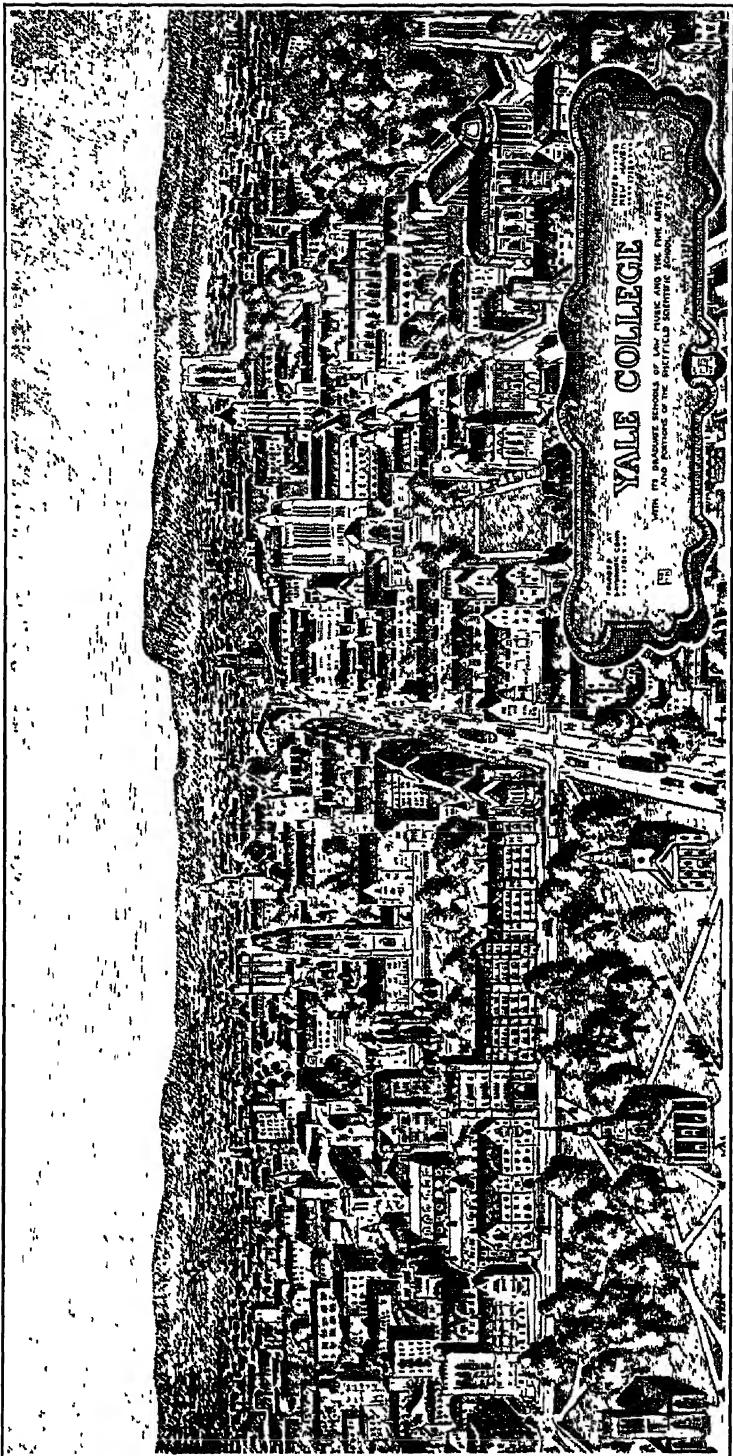
"Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Company . . . All these men were gentlemen, or wished to be. They were all very respectable. They did not use the words that people always have used in speech, the words that survive in language. Nor would you gather that they had bodies. They had minds, yes. Nice, dry, clean minds. This is all very dull." (Check!)

I told you this essay would be rambling. As always, Mr. Hemingway has inspired me; this time to the following "Lines to a College Professor":

*Mister Ernest Hemingway
Hails his slaughter of the kudu
To remind you that you may
Risk his sacerdotal hoodoo
If you go on, day by day,
Talking priggishly as you do.
Speak up, man! Be bravely heard
Bawling the four-letter word!*



A Panorama View of Yale College, 1876.



A Panorama View of Yale University, 1936.

(Drawn by Graham Peck, Ltr. Editor, 1934-1935.)

*And wear your mind décolleté
Like Mr. Ernest Hemingway.*

No, if you take my advice and combine the delights of selling coffee and pickles and figs with the delights of writing about them, you will never be allowed to throw the bull with Mr. Hemingway. But I wonder if you will care much.

And about my taking my own advice? Too late; about twenty years too late. But I would give a lot if, between spells of the enchanted dreariness of writing, I could go to work in a biological laboratory, or possess an inn of my own to fuss over (in the kitchen rather than in the elegance of the "front office"), or be able to build a chicken house instead of forever sitting reading. Be off to your grocing, young man!

To the Lady in Brown

I

By HENRY L. STIMSON, 1888

Dear Little Lady in Brown:

IN the depths of my heart I still feel the pang of that winter day when you rejected my suit. Life hardly seemed worth living without you. Older voices of friendship urged that a bachelor future might still hold out some modicum of charm, — some possibility of useful endeavor. While my mind accepted their cold reasoning, my heart yearned for my first love.

Now as I sit in my library in Woodley and let my fancy run back over the half century which has intervened, I realize that while I have been growing old, you have remained ever young. Upon your fair brow the passage of the years has left no mark. And as I sit reflecting, the spring songs of the wood thrush and the cardinal, coming to me through the open window, tell the reason why. Every recurrent springtime has brought to your feet the freshness of new suitors filled with the visions, the hopes, the ardor with which I tingled fifty years ago. You have been a very fortunate little lady, my love. Without effort you have received a precious elixir for which many a Ponce de Leon has journeyed far and toiled hard, in vain. Freely there has been spread before you a secret of which countless thousands die unknowing and unhelped.

My little lady, recipient of this priceless heritage, feel you no counter impulse of responsibility? The torch you hold, feeding on this never-failing source of faith and hope, does it not

shine with brighter light? And can you not, in the ways of which only a wise mistress holds the secret, pass on to your devoted lovers, against more bitter days to come, the faith which they have given you? In the long experience of your one hundred years you have seen many a "new era" worn threadbare; many a "new deal" stripped of its pretensions by the remorseless limitations of eternal truth; but you have never failed to find disillusion followed by the brave hopefulness of courageous youth. You have learned that courage and hope are as inseparable props of truth as the crosses and thorns which try to drag them down. Can you not give this priceless message to your lovers as they pass forward toward future shadows? Can you not remind them that even when the sun has sunken, its golden lightning brightens the clouds above, until the soaring skylark seems "like an un-bodied joy whose race has just begun"? I think you can.

II

By GIFFORD PINCHOT, 1889

I WAS never lucky enough to be numbered with the sacred band of editors of the YALE LIT., but I had all the fun of trying.

Once a month in Junior year on the night before articles for the LIT. were due, a number of us friendly rivals met in the room Ned Parsons and I kept in disorder in the south entry of Lawrence, and put the finishing touches to our bids for fame. These were the nights of the tea jags, well but not favorably known to the glorious class of '89. The present Bishop Parsons of San Francisco and I were not only classmates but also class deacons, and tea was the limit.

Mickey Welch, Bob Huntington, Tom Buchanan, and many another sat up all night on these laborious and festive occasions, read our effusions each to the other, and stole around and dropped them through the slit of the LIT. office door in the cold grey dawn

of the morning after. The official last minute was midnight, but we took a chance.

When the election of Litr. editors came in the spring of Junior year, I lost out. Tom Buchanan was chosen by the class instead. The '88 Board of Editors refused, very unwisely, to approve his election, and appointed me instead. I refused, very much as a matter of course, to sit except by the election of my class. And so the Litr. worried through the year with its Board one short. I never could see that it was any the worse for the vacancy where I might have sat.

For a year, by the Board's request, I wrote the review of each number for the *Yale News*. It wasn't as good as being on the Board, by any means, but there was something to be said for it as a consolation prize.

All of which may explain why the Litr. will always stand to me as the substance of a thing dreamed of, and the promise of an aspiration unfulfilled. Long may it wave!

III

By WALDO FRANK, 1911

I HAVE been asked to contribute to the centennial issue of the Litr. Although the request was neither perfunctory nor formal, I hoped to evade it by a dim promise to be forgotten; but the editor is so cordially persistent that I find it impossible, at last, not to obey, however ungraciously, what has become little less than his demand. I cannot send in, as he suggests, a piece from my miscellaneous writings, for the nature of everything I write appears to me altogether too remote from what I recall of the nature of the Litr. Nor can I readily compose a note in celebration of the Old Lady's hundred years, because I find nothing in my heart and mind to celebrate about her.

I have not seen the Litr. for long. When, during the 20's, I believe, I did pick up a number, I had an impression of

meticulous and sustained vacuity. And as I look back on the LIT. of my own days at Yale, I find it meant nothing to me, then. It is true that I sent in contributions, which were for the most part contemptuously rejected (I remember still the smart and burn of some of those penciled comments on my passionate pages). But my impulse, as aspirant contributor, was entirely the subjective one of getting my stuff published: I felt no connection with the LIT.; and when I compared my pages with its own, I was forced to admit that there could be no possible kinship between us. My work in those days was dreadful; but it was a dreadfulness quite alien to the dreadfulness of the LIT. I sinned on the side of chaos (from which worlds are created); the LIT. was on the side of sterility. My few visits to the office filled me with grey self-distrust or with lurid rebellion. I felt then that my inchoate stuff, since there was life in it, was worthier than the void finalities which the LIT. for the most part published. I am inclined, even now, to sympathise with this conviction of a long-vanished youth; although I recognize that I was as guilty in not seeing the good of a magazine that included Tom Beer as he was guilty in not acknowledging me.

I am sorry to find that this contribution has turned out to be a somewhat oblique celebration of myself. I repeat, this must be, since the LIT. never lived for me save as a negative for my own positive reactions. Has the LIT. been really alive in the past? If so, however remote this life from my own, I hope that it may prosper. If not, perhaps the present generation of its makers (forced, as we were not, by the world's cultural crisis to think and to feel and to make decisions) is bringing the LIT. to life. Perhaps some day, when I again by accident turn its pages, I may have the warming experience of hearing a word from Yale harmonious with my own. I assure the LIT. of today and of tomorrow, that such an experience will make me happy.

Against Memory

By THOMAS BEER, 1911

Little Eva: Uncle, my friends say that the next step of my literary career should be the cultivation of a superior memory. What is your opinion?

Uncle Tom: That is the silliest advice I've heard in at least ten years. Your career, so far, has run along the most normal American lines. You are already good at the transmutation of other people's phrases. I have just finished your article on the plutocratic Tarbottom family, in yonder magazine, and I see with pleasure that it does not contain a single fact or suggestion in the case of the Tarbottoms which can't be found in the writings of Mr. Gustavus Myers, Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Mr. David Graham Phillips. I see, too, that the names of Mr. Myers, Mr. Steffens and of the late Mr. Phillips do not appear in your text or in the lavish and impressive footnotes. That is right and wise, my Eva. In a country of collapsible memories, such as this country, you are absolutely safe. Some sour old political reporter out in Kansas may write a nasty letter about you to the editor of the magazine, but that doesn't matter. You are doing very well.

Little Eva: Thanks, dear uncle. But does not a superior memory add to one's enjoyment of letters and aid one in the production of permanent and beautiful things?

Uncle Tom: Hell, no, kid! An adequate memory is a painful master. Suppose you are writing a sentence to the effect that Mr. George Santayana is no philosopher at all, but just a gentleman who likes to prattle about philosophical topics. In the middle

of the sentence your memory nastily tells you that this sentence has been written some nine or ten times since its first appearance in 1928. Mr. Charles Angoff, I think, is its most recent writer. You are then left sitting with a rather nice sentence half on paper. You can either say, "as somebody has said" to indicate honesty, or you can abandon the sentence. But your pleasure in composition has been spoiled, Eva. No, a superior memory tends to decrease an author's simple delights. It tends to limit him to the expression of his own ideas and fancies. And what kind of a lousy life is that?

Little Eva: How sad your voice is, uncle! Go on, please.

Uncle Tom: An adequate memory, I repeat, is a painful master. In 1929, for instance, I sat up in bed, one night, remembering that I had described John Hay as American ambassador to the court of St. James in 1897 when he was merely American minister. The book enclosing this howler and some other mnemonic blobs was in the press. Your poor uncle sweatingly waited the critical yaps. None came. In 1931 many of us gulped when we read in *Axel's Castle* that the Leopold Blooms of *Ulysses* had been man and wife for thirty-four years. But Mr. Edmund Wilson's addition of a horrid case of child-marriage to the general melancholy of the big novel did not upset his reviewers. Some of us wondered what would happen to Miss Gertrude Stein for saying that she began a daily theme at college with a rough quotation from a famous short story which was not in print, in Miss Stein's college days. But nothing happened. Mr. John Dos Passos can make hash of the French language and Mr. Ernest Hemingway can play pass-ball with the history of Christian art without annoying anybody who counts. Merrily we roll along, dear child, in a pleasant *liaison* of bad memories on both the producing and appraising sides of the amiable game. I can't imagine why your empty headed friends advise you to cultivate a good memory. By all means, you whelp, do nothing of the kind. If you want to say that the pictures of women in American fiction are very feeble, just say so for the ninety-ninth time. Say any old thing that comes into your pretty head, my

lambkin, and yell, "Pedant!" or, "Highbrow!" if some dyspeptic son of a gun happens to jump on you. You're in no danger from literary columnists who call O.K. a "post war" piece of slang and admire Herr Egon Friedell for declaring the silk hat an American invention.

Little Eva: And wasn't it, uncle?

Uncle Tom: No, my niece. The cylindrical hat, with a narrow brim, was worn by German peasants when Albrecht Dürer was a lad. About 1760 a Florentine hatter contrived a cylindrical hat with silk nap for masquerades and carnivals. English and French travellers took the carnival hat seriously, and thus it prospered. Now, you say something.

Little Eva: I can see, uncle, how too precise a memory militates against the production of letters in bulk. But surely, uncle, a good memory can not impair one's appreciation of beautiful things.

Uncle Tom: Huh! Can't it? When you read

"The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon . . . "

you were not at once troubled by the wraith of a page in a magazine of the '90s on which you saw printed something like

"The gentle tinkle of my samosin
Beckons thee, beckons thee *within*
Where there are kisses . . . "

and the notes of *The Waste Land* show that Mr. T. S. Eliot wasn't troubled by this spectral serenade, either. I have often wondered what he didn't know he was remembering when he wrote

"And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down
a blackened wall . . . "

I wonder if the recollection of a scared English clerk watching Count Dracula crawl head downward down the blackened wall

of his Styrian castle and float away on the bat wings of his dark cloak has ever come back to Mr. Eliot, since 1922? To speculate on these things, you young squab, is no attack on a most interesting poet. If anybody should ever happen to write a really decent book on memory and letters, Mr. Eliot would emerge from examination in a far better shape than so many others — so very damned many others. No, Eva, it's not in me to say that a competent memory always increases one's enjoyment of the beautiful, the good or of even the best truisms.

Little Eva: By the way, do you think that this melancholy tone is altogether suited to the centennial number of an undergraduate publication?

Uncle Tom: Hardly, you little wart. But who started this as a dialogue in a semi-classical manner? Have you forgotten that Paul Rosenfeld, Yale, 1912, has justly denounced the dialogue as an insufferable form of literary stunt? Yes, of course you have! And there comes my favorite income tax collector up the walk to the cabin door. Please exercise your highly American faculty and forget that I am at home when he rings.

Little Eva: O. K., unc.

Lines on Being Asked Some Specific Questions by One's Son

By JOHN FARRAR, 1918

*Dr. Sound and Dr. Sounder,
What are you teaching them up at Yale?
I'd like to know when my own son asks me,
I'd like to say with determination,
Dr. Sound up at Yale,
He's tops. He knows. He says,
"There are tight compartments.
There's right. There's wrong.
There's the Republican party.
I'm a Republican.
There's an exact book on economics.
And a sound one on religion."*
*Dr. Sounder's a great man --
He's sure --
Here it is, son --
Here's what they're saying up at Yale.
They were sure in 1914, '15, and '16.
They told us what was what,
And everything was hunky-dory.
Now times have changed;
Fathers must unlearn and learn.
But, surely they're telling their sons something.
And surely Dr. Sound's the man.
Surely he'll tell you if I can't.*

Maybe you'll have to decide for yourself
But I doubt it;
For Dr. Sound and Dr. Sounder up at Yale
Will be able to make it all clear when you get there.
They'll explain it all —
They'll tell you what money is,
And all about war
And exactly who's responsible,
And throw in a little art and literature to make it pretty.
They'll clarify your mind with nice distinctions
In modern ways and means of psychological adjustment.
They'll turn you out pure and comfortably unrepressed.
Oh, yes, it'll be all right, my boy, when you get to college.
They'll tell you all about it.
They'll make you believe in something —
Even if they don't go back and seize the same old fetishes
They'll find some new ones for you to wipe your nose on,
Or, maybe, new names for the old ones.
They'll cook up an academic dish
To serve you —
But you'll still have walks in Autumn,
The old stir, the old this and that.
Hear! Hear! At my age I can't afford to get sentimental
And I never did have the ability
To make words mean exactly what I wish.
But Dr. Sound and Dr. Sounder
Will fix it all —
They'll give you a creed,
And a banner,
And a couple of neat epigrams,
And then you'll be ready
To go out and fight for something.
I wish I were as wise as the learned doctors.
I wish I could be sure again I was a Republican,
Or a Roosevelt Democrat
Or even a Communist —

*Or, why yes --- an Episcopalian.
Take it from me, son,
I'd like to be able to tell you ---
But, it'll be all right when you get to Yale.
There must be someone there who knows what's what ---
They'll make you sure that paragraphs of printed matter
Mean exactly what they say.
Perhaps tonight there are thousands on thousands of fathers
Of sons luckier than you are
Who are answering confidently your same questions
And telling their sons exactly what to think, and what to do;
But, don't despair because I'm failing you, there's always Yale,
And Dr. Sound knows his stuff,
And Dr. Sounder knows his, too,
And they will fix you up with plenty of fine culture
And send you out to get shot for their beliefs.*

The Bad Old Times

By LUCIUS BEEBE, 1926

AMONG the best laughs which come to the judicious spectator of the current world scene of dishevelment and footlessness are those furnished by the folk who testify loudly to their preference for the present moment of bankruptcy and high purpose to the fat but impious years of good times. Taxes, pillage, and outrage at the hands of renegades and lunatics in the name of humanitarianism are infinitely preferable, they maintain, to the bad old times of teem when everybody was happy, well fed and automotively transported, but which also supported the wicked bankers and the unspeakable scoundrels who clipped coupons.

And this delightful notion has its close parallel in the groves of the academe unless there be error in the public prints. If loud and frequent repetition stands for conviction, both students and educators are persuaded that they are immeasurably better off and worthier folk than were the lads on the scene during the early Coolidge or solvency period. They whirl in ecstasies of satisfaction over the circumstance that times are far worse around the campus. "We wait on tables," runs the refrain, "the proportion of self-supporting students is on the constant increase; we get hot and bothered about matters of social and economic policy which are none of our concern, thereby proving our serious outlook on life; there is no more riot and drinking and necking and tea dancing. We don't have any fun any more, thank God." And the down at the heels prof whose salary has been trimmed

because of the cats and dogs in the Corporation's vaults beams happily over the lecture theatres full of undergraduates who can't afford to do anything but go to class and announces that the boys are taking their work, oh, so much more seriously and that they wouldn't change for the pleasant ways of the old times if they had the opportunity.

Not much they wouldn't!

Every old timer, proverbially, feels sorry for the contemporary college man who is innocent of the good times he himself has known, but the current generation of undergraduates seems in sadder case than most, if the dean says sooth in his handouts to the papers. A dozen years ago very few of the important functions of Yale were performed at New Haven. The academic base was, to be sure, a necessity. From it derived one's standing, excuse for being and ranking in the social scene. One not infrequently returned to it for clean linen, additional funds and bodily refreshment in the form of a night's sleep in the middle of the week. But the real sphere of student activities ranged, in more or less recurrent cycles, through Matt Winkle's Kinvara Cafe, the ballroom at Sherry's, the Club de Vingt, the Plaza Grill, the sixth precinct station, Dan Moriarity's saloon, the club car of the 11.57 out of New Haven, John Peronas in Forty-ninth Street, the College Highway and, occasionally, the accident ward at Grace Hospital. Youths who knew their chapel proctors well and had provided for them adequately ranged further afield in the gardens of the New Windsor in Bermuda or the Peel Street lupinaria of Montreal. Weekends were from Thursday to Tuesday and one met a lot of fascinating people who had no conception of the use of the subjunctive. Only in dead of winter did one haunt the campus and then only for interminable five or six day card games in the precincts of Harkness. Contact with instructors, formal education and book learning was frowned upon.

To a generation concerned for Indic verb roots or theses on the coefficient of expansion of the opera hat this all sounds barbarous and delightful, and it was both. The consequence implicit

in this way of life, however, is popularly supposed to be a distressful one. Nothing good in the outer world can come supposedly to the fellow who makes a practice of brushing his teeth in a light Moselle and wears out three dinner suits a year, but the record stands, to the confusion of the pious, that the bawdiest, screamingest and more frequently and lamentably alcoholic ruffians of the spacious years around New Haven between 1920 and 1928 are the only ones anybody has heard of since. As yet there are few positive returns on the achievements of a latter generation reared on spinach and high purpose.

The archetypal figure of the middle twenties was a sort of campus synthesis of jongleur, tavern knight and perfect lover of the screen. He wrote ballades and rondeaux with the same facility he wrote rubber cheques. His proper métier was under the clock at the Biltmore and where he was Bourbon flowed like beer and beer like Niagara. He was the greatest benefactor of the horse-cab industry in modern times and his bill for top hats was stupendous. Like the Russian grand dukes, he loved the sound of breaking glass and his progress through college was illustrated with outrage to the pious. He was poison to the heels of the student council and the constituted authorities, but to everyone else he was a glamorous figure of chivalry and the center of a legend of bed-chamber heroism that would have shamed the late Lou Tellegen. Tumult and civic commotion and music upon stringed instruments attended his going; he knew Villon to the last fragment by heart; head waiters loved him like a brother, and every morning when he woke up he not only had to enquire where he was but who he was. He was part of a college tradition that combined valor with the humanities and, Cyrano-like, chanted splendid refrains from Dowson and Swinburne while beating townies over the head with a bung starter.

His place, one is given to understand, has been taken by the student-waiter, a fellow so lean and undernourished that his nose gives insufficient purchase for his pince-nez glasses, who regards a dinner suit as working clothes, and is frightfully concerned for social justice, with himself on the receiving end, of

course. All of which convinces me that I had better tear up my will, wherein the sum of \$18 annually is devised to the Yale University Library free and unencumbered forever, and spend my all on Ramos fizzes and roller coaster rides at Coney Island. There's more satisfaction in them and they assuredly reflect a greater glory to God.

Epitaph for An American

By CURTIS RODGERS, 1936

*Oklahoma, mourn for him
As if the crude forgot to flow!
Deck your derricks with mistletoe
For your waddie over the Rim.*

*His jest was like a swinging sledge
(Spit on my palms and rub the dust!)
That drove straight into our oaken crust
And split us wide with an honest wedge.*

*Panhandlers and potentates
Who felt his look forwent their guile.
Both pass before him now. Their file
In weeping homage, hesitates.*

*“It was our blood that made him brave,”
Said a chief of the Cherokee.
And ranchers tell by the Verdigris
Of warrior-rites the Indians gave.*

Envoy:

*Mark’s gone and Walt who broke
A lilac-sprig for Lincoln’s bier.
Why, Will, there’s hardly anybody here
To speak of you as those two spoke.*

The Warship

By THORNTON WILDER, 1920

THE ship Trumpeter which left London for Australia in the early Eighteenth Century with a hundred convicts and their families on board never reached its destination and no report of any survivor nor of any identified object connected with it ever reached the world. The ship's company did not entirely perish, however. The captain and the greater part of the crew were drowned in the storm that wrecked the vessel; many of the passengers and most of the children died in the hardships of the first few weeks thereafter; but finally over a hundred persons reached an island on the west coast of Australia. These survivors settled down upon the island which they promptly christened "England", but which in a few generations of oral transmission became "Inglan". In time the ingenuity of the colonists had established an agreeable mode of living; a church, a school, a parliament and even a theatre had come into being, and within a hundred years the population had more than doubled. It was greatly reduced in 1870, however, by an obscure disease which attacked the community, probably through some disproportion in the ingredients of the islanders' diet. A few years later the population was again diminished by the loss of a dozen of the ablest men who ventured in a rough-hewn boat to visit an island which could be occasionally seen at sunrise on the northern horizon.

In 1880 a castaway reached the colony, a Finnish sailor, who had been drifting for many days in an open boat. It was several years before he learned sufficient English to tell the

Inglaners about the outside world, a hazy account of the Napoleonic Wars, of an English queen, and detailed information about Baltic politics. This Finnish sailor never recovered from the ill-effects of his exposure and died in the sixth year of his life on the island. No other visitor ever reached Inglan; no ship was ever sighted in the distance; and presently the Inglaners lost interest in maintaining the distress signal on the peak that rose behind their settlement.

In the original company of the shipwrecked there had been only a few men and women who were able, even imperfectly, to read, write and compute, and they were already aged by the time the community came to feel a need for written records and had devised a substitute for paper on which to inscribe them. At the same time the colony was seized with a passion for recovering the lore of the outside world and particularly for anything connected with religion. Official scribes were appointed and all who could remember a passage or even a phrase from the Bible or the hymns contributed their share. In this way a brief anthology was committed to writing, including a synopsis of the Pilgrim's Progress, some fragments from the marriage and burial services and a number of English and Scotch ballads. To this library the islanders went to school, where they likewise were given accounts of such things as animals, grains and utensils. Geography consisted of vague maps of the world and the British Isles and detailed descriptions of London, Plymouth, and Bristol. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century a gifted musician arose who fashioned himself some instruments and on the basis of the songs that had been retained made some new ones. Soon after a poet declared himself and versified copiously. A young woman who had gazed long at squares and triangles deduced the first books of Euclid from them and a school of mathematicians flourished for half a century.

Up to the time of the epidemic of 1870 the health of the community had been excellent, but thereafter it declined rapidly. The uniformity of the diet and the increasing bonds of consanguinity had a part in this, but chiefly a psychological factor that

was an effect of the shut-in-ness of the island existence. The colonists were not aware of any desire to leave Ingian and view the outside world, yet they felt themselves lost, abandoned of God, and aimless. Vigorous personalities arose from time to time who found the opportunities and problems of even this restricted existence sufficient to justify a human dignity, but the majority relapsed into a fretful and listless submission to the passing of time. A large proportion of the children died at birth or grew up sickly, unsocial, eccentric and quarrelsome. A fermented drink was brewed from the fruits on the island and intemperance became universal. But most strikingly of all, in spite of the small size of the territory and in spite of the fact that every colonist was many times the cousin of his neighbor, the Inglanders divided themselves into factions and lived in an atmosphere of distrust that frequently came to a head in strife and bloodshed.

In 1910 there were only twelve adults living under civilization in Lunnon itself and they no longer made efforts to reclaim the few hermits who had withdrawn themselves to the remoter parts of the island. Jonh Weever, the Captain of Ingian, as he was called, tried strenuously to inspirit his community; he offered rewards for inventions, for writings, and for feats of skill. His eldest son, Roja, felt the incitement beyond the others and never tired of contriving improvements for the island; but at the same time he distressed his father by continued speculation as to the nature of the outside world. To Captain Jonh the existence of the outside world was a matter lost in myth, tradition and hearsay. Report said that hundreds, even thousands, of human beings lived there in dwellings of extraordinary size and beauty. Roja dreamed of finding a way to such a world, or of the possibility of such a world's coming to Ingian. Captain Jonh would sigh into his beard, shaking his head at such thoughts. "Whether that world be still there," he would say, "whether it be better than our own or worser; how far away it lies — these things we cannot know, neither be we like to know. The best thing for us to do, my son, is not to beat our heads about them, but to do our duty where we be." But Roja would not be put off. He

stirred up the men of Lunnon to renew the huge distress signal on the peak. It was long and tedious work, but for a time the islanders were filled with an unaccustomed excitement. The storms of the next two rainy seasons, however, tore the great structure down, and even when Roja became Captain in his father's place he made no effort to rebuild it.

One night when he had put his sons and daughters to bed and made the rounds of Lunnon, Captain Roja descended to the water's edge and sat down, gazing across the sea. He turned over in his mind the destiny that had placed him there, the depleted colony, the rancorous spirit of his subjects, the difference that lay between today and the glorious days that his grandfather had described to him, and he thought of the days that lay ahead when his children would have survived him. And as he sat thinking a strange sight appeared before him. A great ship came around the headland, hung with lights, festooned with two great rows of lights from stem to stern. Music came from it and the sound of shouting. Clouds of smoke hung in the quiet air behind it. Fore and aft two great skeleton turrets rose into the stars. For a moment Captain Roja thought of lighting a bonfire or setting fire to St. Paul's, but he paused. The vision was beautiful, but terrible. He knew that neither himself nor his companions could live in that world; all that power and energy was troubling and remote. He sat down again and watched the marvel pass into the distance, and the other shadowy forms that had gathered on the slope behind him gazed and trembled and went in silence to their homes.

ACT ONE

SCENE I.

Rue's Bedroom is white and gold and blue. In it there are a bed, a chair, a screen, a table and a small cabinet. The bed is like a couch, and is set upon a dais. Against the white wall behind it hangs a piece of blue brocade surmounted by a gilt crown. The sides are caught up and held in place by two Baroque angels, head and wings. On one side of the bed is the table, upon which stand many bottles of medicine. On the other side is the small cabinet, which conceals a radio. The tall screen is half unfolded between bed and doorway. The chair is small, and tufted in white satin. Set in a blue niche in the side wall is a Virgin in gilded wood, also Baroque. Upon the wall opposite is an old gilt-framed portrait of a man in the blue uniform of Admiral of the Navy, broad silver epaulets upon his shoulders, the originals of which hang above the portrait. Under it hangs an old sword in a silver sheath, with a heavy tassel drooping from it. Two tall vases, one on either side of the room, hold a quantity of white and purple lilacs.

It is seven o'clock at night in late April. The bedroom, being on the top floor of a very high apartment-house and facing west, has caught the last light from a fading sun across the Park, beyond the Hudson.

RUE is in bed, against a pile of pillows. Barely turned twenty, her frail, youthful loveliness is enhanced now by illness. Above her, upon her toes, stands NURSE PRESCOTT, starched, stiff, immaculate. In one hand she has a glass of milk upon a tray, in the other hand, a spoon. Faint music proceeds from the cabinet. The NURSE offers the milk. RUE refuses it, shaking her head weakly. It is offered again.

Rue: No.

Nurse: Please.

Rue: I don't want it.

Nurse: You must.

Rue: I can't swallow it.

Nurse: Try.

Rue: But I can't. — Oh, put it away, put it down.

Nurse: Like this, then. (She offers a little in a spoon).

Rue: I was born with one in my mouth. Must I die with one?

Nurse: Hush, now, Miss Loney, don't you talk nonsense. — Come — just a little. (RUE closes her eyes and swallows it

with a gasp). There. (She offers another spoonful. RUE takes it). That's more like it. (A pause. She busies herself with the medicines, moving about on her toes, like a ballet-dancer. Then:)

Rue: I was born with a caul, too — with a veil over my face.

Nurse: I had a case once, at the Lying-in.

Rue: They're said to be lucky.

Nurse: So I've been told.

Rue: Was yours, do you know?

Nurse: I never inquired.

Rue: I don't think they're lucky. My mother died of me.

Nurse: You're talking too much. You must be still.

Rue: Then turn it on louder.

Nurse: It's too loud as it is.

Rue: (Imperiously): Don't be insolent, please! — Kindly turn it on louder.

Nurse: (Under her breath): Little Empress. (But she moves to the cabinet, opens it, turns a dial. The music increases slightly in volume). There. That's enough.

Rue: Where does it come from?

Nurse: The ballroom upstairs. — Your aunt's party's started.

Rue: A party for me, it was to have been.

Nurse: So I heard tell.

Rue: She's having it anyway.

Nurse: So it would seem.

Rue: What is it I've got, Nurse?

Nurse: The doctors don't know yet.

Rue: No? (The NURSE shakes her head). But I know. (The NURSE looks at her. She nods sagely). — *I* know, you know.

Nurse: Do you indeed?

Rue: Yes: I'm at the point.

Nurse: The — ?

Rue: I'm too old to live, too young to die. I'm at the point in between, and it's torture.

Nurse: Hush, Miss. Don't talk wild.

Rue: Does he worry — my father?

Nurse: He doesn't like you sick this way.

Rue: He likes me any way. I'm his ewe lamb.—Poor little man, busy little man. Don't let him fret.

Nurse: There now, be still, Miss. Shall I turn you on your side?

Rue: I think I should die, if you did. And I don't want to, much. I shouldn't like to be any colder than I am. It's April, isn't it?

Nurse: The last day.

Rue: I'm cold, for April.

Nurse: Your temperature's low. We can't seem to get it up.

Rue: (Thoughtfully): And still, why should I mind it? I might see my mother. She was lovely, I know. I have her photographs.—Like Aunt Selena, but sweet, you know—sweeter. When they told her she had to go, she said, "No. I shall dance at her wedding." She said that. Father told me.—"I shall dance at her wedding."—One should not die unwed, you know.—She'd have to come over water, though, wouldn't she?—Over the Styx, in a boat—or is there a bridge now, I wonder? (The NURSE stiffens, contemptuously. A moment's pause, then RUE continues): I was carefully brought up on several smart beaches. But Maggie, my old nurse, sifted the gold from them, threw it away and left me the sand.—Where is Maggie? (The NURSE glances at her, then replies with exaggerated calm):

Nurse: He's sent for her, hasn't he?

Rue: It's a long way. It's Ireland.

Nurse: He sent a plane for her, so the newspapers said.

Rue: Yes: She said if ever I'd need of her, she'd come flying. I loved Maggie, Maggie me. When they thought I'd outgrown her, they sent her away. Then I lived on books. That's what made me so queer and so solemn. French, German, Italian:—only masters permitted to teach me, you know. I hated them all, except Lubovna—she taught me to dance, and I love dancing. Listen—a dance tune! Do you dance a great deal, Nurse?

Nurse: I have better things to do. (RUE looks at her).

Rue: My eyes, I suppose. But do you never go dancing with young men, Nurse Prescott? (The NURSE sets her face, stills

her feet, and begins to make ready a hypodermic). I have danced a great deal with various young men in many places. I shall miss dancing. Some of the young men I shall miss as well. One I knew — a nice one — but he danced to someone else's tune. And I knew another, who never danced again. Then there was a third one, who danced his way to hell. Maggie, my nurse, said the only true love is the love that will dream of you, dance for you, die for you. I have never known any such love. I should like to. Where is he, my true love? Will he never come, now? (She sees the NURSE approaching her with the needle, and shrinks back, crying): No, no! I'll be quiet!

Nurse: For how long?

Rue: Always, maybe. (The NURSE replaces the needle upon the table). It's only that I know I shall miss dancing. (For a moment there is silence, except for the music. RUE's head marks time to it, as does her hand upon the counterpane. Finally): Who was it who sent me white lilacs?

Nurse: The Governor.

Rue: And who purple?

Nurse: The Cardinal.

Rue: How did they hear of me?

Nurse: The papers are full of you: bulletins twice a day.

Rue: My father is a king: that's why they concern themselves. Needle King of America. Needles for every use. Needles to sew with, to sew a fine seam. Needles for compasses, that know which way North is. Needles for gramophones, to make sweet music. Needles hollow inside, to stick into sick folk who — but you won't ever do that ever again to me, will you, Nurse? (She sees the NURSE again approaching her upon her toes and cries): Oh, but no! You must not! (The NURSE, needle in hand, picks up her arm). I'll be quiet, I promise!

Nurse: I've heard that before.

Rue: But truly, I — truly I — !

Nurse: One little prick.

Rue: No, no! — Please, Nurse — please!

Nurse: One prick and it's over. You won't even feel it. —

There! (RUE turns her suffering face away upon the pillow).

Rue: It was unkind of you.

Nurse: Orders are orders.

Rue: Doctors — they stand round my bed in their watch-chains, big wrists coming out of white cuffs in their sleeves. They all breathe so loudly. I can't sleep, for hearing them. They keep whispering — whispering. (She shudders) If they should cut at me!

Nurse: (cleaning the needle): There's a new one arriving tonight.

Rue: I don't want him!

Nurse: You're lucky to get him. It's Michael Michaels himself. He hasn't gone out on a case in three years.

Rue: Why must he now?

Nurse: Public demand. There were thousands of signatures. He's a very big man — a hero, like Lindbergh.

Rue: Oh Maggie! Where are you?

Nurse: The cleverest diagnostician there was. It was he who found Willy K. Wilkinson's gallstones. It was he who told Admiral Trotter the truth.

Rue: If he comes near me!

Nurse: Don't mind his manner. It's the facts he'll be after. Half man, half mind, that's what they call him.

Rue: If he touches me!

Nurse: Don't pluck at the sheets, Miss.

Rue: Why not?

Nurse: It's a bad sign.

Rue: Go away! — Will you go away?

Nurse: Anything to stop you talking.

Rue: And quickly, please. (The NURSE turns to the radio-cabinet).

Nurse: I'll put an end to this, first.

Rue: No! I want it.

Nurse: I'm sure it excites you.

Rue: I want it, and it's all I want! (The NURSE hesitates). Now be good enough to leave me.

Nurse: All in good time, Miss. All in — (RUE raises herself upon her pillows).

Rue: (Imperiously): Did you hear me, Nurse? (A moment. Then the NURSE turns, goes to the Sitting-room door, opens it, and closes it again, as if she had passed through it. The screen hides her from RUE's view. She returns on tip-toe to the chair behind the screen. There she seats herself and takes up a book. RUE turns her head away upon her pillow, flings an arm out weakly across the counterpane. In the silence, the music is heard more clearly. RUE's fingers begin again to beat time upon the counterpane. Her feet stir beneath the covers. A moment, then quietly, softly, she slips out of bed and into her slippers. Feebly, she rises erect, guides herself with a faltering hand along the side of the bed, and past it. Her head marks time for a measure of the music, then her arms. Finally she rises upon her toes and begins to dance, haltingly at first, then for a moment freely, then with more and more effort, until at last she crumples and sinks into a silent heap upon the floor, where she lies motionless. The music continues. The NURSE turns a page of her book and goes on reading. The Bedroom moves Right, vanishes, and the Sitting-room appears).

ACT ONE

Scene 2.

The Sitting-room is gray and pink and white. The entrance from the hall is at Back Center. There is a small white fireplace at Left. The Bedroom door is at Right, a screen shielding it. There is a canary in a cage, singing brightly. The furniture consists of an easy-chair, a straight chair, a small writing-desk and table. The light outside is fading, and a lamp has been lighted upon the desk.

DOCTORS BENNETT and MACOMBER, VALENTINE and GRANT stand about. VALENTINE is the largest, and has a deep voice. PIRIE WIGGIN, slight and spectacled, is at the desk. VALENTINE is listening at the Bedroom door, which he holds open a crack.

Valentine: Only the music.

Macomber: I abominate music.

Bennett: I'm going.

Macomber: Me, too.

Grant: I've got a meeting.

Valentine: Gentlemen — please! (He closes the door carefully and turns to them). Michaels said he would come. He said without fail.

Macomber: I'll give him five minutes.

Bennett: I'll give him one. Who does he think he is, keeping us waiting?

Grant: I never believed in him.

Macomber: The newspapers made him.

Bennett: That Dutchman discovered the same thing ten years ago.

Valentine: But he died of it, didn't he?

Bennett: Michaels can too.

Valentine: But she's got to get well, you know.

Grant: Why? Other people don't.

Valentine: Other people are different.

Wiggin: Oh yes — yes, yes! Mr. Loney expects it!

Grant: And anything old Adam Loney expects, of course.

Macomber: I've always heard Michaels was cold as a clam.

Bennett: Instead of loving humanity he has contempt for it.

Grant: What's he working for, then?

Macomber: "The idea", he told someone.

Bennett: Idea of what?

Valentine: Abstract truth, I presume. (All laugh mirthlessly).

Bennett: I haven't heard that one in years!

Grant: Nor have I.

Macomber: They say he's worn out with work.

Bennett: End up in Bloomingdale.

Valentine: Or in Medical history. He is a genius.

Bennett: I prefer practical science.

Macomber: And I.

Grant: What fool wouldn't? Doctors must live. (The hall door opens and MICHAEL MICHAELS comes in. He is thirty-six, fine, slight, nervous, intense).

Michaels: Good evening. I'm Michaels. And Stokes, my assistant. (His gesture includes the thin, angular figure that follows him with satchels and instrument-cases).

Valentine: (Indicating them): This is Bennett — and Macomber. I'm Valentine. And Grant. (They bow slightly).

Michaels: A quartet of you, eh? (There is a knock at the door. WIGGIN goes to it).

Valentine: It's — er — it's rather a baffling case.

Grant: (Ironically): But of course with *you* in on it — (MICHAELS nods, grimly).

Michaels: Welcome as smallpox. I thought as much. (WIGGIN returns from the door).

Wiggin: The reporters are here. Is the bulletin ready?

Valentine: May I sign for all?

Bennett: Why not?

Macomber: Go ahead. (VALENTINE signs a paper upon the desk).

Valentine: Signed: Bennett and Macomber, Valentine and Grant. (The canary stops singing).

Michaels: (To Wiggin): Who's this?

Wiggin: Pirie Wiggin, Sir — private secretary. (VALENTINE gives him the bulletin).

Michaels: Tell Mr. Loney I'd like to see him.

Wiggin: Right away, Sir. (He hurries out with the Bulletin. As he opens the door, Two REPORTERS are seen in the hallway. MICHAELS turns to VALENTINE).

Michaels: What have you looked for? (VALENTINE gives him a paper. He scans it). And whose bright idea was this?

Valentine: Grant's.

Michaels: Where do you think you are, Grant? The Soudan?

Grant: I won't stay to be insulted.

Michaels: Run along then. (To the others): How's eight in the morning for consultation?

Bennett: Why not now?

Michaels: I'd like first to form an opinion myself. — Eight o'clock, if you will. (The DOCTORS exchange glances and file out, murmuring).

Macomber: Outrage.

Bennett: An outrage.

Grant: Good night.

Valentine: Eight o'clock. (MICHAELS gazes after them).

Michaels: Quack — quack. — Quack, quack, quack. (He passes a hand over his eyes). Lord, I'm tired. (The canary begins to sing again). You might kill that canary. (STOKES opens the satchel, extracts a bottle and saturates a piece of cotton with its contents).

Stokes: You'd no business taking this case on, you know.

Michaels: What can you do when even The White House wires?

Stokes: But any little infection, and you might go out like a light. (Unnoticed by MICHAELS, he opens the canary's cage and holds the cotton inside it).

Michaels: I'm just tired. I wish I could knock off and take it easy for awhile. I'd like to join the Navy and see the world. I'd rather fight bulls in a bull-ring, than one more bug in a test tube. (The canary's song has weakened. It now ceases altogether. STOKES snaps the cage shut again).

Stokes: There! (MICHAELS turns quickly).

Michaels: What have you — ? I didn't mean that, you fool.

Stokes: I only gave him a whiff. He'll come around.

Michaels: Where's old Loney? Does he think I've got all night? (STOKES goes to the battery of bells on the desk).

Stokes: I'll ring something. — Oh Lord — that's marked "Front Door". (He tries another. Simultaneously the hall door opens and ADAM LONEY enters. He is in his sixties, white hair, a white moustache. Spare, spruce, a puzzled pathetic little man, not at all the commanding figure one would expect him to be. He wears a light top-coat and in his hand he carries a radiogram, which he opens).

Adam: Doctor Michaels?

Michaels: How do you do.

Adam: It is — er — most kind of you to come. (He scans the radiogram).

Michaels: Not at all.

Adam: Of course we wanted to feel that we'd done everything.
— Oh, how distressing!

Michaels: There are one or two questions —

Adam: How very distressing!

Michaels: First, I should like to know — (But the door opens again and SELENA MUNROE rushes in and up to him. She is in her early fifties, dressed and coiffed to the limit, soigne and silly).

Selena: Oh, dear Doctor Michaels! I'm Miss Munroe — Selena Munroe. If you only knew what I've been through! She's my only sister's only child. She's like my own. I've simply got to have some news. I'm giving a little party tonight and it's terribly late and I'm simply going mad.

Adam: Doctor Michaels has not seen her yet, Selena. (He still stares at the radiogram). Poor Maggie.

Selena: You'll tell us the truth, won't you, Doctor? (She glances at her watch). I'd have called the whole affair off, but I thought it best to put up a brave front. — Of course if I can be of use —

Michaels: None whatever.

Selena: Call the foyer of the ballroom if you want me, Adam. I'll have Wiggin there. I suppose I'll spend the evening explaining. Poor dear, — but it's naughty of her to be ill for her party. Remember — I must know everything! Even the worst. Dear Rue — sweet child — naughty, very naughty. (She goes out into the hall, calling): I'm coming, Carter! Call the lift! (ADAM gives the radiogram to MICHAELS).

Adam: Her old nurse. She's been calling for her. I chartered a plane to bring her from Ireland.

Michaels: "Found brought down by storm in The Narrows off Ambrose Light." (ADAM takes the message from him).

Adam: "Identification complete." (He folds and refolds the message). She was a dear soul. — How shall I tell Rue?

Michaels: I wouldn't, for the moment.

Adam: No. (He swallows and clears his throat). Doctor, my daughter is worth saving. — I don't know what your idea of a generous fee is, but if —

Michaels: We won't worry about that. What I want to know now, is what, if any, affections was she subject to as a — (Suddenly the Bedroom door is flung open and NURSE PRESCOTT rushes in in great alarm).

Nurse: Doctor Bennett! (She looks wildly about the room). Where's - - ?

Michaels: Come along, Jim. (ADAM and he move toward the Bedroom, STOKES following with satchel and instrument-cases. As they move Right the room moves Left, under their feet. The NURSE follows. The Sitting-room vanishes as the Bedroom appears).

ACT ONE

Scene 3.

MICHAELS, ADAM, the NURSE and STOKES come through the doorway into the Bedroom, which is now faintly lighted by a lamp beside the bed. The sun is almost gone. The music continues to come from the cabinet. RUE is prostrate upon the floor. MICHAELS goes to her swiftly and takes her up in his arms. Hurriedly the NURSE throws back the coverlet of the bed. MICHAELS turns twice around the end of the bed, as if RUE were his partner in a dance.

Michaels: She weighs nothing. (He places her upon the bed and turns to STOKES). Give me something. (The NURSE draws the covers over RUE and turns off the radio. STOKES gives MICHAELS a small bottle, which he passes under RUE's nose. ADAM bends over her anxiously, murmuring her name. MICHAELS turns to the Nurse): How did it happen?

Nurse: She must have got out of bed, and —

Michaels: Where were you?

Nurse: There. I didn't hear her.

Michaels: Fine. — Where's the chart? (The NURSE goes to the opposite side of the room for the chart. STOKES begins opening the cases. He brings forth a stethoscope, an eye-mirror, a blood-pressure apparatus. RUE opens her eyes and gazes at MICHAELS).

Rue: Who is it?

Michaels: The doctor: Michael Michaels, by name.

Rue: That's twice.

Michaels: It is, isn't it? (The NURSE returns with the chart).

Rue: Are there two of you?

Michaels: Oh — at least!

Rue: There's only one of me: Rue Loney.

Michaels: (Looking at the chart): What's this?

Nurse: Respiration.

Michaels: Under "pulse". — Splendid.

Nurse: Here is "pulse".

Rue: Half man, half mind, she said you were. Doctors!

Where is your watch-chain? Where your white cuffs?

Michaels: Don't talk so much, please. (To the NURSE). This is badly kept. Start another.

Nurse: But the day-nurse —

Michaels: Another. (RUE turns her head toward her father. He smiles wanly).

Adam: Good evening, Daughter.

Rue: Good evening, Father.

Adam: Feeling better?

Rue: Very much.

Adam: Every day now.

Rue: Every day. Why is your coat on? Are you cold too?

Adam: I'm on my way to The Tower, to our radio-hour. I'm to broadcast the news of our newest needle.

Rue: Do you know that many angels can dance on the point of one? It's so. Maggie told me. "Centuries ago the Doctors of the Church met together in Holy Conclave — " (ADAM looks anxiously to MICHAELS, who laughs shortly).

Michaels: Another consultation, eh?

Rue: Yes. They met to decide the precise number that could. But they disagreed, I think.

Michaels: That's not unusual. (He gestures to ADAM to leave. ADAM nods and turns to RUE).

Adam: Till the morning, darling.

Rue: Until the morning, dear.

Adam: Good night, daughter.

Rue: Good night, Father.

Adam: Sleep well, darling.

Rue: Thank you, dear. (He goes to the door where he turns, smiles and throws a kiss to her. She endeavors to return it. Her hand drops limp upon the coverlet. *ADAM* goes out, she murmurs): Poor sweet. He thinks he can buy my life back for me. (*MICHAELS* approaches her with a stethescope).

Michaels: Now then, Miss Loney —

Rue: Must you do all those things?

Michaels: Some of them.

Rue: Then let me have music, please. (*MICHAELS* nods to the *NURSE*).

Nurse: It excites her.

Michaels: Turn it on lowly.

Nurse: But the doctor — *he* said —

Michaels: I am in charge at the moment, Nurse. (The *NURSE* starts the radio. *MICHAELS* adjusts the stethescope, bares *RUE*'s breast, bends over her to listen, his fingers upon the pulse of one wrist. The music is very faint. There is a pulse-beat in it).

Rue: My wrist is a flute for your fingers to play.

Michaels: Quiet, please.

Rue: I wish I had a bigger bosom. I hear they're coming back.

Michaels: Please be quiet. (For a few minutes silence, except for the music. Then, to *STOKES*): Pulse sixty-four. Respiration, twelve. (*STOKES* notes it upon a paper).

Stokes: Sixty-four and twelve.

Michaels: Say something, please.

Rue: What?

Michaels: Anything.

Rue: (Murmuring):

“Night’s candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops”.

(*MICHAELS* puts the stethescope down and gazes at her. A moment, then):

Michaels: "I must begone and live, or stay and die."

(Another moment. They gaze at each other silently. Then he turns to STOKES). Clear. No rales.

Stokes: (Noting it): Clear. No rales. (He gives MICHAELS a blood-pressure apparatus which he proceeds to fix about RUE's arm).

Michaels: When did you feel ill first? How did it happen?

Rue: I had a dog I loved — a large and lovely English Bull the King sent to me on my birthday —

Michaels: The King?

Nurse: (With a giggle): George of England. There's no one they don't know.

Rue: He used to like to see me dance: he'd nip my ankles till he made me. We were walking in the Park. I love the Park, and often walk there. It was a bright and sunny day, and so I let him off the leash — (Again the NURSE giggles. RUE stops).

Michaels: That's enough, Nurse. (RUE continues uncertainly):

Rue: A policeman saw him, and started to chase him. And just then — round a curve — came an ambulance, bell clanging — (She shuts her eyes in pain. The NURSE tries to control her laughter but cannot. RUE cries): Oh, stop her!

Nurse: But he asked what happened to *you* — not the dog! (Again she laughs).

Michaels: You can go now, Nurse.

Nurse: (Stiffening): Go?

Michaels: (Indicating the door): Out. You're dismissed.

Nurse: Oh no, I'm not. It was Bennett engaged me. It will be Bennett who —

Michaels: (Sharply): Jim! (STOKES opens the door, then, hands thrust in pockets, confronts the NURSE. He advances, she backs away from him. Around and around the room they go, NURSE retreating, STOKES advancing his body almost against hers. With the music accompanying, it is like a dance. MICHAELS puts a thermometer in RUE's mouth and examines the blood-pressure dial. Finally STOKES backs the NURSE out of the room, closes

the door, turns the key. MICHAELS removes the apparatus from RUE's arm). Diastolic, fifty-two. Systolic, eighty.

Stokes: (Noting it): Fifty-two and eighty. (MICHAELS takes the thermometer from RUE's mouth).

Rue: It was only his leg was hurt, but the policeman shot him. (MICHAELS holds out his hand to STOKES, who brings him a needle, a small glass plate and a daub of cotton). I brought him home. As I got out at the door, him in my arms all limp and lifeless, there stood the doorman — the new doorman. (Again she closes her eyes. MICHAELS gives STOKES the thermometer).

Michaels: Ninety-one point four. I saw him. Splendid, isn't he?

Stokes: Ninety-one, point four.

Rue: Too splendid. His voice boomed at me. He said — something so awful, something so horrible — . It was then my heart stopped, then my blood turned to water. Ever since, it grows colder — (She shudders). May Day tomorrow, the lilacs will bloom. But all the way through me there runs freezing water.

Michaels: (To STOKES): The Alcohol. (STOKES gives him a small bottle. He soaks a piece of cotton in it, rubs RUE's arm with it. The bottle is knocked over and falls to the floor. STOKES tries to recover it). Never mind. Give me the needle. (STOKES gives him the needle. MICHAELS squints at it. RUE murmurs on, her voice weaker).

Rue: My fingers are numb: no more will they run over harp-strings. My feet are frozen, no more will they raise me up. Lubovna taught me. — Oh Madame, je n'y peux plus du tout — du tout — du tout —

Michaels: (To STOKES): Have the slide ready. (He grasps her arm. STOKES holds the slide. MICHAELS poises the needle). This will hurt you. (He pricks her arm).

Rue: (Proudly, after it is done): Don't think you know everything. (STOKES takes the slide to a microscope and places it beneath the lens).

Michaels: Where's the needle gone to? (He finds it upon the coverlet). Here — (Picks it up, pricks himself). Ouch! — where's the alcohol? (He sees the spilled bottle). Oh. Never mind.

Stokes: Quick, sir — don't fool with it! (MICHAELS stares at his finger).

Michaels: It's all right — might be interesting. (Puts it in his mouth and sucks it once).

Rue: (A faraway voice): Who did you kiss? (STOKES has adjusted the microscope. RUE cries, faintly): Maggie! Where are you, Maggie? (MICHAELS goes to the microscope, puts his eye to it).

Michaels: Good Lord! There's an army of them. (He shakes his head and gestures helplessly to STOKES, then bends again over the microscope).

Rue: Whenever I was ill, she'd say my Guardian Angel was away.

Michaels: You let me be guardian angel awhile.

Stokes: Doctor — your finger — (MICHAELS removes the slide from the microscope and gives it to STOKES).

Michaels: We can try an auto-serum. Make three smears and a 'phage. Bring them up in the morning. I'll stay the night. (STOKES folds the slide carefully away in cotton).

Stokes: All right yourself, are you?

Michaels: A little light, that's all.

Stokes: Right, sir. Good night. (He goes out, closing the door after him. Again MICHAELS sucks his finger and looks at it).

Rue: That's twice. — Too soon. We've scarcely met.

Michaels: Hush. Too much talk.

Rue: But what if I die?

Michaels: Die? Nonsense! — Don't even think of it. (He takes a round-mirror device from the case).

Rue: But Maggie, my nurse, always ended her stories to me the same way: "And they lived happily ever after, until they came to a tin bridge. And the tin bridge bended and my story is ended." (MICHAELS sets his mouth firmly).

Michaels: Not yours. Not yet. (He adjusts the mirror-device upon his forehead, and slips off his coat).

Rue: I think it's the bridge from this world to that, she meant. (A moment). "Keep your spirit thin", she'd say, "so that when you come to the tin bridge you may dance lightly over it. For there's a fearful big man there, waiting to load you down." — Do you like to dance?

Michaels: I would, if I knew how. (The music swells a little. With a sudden clatter, the sword in its silver sheath falls from the wall. MICHAELS wheels about, startled, trailing his coat upon the floor). What was that?

Rue: My grandfather's sword. (MICHAELS bends and picks it up).

Michaels: Does it often do that?

Rue: Never before. (MICHAELS draws the sword from the sheath and holds it up before him, gazing at it). It becomes you. — See? — There he is on the wall. (MICHAELS sheathes the sword, turns and gazes at the portrait). Isn't he fine in that uniform? As a child I thought the epaulets were wings.

Michaels: (Murmuring): The Navy, and see the world.

Rue: What?

Michaels: Nothing. Just something else I'd like to do. (He approaches her, his coat still dragging after him).

Rue: You look like a matador, trailing your coat that way. (MICHAELS stops suddenly, coat and sword fall from his grasp, his hands clench, and he throws back his head in pain, gazing upward).

Michaels: Anything — anything! Bulls in a bull-ring — flight to the sun — voyage to China. (A moment. The music swells higher. Suddenly, unexpectedly, MICHAELS springs with a kind of a full, slow motion up upon the chair. He looks about him apprehensively, grasps the back of the chair, and with effort regains the floor. He bends and feels his ankles, then walks with a deliberate firm tread toward the radio-cabinet. RUE croons softly):

Rue: "—L'on y dans-e, l'on y dans-e — sur le pont d'Avignon, l'on y dans-e tous en rond." — My Mother said she would

dance at my wedding. — Her wedding-dress hangs in the cupboard there — a billow of satin — a lovely affair.

Michaels: Quiet — quiet! (MICHAELS turns off the music. RUE is silent. Again he bends and looks at his feet, then at his hands, passes a hand across his eyes and shakes his head, as if to shake something out of it. The Door swings silently open. RUE cries):

Rue: Maggie! Oh my dear — (Again MICHAELS wheels about).

Michaels: Who are you talking to?!

Rue: It's my Maggie come back to me! (She holds out her arms in the direction of the doorway). Don't you see her? Don't you see her blue uniform, her deep darling bosom, her beautiful face? Oh Maggie — I knew you would!

Michaels: Miss Loney, I'm afraid I must tell you —

Rue: Speak to her! She never would first. She was like that with father. (MICHAELS turns toward the empty doorway, hesitates). Speak!

Michaels: (Toward the doorway). So — so you got here — (He starts, and braces himself against a chair as a fine, strong, middle-aged Irish woman, in a striped blue-and-white uniform comes noiselessly in. The door closes after her).

Maggie: I got here, sir. (MICHAELS stares at her wildly).

Michaels: But he distinctly said — ! — Look here! Are you dead or alive or what are you? (She laughs merrily).

Maggie: Which is which, Mister? Who's that smart as to tell? (RUE sinks back upon her pillow with a moan). What is it, sweetheart?

Rue: Such a big man — the Doorman — (MAGGIE moves to her side).

Maggie: Hush ye now. He's no more than a big bag of wind.

Rue: Hold on to me fast, Maggie. It's lonely, where I am. (MAGGIE takes her head against her breast).

Maggie: There, darling. Ye've just lost your angel a bit. (To MICHAELS): We'll be finding him for ye again, won't we, sir?

Michaels: (his eyes wide upon her): Where would you have us look?

Rue: (to herself): The point of a needle.

Maggie: Find him we must, if she's bound for the bridge. Him alone in the world can take her safe over — through all the commotion, the crowdin' and pushin', the beatin' of wings and the wild harps playin'. (She falls upon her knees beside the bed with a sudden cry): Michael! Michael!

Michaels: What? — What do you want of me?! (But the cry was not for him).

Maggie: (Eyes upraised): "Holy Michael, the Archangel, defend us in battle —"

Michaels: Get up from there, Nurse! You're worse than the other. (He stops abruptly and glances at the radio. Music has certainly begun to come from it. He goes to it, turns the dials, but still it plays on as Maggie's prayer continues):

Maggie: "Be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil—" (MICHAELS tears his collar open and gazes about him, wildly). "—Rebuke him, O God, we humbly beseech Thee, and do Thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host — "

Michaels: (circling the room): Stokes! Jim! Where are you? — The bell! Confound it, where is it? (He finds one, presses it furiously).

Maggie: "—Cast into hell Satan, and all the other evil spirits who walk through the world seekin' the ruin of souls." (MICHAELS confronts her).

Michaels: Answer me now! Are you symptomatic? (MAGGIE strokes RUE's brow).

Maggie: Close your eyes. Sleep a bit.

Rue: But shall I wake again?

Maggie: And if not, what of that, Pet?

Rue: Oh but Maggie — I've never lived! There's been so little life in my life!

Maggie: Ye've time and plenty for it 'twixt now and sun-up, maybe. Time lives in a well with a ladder, ye know. There's more depth than breadth. (The music has increased in volume.

MICHAELS has become as a man possessed. He grasps the chair again, holds on to it. Slowly RUE raises herself upon her pillows, watching him. MICHAELS, at last overwhelmed, leaps into the air and performs a piroouette).

Rue: Oh — Lovely! (There is a sudden run of harp-strings in the music. MAGGIE starts forward and exclaims):

Maggie: Glory be, it's the harps! Ah, we're in for it now! (There is a small cry of pain from RUE). Hush, dear, hush. — Just ye go along easy. (MICHAELS stands transfixed, as if frozen into a ballet-position. Gradually a melody emerges from the wild music. MAGGIE, while glancing furtively about her, worry and apprehension in her eyes, takes RUE's head against her breast and rocks her, singing a lullaby against the threat of the music):

Close your two eyes,
Sleep be a coin for each of them.

Close your two eyes,
The clouds of their lids dim the sun of them.

Fold your two hands,
Sleep be a chain for each one of them.

Fold your two hands,
Their work and their woe be undone of them.

(RUE slowly closes her eyes, leans back against the pillows with her hands folded upon her breast. MICHAELS sinks into a chair beside the bed. His head falls forward. The light begins to fade. MAGGIE sings on in the gathering darkness):

Go over land, go over water,
Sleep is my son, dream my daughter.

Fold your two hands,
Their work be undone of them.

Close your two eyes,
Their lids dim the sun of them.
Sleep and dream.

(Slowly the Bedroom begins to move Right and the Sitting-room to appear in its place).

ACT ONE

Scene 4.

The Sitting-room is dimly lighted. There is a knocking upon the hall door, growing louder, more insistent. Suddenly it swings open and there stands within it an enormous and resplendent figure in red and gold and white, broad epaulets upon his shoulders, a white patent-leather top-hat upon his head, a sword at his side. The light is bright behind him. His great voice booms out:

The Doorman: Who rang for me? (He stands rigid, his baleful eyes glaring accusingly ahead. The light behind him begins to fade. As it does so, little by little music rises, at first alone, then in accompaniment of men's and boy's voices singing a kind of Plain Chant. At length it is dark).

C U R T A I N

To a Young King Crowned

By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB, 1922

*Your Highness,
Now it is time
To come to the trying,
Taking up the scepter.
The past has been reft from you,
And boyhood,
And light-hearted joys.
The King, your father,
Is departed.
Now you are King.
Now it is you who are bringing
Hope to the people,
And an end to their weeping;
You now who show the way
(We pray)
To more plentiful days.
It is no easy road
You are going.
And you have not chosen it.
Birth has chosen it,
And Destiny
We hope knowing best.
The crown (like all) wove of thorns,
And of bitter scorning,
Has been placed upon you.*

*You did not take it,
But now you must wear it,
Though it tear at your heart.
The rabble
In its madness
Cannot help itself.
There is no health in it.
Nor the scholars
With their folly
Of empty words miscalled wise,
Of sterile theory bedizened
In ultimate salvation's garb.
Nor the men of arms
With their might.
After all the fighting,
Who has the victory?
Not even the victors.
For all their pain and their toiling,
They are buried under their spoils.
One alone
Has the potency:
One who knows
The path to the stars, and yet fears not
To take a path nearer —
A path between hedgerows,
And the eaves thatched with brown sedges,
And the chatter
Of sparrows
On the hard
Earth of the yard;
One who dares,
Listening to the blaring
Of the trumpets that proclaim him
And the crowds shouting his name,
Hearken to another speaking
(Not weakly)*

*That shows him the scarred way
To the people's hearts.
The answer is the same
Whoever makes it:
Not a golden
Fabulous Utopia,
But the simplicity of the plain people's needs —
Corn plentiful in the fields
And the furrows yielding
Oats and millet and rye;
Cattle sleek in the byre,
And the sheep woolly and placid,
And the swine fattening;
Peace in the cottages,
And the knowledge
That tomorrow
Will go on as the day before it
With no new sores;
Love and the bearing of children
With no raped homes to bewilder them;
And the ploughed land untrampled;
And tulips and daffodils
Standing in ordered rows.
That is the road you can show them
If only
Your soul does not fail you
In the coming days.
That is the way you can lead them,
You seeing
The guiles that mislead them,
You aware
Of the snares.
That is the path you can go,
You knowing,
You human.
God grant that you do it.*

*God grant to you vision,
And insight and wisdom,
And a heart schooled and brain kindly
To the end of your time.*

Wilson and Roosevelt

By WALTER MILLIS, 1920

THE contemporary world is supplying unrivalled opportunities for the pursuit of the grim pleasures of the historical parallel. In Europe, Sir John Simon has re-traveled, with a fatal precision, the road taken by Lord Haldane in 1912; the French ally themselves with a Communist Russia for the same reasons and in the same way as they formerly allied themselves with the Czarist one; the Nazi solutions for the German problem are essentially identical with those adopted by the Empire, and even the tragedy of Serajevo is repeated, just twenty years later and with a strange exactitude, upon the streets of Marseilles. But it is not only in Europe or only upon the international stage that History is proving herself an unoriginal and repetitive muse. Though it now seems unlikely, it is certainly not impossible that the Yale classes of '35 to '40 may find themselves summoned to fight in another world war, as were their predecessors of '15 to '20. Even if they are spared from that, moreover, they must still confront a purely domestic situation which, if perhaps much graver in its implications, is arranged in a pattern curiously like that which shaped the problems to which the young men of twenty years ago fell heir.

It is a little surprising that the very obvious parallel between the Roosevelt and the Wilson Administrations has not been studied with more attention. The superficial resemblances are exact. Each saw the return of the Democratic — ordinarily the minority — party to power after sixteen years of Republican rule.

In each case the Republican term of office had begun with a successful foreign war or its aftermath, had continued through a long period of conservative business expansion and an accompanying “prosperity” which put little strain upon the ingenuity of statesmanship or the machinery of politics, and had ended in the dissatisfactions, the political restlessness and economic depression accumulated in the process. In 1912 as in 1932 the Republicans, basically the party of the conservative *status quo*, could offer no solution for the problems thus posed. Neither, perhaps, could the Democrats, in any final sense; but in both years they moved to exploit the resultant situation in essentially the same way.

Both the Wilson victory in 1912 and the Roosevelt victory twenty years later were founded upon the detachment of the radical agrarian West from the Republicans — dominated as they were by the financial and large industrial interests — and its recombination with the conservatively agrarian South. The fact that Mr. Wilson required the intervention of the elder Roosevelt to achieve this whereas the younger Roosevelt managed it alone hardly affects the similarity of the two movements. In both cases the political base thus established was fortified with the small business element, with organized labor and large sections of the unorganized industrial workers, with the “consumer”, the political liberals and the “forgotten men.” The “New Deal” of 1932 thus had the same strength as the “New Freedom” of 1912; it likewise had the same obvious internal weaknesses and inconsistencies. Both movements were far more rebellions against the past than planned conquests of the future; but both advanced under the banners of “reform” in the domestic political and economic sphere, and both evaded the deeper issues concealed within their proposed reforms by appeals to an emotional nationalism — a new vision of the mystical power and impartial justice of the State.

These similarities of attitude and origin between Wilsonian and Rooseveltian Democracy were pointed out when the latter first appeared. What we now seem to be witnessing is the simi-

larity between their fates. Mr. Wilson, when he took office, confronted no crisis so grave as that which met Mr. Roosevelt; twenty years ago the pressures were much less intense, the darkest problems seemed much more easily soluble than do the lightest now. But so far the pattern has been closely repeated. Mr. Wilson began with a first year of sensational achievement. By the end of 1913 reforms had been effected, particularly in tariff policy and the banking structure, which had seemed next to impossible only a short time before. Even partisan criticism was almost stilled; and Mr. Wilson, like his successor at the end of the *annus mirabilis* of 1933, exercised what seemed an almost unshakeable power and popular prestige. But immediately it began to be shaken. The "honeymoon" was over. The initial drive had been lost. By 1914, as by 1934, it began to appear that the reforms might have failed in any significant way to reform. If the trouble with the Roosevelt program is that it plunged too rashly into profound economic issues which it is incompetent to control, the trouble with the Wilson program was that it was ignorant even of the existence of these basic issues which it must have met if its reforms were to be of any fundamental effect. The public of twenty years ago was, of course, much less inclined to think in economic terms than is the public of today, and it may not have put the case in quite this way. But it was sufficiently apparent, at any rate, that no millenium had arrived.

The outbreak of the European War introduced a violent dislocation into the history of the Wilson Administration which one must earnestly hope will not be repeated. But if it confuses, it does not seriously impair the parallel. The war became the focal point of Wilsonian policy, whereas economic welfare continues to be the focal point of the policy of the present Administration. Despite this violent change of setting in the earlier drama, however, the action proceeded in much the same way as it is now doing. Political opposition revived under Mr. Wilson in 1914 and 1915, as it has now done in 1934 and 1935. It seized upon the inconsistencies within the body of the New Freedom. It drove its wedges between the different parts of the victorious

coalition of 1912. It exploited the newly dissatisfied elements which must appear under any policy (since any one policy in this world must bear heavily upon some in order to benefit others); it found popularly effective grounds upon which to demonstrate the danger or the absurdity of any move which the Administration might make. But it offered no viable substitute. It was adequate to hamstring the governmental policies; it was impotent to supply and enforce any more satisfactory directives of its own.

The struggle was fought out upon the field of international relations; though one can guess that a very similar struggle would have been fought out anyway had the war not intervened. The basic problem framed itself into the issue of establishing a consistent and practical relationship between the United States and Europe. This was the fundamental question; it proved in the event to be the one question which our political mechanism was incapable of answering and which has not been answered to this day. Mr. Wilson began with a policy of strict neutrality and pacific isolation, only to find anti-German and militarist sentiment being raised against him to render such a policy ineffective. His response was the inevitable one under a democratic political system. He began to shift toward his opponents' ground.

The Presidential election of 1916 found the two parties vying with each other in promising the people peace and at the same time in promising to defend objectives which could be maintained only by war. War was the result. Having intervened, Mr. Wilson sought to develop a permanent European policy based logically upon the fact of our intervention. Opposition in turn devoted itself to rendering this abortive, and ultimately succeeded. In the end the nation lost the advantages of isolation by intervening and got few of the advantages of intervention because it remained in isolation. The various Wilsonian solutions for the problem of America's relationship to Europe were nullified one by one; the democratic process, however, contains no adequate mechanism for compelling opposition to provide alternatives. No rational alternatives were produced, and the question remains

today as urgent and as totally unsolved as it was on August 1, 1914.

President Roosevelt, for whom the problem of government has shaped itself in the even more baffling terms of basic economic organization and method, is meeting with an identical fate. The normal processes of democratic politics are now at work searching out the weaknesses, exposing the inconsistencies and nullifying the possible benefits of all the far-flung branches of the New Deal. Mr. Roosevelt, a considerably nimbler politician than Mr. Wilson, has been driven from one shift to another. To withstand attack he has again and again stolen the attackers' thunder; this process has worked admirably to destroy the value of his own policies but has been a lamentable failure in providing any other solutions for the difficulties they were designed to meet. On nearly every front, something approaching paralysis has already been achieved; unfortunately, to paralyze one set of solutions neither supplies another nor removes the basic difficulties which make a search for solutions politically imperative. The democratic system has proved a searching instrument for revealing the structural unsoundness of the Wilsonian and Rooseveltian type of answer for cumulative social and political distress. It has been a flat failure in devising any other.

Neither conservative Republicanism on the one hand nor the Long-Coughlin type of radicalism on the other has been able to present any practicable alternative to the policies which they criticize. Applying the analogy of the Wilson precedent, the most probable outcome would seem to be that the nation will ultimately make the worst of both worlds. This in itself may prove no more serious, at least, than the similar result between 1912 and 1920. The real severity of the present crisis is something which seems extraordinarily difficult to estimate, judging by the wide divergence between the estimates. But beneath the immediate economic issues, which are certainly sufficiently intricate, one here faces the deeper dilemma of the democratic process itself. If, as seems probable, the crisis is actually more severe than in the past — if the necessity for consistent governmental

action consistently and logically applied over wide fields of activity is in fact becoming more and more urgent — a political mechanism so designed that the checks outweigh the conscious balances cannot survive.

This is a dilemma which has already become acute over wide areas of the world, and which political democracy has everywhere else shown itself incapable of resolving. Fascism and Communism are the only answers for it which have so far appeared. They are rash prophets who condemn the United States inexorably to either one or the other. But in the face of the historical parallel here sketched it seems useless for democrats to deny that the dilemma exists for the United States as well, that the strength of our political system is combined with fundamental weaknesses, and that if great sections of the population insist on demanding from it what by its nature it seems incapable of supplying, then either the mechanism itself must be improved or the possibility of its disappearance frankly accepted.

The German Girls!

The German Girls!

(Offered gratis for the instruction of Mr. W. R. Hearst
and other publicists.)

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, 1915

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

*Who asked us this? The linden leaves? The pianos
Answering evening with yesterday — they or the leaves?*

*Who asked us this in the cat's hour when evening
Curled in the sitting-room listening under the lamps
To the linden leaves in the wind and the courtyard pianos?*

Are you familiar with the mounted men —

The cavalry lot with the hot leap at the fences:
Smellers of horse-sweat: swingers of polished boots:
Leather crotch to the britches: brave looters:
Lope over flowerbeds: wheel on the well-kept lawns:
Force your knees in the negligé under the awning:
Bold boys with a blouse: insolent handlers:
Bring you the feel again: bring you the German man:
Bring you the blood to the breasts and the bride's look on you —
Laughter fumbling at the clumsy hooks?

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

*Who asks us now? the broken doors? The dead boys
Answering morning with yesterday — they or the doors?*

*Who asks us now in the dog's hour when morning
Sniffs at the dead boys in the prison trench
And wakes the woman whom no mouth will waken?*

*Are we familiar with the mounted men! —
The grocery lot with the loud talk in the restaurants:
Smellers of delicatessen: ex-cops:
Barbers: fruit-sellers: sewers of underwear: shop-keepers:
Those with the fat rumps foolish in uniforms:
Red in the face with the drums with the brass tunes:
Fingerers under a boy's frock: playfellows:
Tricksters with trousers: whip-swingers: eye-balls glazed:
Bring you the feel again — bring you the crawling skin!
Bring you the blood to your throat and the thighs wincing!*

*Are you familiar with the mounted men?
Who sold us so? Who told us this to tempt us?
There was a voice that asked us in those evenings
Peaceful with always when our muslin sleeves
Moved through the past like promises and children
Played as forever and the silence filled:
There was a voice among the afternoons
That asked us this — the crowds? — the red balloons? —
The July flowers in the public gardens? —
There was a voice that asked us under stars too —*

*Are you familiar with the mounted men?
Who asked us this upon the Sunday benches?
What pimp procured us to leave loose our doors
And made us whores and wakened us with morning?
Only by us the men of blood came in!
Only by women's doors: by women's windows —
Only by us the flags: the flagrant brass:
The belts: the ribbons: the false manhood passes!*

*Only by women's tenderness can come
The midnight volley and the prison drum-beat!*

Are you familiar with the mounted men?

Who asked us this?

THERE WAS A VOICE THAT ASKED US!

Our New Islands

The Inside Story of Our Newest Pacific Possessions

By DR. WALTER E. TRAPROCK, F.R.S.S.E.U., 1899

WERE it not for the opportunity of addressing — in strict confidence, of course — a large number of my fellow alumni in this gala number of the LIT., I would not at my advanced age break the silence becoming to one who will check off his ninth decade, come January. Feeling, however, that this may possibly be the last time I will appear in print except in my own obituary, I welcome this chance to say a few words, even though they may sound a bit testy.

It is about these so-called new islands of ours in the Pacific. Frankly, I have been decidedly nettled by the garbled reports which have appeared regarding their acquisition. "These islets," says one scribe who is representative of many, "are known in the order of their appearance from any direction as Howland, Baker, and Jarvis." Other accounts supply other details as to size, character, products, location, and dates of discovery by everyone from Capt. Cook to David Binney Putnam. By and large, all this testimony is just so much guano.

"They are to be used for filling-stations, refreshment-stands, and rest-rooms for Trans-Pacific plane-passengers," says one inspired author, who adds, "The popcorn and hot-dog concessions for Baker and Jarvis have been allotted to Sec'y Hull's brother-in-law. Those for Howland, the largest of the trio, including governmentally controlled sales of calico horses and inflated mickey-mice, will be held pending financial and political developments."

This again is tommy-rot, poppycock, and bushwah, and yet it is not fair to place all the blame on the pressmen for their inaccuracies. Undoubtedly a number of conscientious reporters went to what is considered the fountain-head of information on such matters, the Bureau of Geodetic Survey in Washington, where they were handed carbon statements to the effect that "the British ship, *Stupendous*, visited Jarvis Island in 1889 and claimed it for England on the strength of its commander, Cap't. Beaverboard, having three times called through his megaphone, 'Mr. Jarvis, sir, are you there?' and receiving no answer."

The fact is that when the first reports of these islands reached the Geodetic Bureau, the head of this fountain-head was a sap-head, one Horace Neckle, a G.A.R. veteran who remembered Lincoln and nothing else. His office was piled to the ceiling with correspondence into which he dove headlong whenever anyone opened his door. By mere chance he retrieved out of the mess a letter from which he deduced that the islands in question were named Howland, Baker, and Jarvis; and thus they were entered in the official guest-book. Actually, Howland, Baker, and Jarvis were New York lawyers, founders of the present firm Howland, Baker, Jarvis, Goodspeed, Dinwiddie, Cassidy, Levy, and Others. Hence the confusion. The islands, as named, are non-existent. When, therefore, England claims them, this merely indicates the roguish attitude by which Great Britain has grown great. What England means to say is that if by any chance they *do* exist she owns them. So much for a dull phase of the situation, complicated as it is bound to be when lawyers horn in, though only by accident. The truth is much more fascinating.

These islands were never discovered, even by myself. They are synthetic, manufactured islets, created by Traprock Tours, Inc., as an added attraction for our clients. Even now they are only half finished, but with their formal acceptance by the government we will see large wads of money spent on them in the near future. It was like this. In June, 1902, we nearly had a mutiny on my ship, the *Love Nest*, because the ocean between

ports was so empty. Back of us lay the Filberts, home of the fatuliva with its curious motherhood cry; far beyond the horizon beckoned the Australian bush, where we were to stalk the kangaroo, that odd marsupial which wears its rumble-seat in front. But for the time being we were in the most boring waste of waters I have ever seen, less interesting even than the cold-storage acreage of Little America. My passengers were frantic with ennui. One of them, a raw-boned Westerner who had been trying to lasso goney-birds, marched up to me menacingly. "Where in hell are all the beautiful islands you talked about in your circular?" he demanded. "And the women?"

There was nothing to be done about it at the time, but then and there I vowed to remedy the situation. At the end of the cruise I went into executive session with my partners, Reginald Whinney, Herman Swank, and Capt. Ezra Triplett. We agreed that parts of our route were, as Triplett called it, "a naked void." But what was to be done about it? "Ye might whittle off a few chunks of that there Sargasser," said the old salt, spitting reflectively and scoring a bull's-eye at ten paces.

It was an idea! . . . and a good one, as it proved, though tossed off with the Captain's usual nonchalance. The more I thought of it the better it seemed. Even in those early days I was a seasoned explorer; indeed, Dr. Grosvenor, in the *National Geographic*, referred to me as "the most highly seasoned of us all," no mean tribute considering its source. I knew well that the Sargasso, that tremendous mass of debris floating hither and yon in the Pacific and defying annexation by its mobility, was not, as is commonly supposed, of the consistency of diluted spinach, but was, rather, a densely compact accretion of marine flora, stiffened and re-inforced by orange-boxes, gin bottles, and other casuals of the sea. It was, in fact, a floating city dump, ideal for island construction and needing only anchorage to make it a reality. Many a summer resort, indeed, has been built on a less solid foundation.

Time will not suffice to tell all the details of how we finally located the Sargasso — finding to our amusement "Keep off

the Grass" signs posted along its banks by the British Government — and of how season after season we carved off huge fragments and towed them to their destination, gradually building up the nuclei of our synthetic archipelago. It was Triplett, with his flair for the practical that amounts to genius, who solved the problem of making the group stay put. Here his intimate knowledge of where the reefs came closest to the surface was of inestimable value. By almost incredible navigation he was able to get our embryo islands so messed up in the coral branches that even the octofoon, the dreaded eight-sided storm that combines the simoon, the typhoon, and the monsoon, "couldn't budge 'em," as Triplett said, "any more'n it could blow the burrs off'n a dog."

Since these precarious beginnings Traprock Tours, Inc., has kept at it during every off season. Bird-seed and powdered cuttlefish, scattered by plane over the growing areas, attracted millions of wildfowl, terns, widgeons, pommicans and the like, the droppings of which have cemented all the joints and made the islands amazingly fertile, a double blessing literally rained from above.

The time has not yet come, as my readers may have deduced, to populate the islands. This must wait until our feathered friends have completed their friendly task of grading and landscape gardening. Meanwhile, we have greatly beautified the section in which they lie (Marine Route 12, The Traprock Trail) by the erection of large billboards advertising nationally known products at the sight of which many of our passengers burst into tears of homesick tenderness.

While all this was going on, came the Depression. Like other great concerns Traprock Tours, Inc., with its forty-year-old slogan, "IF IT'S A DISCOVERY WE HAVE IT," had a bad sinking spell. Our bonds — the semi-payable fours — declined even to sit up and take notice. Through a drastic reorganization effected by cooperation with the Derby National Bank, entailing the sacrifice of my holdings in the Traprock Prune Products Co., and the Seymour Synthetic Fur Factory, the busi-

ness was temporarily stabilized, although the future was still dark. It was Triplett again, bless him, who said casually, "Doc, why don't ye talk to Tugwell?"

I wish my readers could have seen the enthusiasm, the wild acclaim with which my proposal of government relief was greeted by Mr. Tugwell and his associates. "Never before," he — I mean, Rex — told me, "have I had a chance to spend a lot of money on a place that is entirely uninhabited. It's exactly in line with our ideas, and I'm sure the people at large will love it." A little later he said, just as I was leaving, "You know, Traprock, what a scheme like this implies? You know what it means, don't you? It means vision — and a hell of a lot of it."

"I agree with you heartily," I said.

That, my friends, is the way the islands came into being. Their old, original names, Swank, Whinney, and Traprock (the largest), have somehow been lost in the shuffle. But perhaps it is just as well. The future of government-operated islands is highly speculative, and I and my associates are content to remain in the background. My only hope is that the new owners will not remove the billboards, which add so much to the pleasure of my clients, nor have I serious fears on this score. A great many people have tried to have billboards removed by government action, but I know of no instance in which they have been successful.

An Educational Instance

By GEORGE SOULE, 1908

DURING a recent visit to a distinguished state university in the South, I was told that the salaries of the members of the faculty and other employees had had to be cut three times, because of legislative economy. In spite of this fact, a large proportion of the teachers had declined offers to go elsewhere at higher compensation — in some cases considerably higher. When the third cut came, the president of the university was summoned to attend a meeting of the Negro janitors. He went, fearing trouble. The meeting was quiet and orderly. A spokesman arose and addressed him, saying that the janitors wanted him to know that they would do what was necessary. They particularly wanted him not to worry about them; he must understand they knew he was not responsible for what had happened. The spokesman then handed to the president over a hundred dollars, which the janitors had collected from themselves to add to a fund for students who, if they received no help, would have to leave college on account of the depression.

The whole college community, on their spare rations, had contributed liberally to this fund. That it was not wasted is shown by the fact that there are a number of students who are staying on, although they can afford but two meals a day.

The seriousness with which this university takes education is further shown by the fact that in the midst of the trouble in obtaining essential money from the legislature, the institution was attacked by Hearst and by a representative of the cotton textile

mills for harboring persons with unconventional political and economic opinions, but yielded nothing to the attackers. Some of the statements by the red-baiters were false, as such statements often are, but the issue was met squarely on the ground of academic freedom. Any professor or student could believe, say, or do what he liked in public matters; if this were not so, the intellectual dignity of education would be lost. Outside spokesmen of all important groups of opinion continued to be heard, with faculty approval. The bulk of the teaching, of course, is of conservative trend, as it is in any American college. It is far too conservative for the taste of many. The point is, not that the university deserves honor for being radical, but that it deserves honor for taking ideas seriously, even uncomfortable ideas.

It is difficult for anyone who went to a prosperous college in prosperous times, or even for members of a rich university during these times, to understand the testing of quality that comes when it is necessary to make real sacrifices for the things of the mind. No one can approve of salary cuts in themselves, or of hardship and unnecessary struggle. Janitors ought not to take salary cuts submissively; this was an instance, not of submissiveness, but of something quite different, evoked by general sharing of sacrifice and endeavor. We are affected by all this because there is a benefit conferred on all concerned — and that includes all the rest of us — when under this test an institution comes through with flying colors. If the same qualities exist elsewhere, it would be well to make sure that they are put to use under the more favorable conditions that obtain.

Knock On a Door

By RUFUS KING, 1914

THEY didn't know the door was unlocked, and that was funny, really funny. Mr. Warburton complimented himself on being amused as he backed towards the opened window. His face was wet with sweat. He was young.

They would expect, he knew, to have to batter the door down, on the other hand they might have sense enough to try the knob first, but even if they did so they would open it cautiously, knowing that his back was against the wall, which also was awfully funny as where his back would literally be would be against the opened window. He would have plenty of time to say: "Come in!" and then let them find the room empty. It was a sixteen floor drop, uninterrupted by any projections, to the concrete pavement of the street.

They wouldn't knock again. He felt sure of that. They were probably deliberating now, out in the hallway. Breeze fanned the sweat on the back of his neck, chilling the skin, and he wondered petulantly why his whole life wasn't revealed to him in swift review between that knock and the turning of the handle of the door, as it was to people who were drowning, with the space-and-time devouring rapidity of a dream.

Consciously he tried to force this phenomenon, as he felt doubtful of its occurrence during the drop. His hands, stretched behind him, contacted the sill, and the raucous medley of the city was thinned by depth against him. It would be a pity to hit anybody on the street, but he had studied statistics and the

chances of doing so were slim. Someone always saw, and shouted a warning, in time.

One thousand dollars a floor, that was very funny too, the coincidence of such an accurate payment of his debt. He wondered whether some reporter would be smart enough to notice it, they should, and the possibility that it might be overlooked annoyed Mr. Warburton a lot. Sixteen thousand dollars, sixteen floors and yes, by God, the sixteenth of the month, oh, something surely would have to be done about that. One second had passed since the knock on the door.

They did the most amazing things with crushed bodies, take Harry's for instance, after that explosion on the yacht, all built over when you came right down to it, from a photograph, and what a hell of a lot of bother just for a final look. People were queer that way, in wanting a last nice thing to remember. His people would be, too.

He deliberately loosened the strained tension of his fingers upon the metal sill and a series of photographs flashed across a mental vision, cabinet ones that were pretty fancy and too hazed by art to be of much use, snapshots which were really better. They'd pick, he supposed, the one done by that Jap on the Avenue, there was an ethereal quality about it which he'd always pointed out as a big laugh, that light in back of his head turning his hair into a sort of nimbus. He should wear a nimbus. They were being pretty damned deliberate about their deliberations out there in the hallway. Two seconds had passed since the knock on the door.

He wanted to shout: "Come in!" and get it over with, and on the other hand he didn't. It was a good act so why rush it. Timing was everything in life, and, it amused him to add, in death, the velocity of an inert mass weighing one hundred and seventy pounds falling from a height of three hundred and ten feet would be, well, it would be pretty quick and not worth quibbling about. Consciousness would be lost almost at once, although there were two schools of thought about that and it would be fun, finally, to know which one was right. If there were only

some way of his leaving a record, like writing "Now!" on a scrap of paper at the exact instant during the drop when he felt his senses slipping, but that was silly. It couldn't be done. He was unaware that his fingers had tightened convulsively, but he did know that the handle of the door had turned.

It was an experimental turn, rather apologetic, for the handle came to rest again and the door stayed closed. His smile cupped drops of sweat as he realized that they probably thought of him as being desperate. They'd be the ones who would laugh if they could only see through the panels and look at him shaking and lonely and all in a sweat, instead of crouching behind a steel filing case, say, with a gun in his hand.

They must have tried the door, imperceptibly, when the handle had turned and realized that it was unlocked. Naturally that would puzzle them; and they'd go into more planning, the better to preserve their skins. My dear. And what big teeth you've got, Grandma. Mr. Warburton pulled himself up short. It was all right to be funny, but not inane. Three seconds had passed since the knock on the door.

Just the same it always had astonished him that they'd read such things to children. Annie, his first nurse, a big-boned Irish woman, had sent him into his first convulsion with Rock-a-bye Baby, when the bough broke and the poor brat fell out of the treetop, cradle and all, and what a hot lot of detail that was, even the cradle had to be damn well smashed up too. Oh great, just the sort of stuff to send a child to sleep on, and again, if they wanted to be Freudian about it, what a break that angle would be for a bright reporter, baby-treetop, man-sixteen-story-window, everyone should really write his own obit., so many choice points were always otherwise missed.

The handle was turning again *so few people had ever understood him, the athletic coach at prep school, chemistry had been hard at college not because he hadn't had the ability to cope with it but simply because it was so damn dull and skiing at Lake Placid down that fir-plashed hill with yes, the door was opening now hot toddies at the new Waldorf in Bertha's apartment at*

sixteen thousand a year if he knew his rentals and add that to the other sixteens there was quite a crack between the edge of the door and the jamb, widening, and Bertha would still have married him if he'd let her, which was the funniest thing of all, anything in pants, and she'd have paid the sum up with the scratch of a pen quicker, now, that widening Mr. Garrison's eyes had been hard as stone when he'd called him into the president's office and given him until yesterday and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death, out, out brief candle, life's but a walking shadow (how the hell did the rest go?) a poor player who struts and frets his weary hour upon the stage (let the damn crack widen) "Come in!" and then is seen no more.

Four seconds had passed since the knock on the door. The woman turned, as she opened it, and said with a bright smile to their family lawyer: "I was afraid he might have locked the door, and when he's brooding he sometimes refuses to open it, but everything's all right now, Mr. Winterbottom, I just heard him say, come in."

Ode to The Austrian Socialists

(February 12 — February 15, 1934)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, 1919

*They shot the Socialists at half-past five
In the name of victorious Austria.*

The sky

*Was blue with February those four cold days
And the little snow lay lightly on the hard ground.
(Vienna's the laughing city of tunes and wine
Of SCHLAGOBERS and starved children, . . . and a great ghost . . .)
They had called the general strike but the plans went wrong
Though the lights failed, that first night.*

It is odd to turn

*The switch by your bed and have no lamp go on
And then look out of the window at the black street
Empty except for a man with a pistol, running.
We have built our cities for lights and the harsh glare
And, when the siren screams at the winter stars,
It is only a fire, an ambulance, nothing wrong,
Just part of the day. You can walk to the corner store
And never duck at a bullet. The lights are there
And, if you see a man with a pistol, running,
You phone the police or wait for tomorrow's papers.
It is different, with the lights out and the shots beginning . . .*

These were ordinary people.

*The kind that go to the movies and watch parades,
Have children, take them to parks, ride in trolley-cars,*

*The workman at the next bench, the old, skilful foreman,
You have seen the backs of their necks a million times
In any crowd, and forgotten -- seen their faces,
Anonymous, tired, good-humored, faces of skill,
(The quick hands moving deftly among machines,
Hands of the baker and the baker's wife,
Hands gloved with rubber, mending the spitting wire,
Hands on controls and levers, big square-palmed hands
With the dint of the tool upon them,
Dull, clumsy fingers laboring a dull task
And others, writing and thoughtful, or sensitive
As a setter's mouth.) You have seen their hats and their shoes
Everywhere, in every city. They wear no costumes.
Their pockets have lint in them, and tobacco-dust.
Their faces are the faces of any crowd.*

It was Monday when this began.

They were slow to start it

*But they had been pushed to the wall. They believed in peace,
Good houses, meetings, elections and resolutions,
Not the sudden killing in corners, the armored cars
Sweeping the square, the bombs and the bloody heads,
But they'd seen what happened next door, in another country
To people who believed in peace and elections
And the same tide was rising here. They could hear the storm.
They took to their guns at last, in the workmen's quarters,
Where they'd built the houses for peace and the sure future.*

*The houses were tall and fine,
Great blocks of manstone, built by people for people
Not to make one man rich. When you do not build
To make one man rich, you can give people light and air,
You can have room to turn round — room after the day —
You can have books and clean water and healthy sleep,
A place for children to grow in.
All over the world men knew about those houses.*

*Let us remember Karl Marx Hof, Goethe Hof,
The one called Matteoti and all the rest.
They were little cities built by people for people.
They were shelled by six-inch guns.*

*It is strange to go
Up the known stairs to the familiar room
And point the lean machine-gun out of the window,
Strange to see the black of that powder upon your hands . . .*

*They had hidden arms against need, but they could not find them
In many cases, being ordinary people.*

*The other side was much readier — Fey and Dollfuss
And all the shirts were quite ready.*

*When you believe
In parks and elections and meetings and not in death,
Not in Caesar,
It is hard to realize that the day may come
When you send your wife and children down to the cellar
To be out of the way of shells, and mount the known
Countable stairs to the familiar room,
The unfamiliar pistol cold in your fist
And your mouth dry with despair.*

*It is hard to think
In spite of all oppression, all enmity
That that is going to happen.
And so, when it does happen, your plans go wrong.
(White flags on the Karl Marx Hof and the Goethe Hof
And the executions, later).*

*A correspondent
Of the British press remarked, when the thing was done
And they let him in to see it that, on the whole,
The buildings were less damaged than you'd expect
From four days' bullets. True, he had seen, before,
A truckload of undertakers and cheap pine coffins
Go to the disputed district.
But the buildings stood, on the whole. They had built them well.*

These were ordinary people and they are dead.
Dead where they lived, by violence, in their own homes,
Between the desk and the door and the kitchen-chair,
Dead in the courtyards where the children played
(The child's jaw smashed by a bullet and the child dying,
The woman sprawled like a rag on the clean stairs)
Un-caesarlike, unwarlike, merely dead.

Dead, or in exile many, or afraid
(And those who live there still and wake in the night,
Remembering the free city)
Silent or hunted and their leaders slimed,
The Communists said they would not fight but they fought
Four days of bitter February
Ill-led, outnumbered, the radio blaring lies
And the six-inch guns against them and all hope gone,
Four days in the Karl Marx Hof and the Goethe Hof
And nobody knows yet how many dead
And sensible men give in and accept the flag,
The badge, the arm-band, the gag, the slave-tyranny,
The shining tin peace of Caesar.

They were not sensible,
Four days of February, two years ago.

Bring no flowers here,
Neither of mountain nor valley,
Nor even the common flowers of the waste field
That still are free to the poor;
No wreaths upon these graves, these houseless graves;
But bring alone the powder-blackened brass
Of the shell-case, the slag of bullets, the ripped steel
And the bone-spattering lead,
Infertile, smelling acridly of death,
And heap them here, till the rusting of guns, for remembrance.

Bloom Forever, O Republic

By WILLIAM K. COLE, 1936

I

IN his twenty-five years as an easy-going jack-of-all-trades and his eleven months as a member of the Illinois legislature wholeheartedly engaged in the study of law rangy Abe Lincoln had often seen malaria. His mother had died with it when he was not yet eight years old; all through that winter an epidemic had raged through the little settlement at Pigeon Creek, Indiana, where his father had built a half-face cabin. Abe was familiar with the chills and fevers and sweats that marked the disease and the people it attacked—so familiar, indeed, that he had long since stopped thinking or wondering about them. Malaria was just something that came—you couldn't tell when; you couldn't know why—if a man was strong, and if he was lucky, he got over it; if he wasn't, he had a fit once a day or twice a week, and finally he wasn't able to fight any more. As his strength left him, he lost more and more weight and felt more and more tired; towards the end he wasn't much to look at. Meanwhile, if a doctor was near enough, he would come and pour cold water on the patient's naked body until he had the shakes. If there was no doctor, the sick man's wife would feed him Peruvian bark and purgatives and rum, and the rest of the time would keep as far away from him as a one-room cabin would let her. Malaria was not a pleasant bed-fellow; besides, it didn't eliminate housework.

All this Abe knew as well as he knew his hymnal or his weather signs. Perhaps he did not remember much about his mother's illness; but sickness among his friends had later taught him malaria by heart. So when McGrady Rutledge told him that Ann was sick, he knew what to expect. When he saw her face so thin that the light red hair which before had framed her head so neatly looked only like dishevelled matting around it, her skin so pale that her circled grey eyes seemed heavy and black, and her once full figure shriveled and lost in her father's woolen nightgown, he was not surprised; but not until then did he realize that she would not get well. McGrady had not told him that; McGrady had only said that she had the ague. Having come straight along Abe had had no time to wonder how sick she might be. And anyway it would not have occurred to him that she could die; the girl a man intended to marry did not die—least of all if the man was yourself. Why, all Spring he had been going to Jimmy Short's where she was working and had seen her regularly. On unnumbered burgeoning afternoons they had walked along Concord Creek, and he had watched her smiling lips move with a talk whose happy spontaneity fascinated him. At first he had only listened in admiration, as an outsider; but gradually the awkward self-consciousness for which he was always rebuking himself had dropped away, and he found himself responding to her as he wanted. The world had seemed good to Abe in those months, and Ann had seemed part of it.

Together they spoke of everything under the sun that was happening around them—the probability that New Salem would wink out, navigation on the Sangamon, the moving of the state capital to Springfield, his hopes in the legislature, her determination to go to school in Jacksonville the next year. A Miss Graves conducted a female academy there; and Ann, restless in a life that seemed to promise her nothing beyond what was currency on Concord Creek, was eager to go. She wanted other interests besides scrubbing and cooking and begetting. On such days as she and Abe chose to spend in the sun she felt that there was more in life than her fathers' religion of a jealous God de-

manding service for only Himself. What more there was, she could not have put into words; but she sensed it often in innumerable ways—in achievement when Jimmy Short complimented her after she had done hard work well for him, in sorrow when she heard that a woman had died before her children were grown, in harmony when Abe talked of such things as the new lands that were being settled. He had these feelings too, she knew, although with him they took much clearer shape. He would go far if he went on working as he had since his election, and if he got the right training. Once, when they had stopped for a moment on the bluff above the Sangamon where Concord Creek emptied into it, she said to him, "Why don't you come to Jacksonville too, for a while, Abe?"

"Where? To that Illinois College?"

"Uh-huh. They could help you with your law up there."

Abe leaned back against the tree under which they were sitting and, arms resting idly on his knees, looked at the river winding its smooth way down from Petersburg and New Salem. "I don't know," he said. "I guess I can learn enough here without bothering about a school. Bowling Green and Johnny Stuart help me a lot; and Mentor Graham's taught me plenty about speech-making."

"You don't expect they can help you as much as the professors at the college, do you?"

"Why, Johnny's a practising lawyer, and Bowling's a justice of the peace. I don't see where I could get any better advice. One to talk to me and one to talk at me—everything I need."

"Oh, they're good enough practical men, all right, but they don't know anything about teaching." She pulled a blade of fresh-grown grass and started chewing it absently. "If you went to Jacksonville, you'd get the best help you could have anywhere in the state."

"That isn't saying much. It's only been a state seventeen years."

"It isn't saying much for you. But it's saying enough for Bowling and Johnny. You could go a long way, Abe, if you bothered to get the right training."

Abe grinned. "Why, I have gone a long way," he said. "Aren't I in the legislature?"

She smiled with him. "Well, what's that? A hundred country lawyers from Cairo to Fort Dearborn are in the legislature, but all they'll ever be is country lawyers, and not very good ones, either. You've got more brains and more gumption than any of them, and you ought to take advantage of it. Up at the college they could tell you more things than Johnny Stuart's forgotten."

"Blackstone doesn't forget very much. Say, what are you eating that hay for?"

"I like the taste. Besides, it's good luck." She pulled two or three more blades and dropped them in her lap. "There are probably lots of things in Blackstone you can't understand just by reading it yourself."

"I haven't found anything that's stumped me yet. Ann, if I went to that college even for a year, I'd be so restless I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I'd have to leave the legislature, I'd lose track of all my friends down here, and there'd be nothing but classes and books all week long. I like to get out in the air and talk with people and survey and all like that. And if I went there, I couldn't. That's the main hitch. I don't want to bury my nose in law day in and day out; I never have done that: I never will. And anyway, I'm much too old to go to school. I'm twenty-six now, and I'd probably be thirty before they had anything drummed into me."

Ann stood up. "Well, you're going," she said. "I've decided you are."

He grinned again. But he did not take to the idea quickly, and she had to talk to him about it several times before he finally gave grudging consent to the plan. Meanwhile, he was slowly making up his mind that he wanted to marry her. As the trees came into fuller leaf under the facile encouragement of lengthening days, they strolled often to the point where Concord Creek flowed into the Sangamon. Tired from reading law, and speaking only when spoken to, Abe would lie at full length on the grass, watching with half-open eyes the little movements that she made

with her hands and her head and her mouth as she sat beside him. These were her features that pleased him most—the mouth, that was firm without being prim and sensual without being weak, very much; and the head, that was neither big-boned nor cherubic, very much; but most of all, the hands. For it seemed to him that in them was the story of all her existence. Often in his life he had seen hands not unlike them. In another place, he knew, they would have been white and graceful and softly beautiful; here sturdier qualities were demanded. Beauty was not at a premium, and hands that were browned by the sun and reddened with the wind, that cooked and dug and swept endlessly did not long remain white. Work bred strength; and in this new land where men inevitably gave their lives to an unbroken soil women's work was a not highly celebrated fact. But perhaps grace could remain; when Abe noticed the gentleness with which Ann's firm, well-fleshed fingers ran over her dress to brush it free of grass dust or the unconscious ease with which she folded them and let them fall in her lap, he knew that it did. And it was this gentleness and strength, so closely intertwined, everywhere so apparent in her, that attracted him more than everything else —

One sunset evening late in June when he had come to Uncle Jimmy's to see her she went to the door of the cabin and leaned against the jamb to look cross the prairie. A half-mile away the smoke from her father's chimney rose from the dark earth into the radiant sky; over all the rolling swells of the land there was no other trace of man. Feeling the soft, dying wind, she stood there for several minutes, quite motionless, until Abe went to her to tell her that Uncle Jimmy wanted the dishes washed.

"Yes, I'm coming," she said. "Look, Abe. The smoke from our fire's all there is. I believe it looks emptier tonight than I ever saw it." Scarcely noticing the gesture she lifted her arm and followed the tenuous column with open, extended hand as it drifted haphazardly, steadily upward.

On that night Abe was finally able to make up his mind.

He decided that he would propose to her at the barbecue on July fourth: James Rutledge would be there, and there would

be plenty of time beforehand to speak to him. Besides, being a representative for the district and the district's favorite son, he would be making a speech and could go to her with his eloquence fresh in her mind. Both these factors he considered as he came to his decision.

But when Rutledge had given his assent, and when he had finished his speech, he could not find her. For twenty minutes he hunted through the crowd gathered around the great fire until finally some girl—he never remembered who—told him that Ann had had to go home to mind her four-year-old sister, who had taken sick. He wanted to follow but had promised to join in the athletic events that were being held. Afterwards it would be too late to travel the seven miles to Concord Creek and return in time to go to Springfield the next day. Not until the end of the month did he have more time free.

II

Few words had passed between them as they came, for McGrady had offered none, and they met nobody. Now as he sat in the rude chair by the trundle bed in which she lay, Abe, too, realized that she would die. After they exchanged greetings, and he told her that he couldn't see that she looked very sick, he couldn't think of anything right to say. Ann, he saw, was too tired to make talk alone. She was lying on her side, quite still, except that her gaze kept moving nervously over and over the room without fixing itself on anything. The curtains on the little window opposite the bed stirred too, stirred softly and easily in the afternoon breeze. From outside came the hundred noises of the August day, tranquil noises, the clucking of a chicken or the ring of a pan struck with a flat hand, noises of people working persistently, fruitfully with land. Abe moved uncomfortably in his chair. "I'd have come sooner, Ann, if I'd known about you," he said, "but nobody said a word to me before McGrady came in this noon. There's been so much to do these past weeks that I don't believe I've had ten minutes to think. I haven't heard a thing."

"It wasn't bad at all till last week. I didn't expect you'd hear."

"How long have you been in bed?"

"Since a week ago Friday. I was at Uncle Jimmy's almost all July."

"Lord, Ann, I don't see how you—" Embarrassed, unable to say what he wanted, he stopped. He had been going to tell her that she had been foolish not to go to bed sooner. But "fool" was the wrong word; if he used it, she would not understand what he meant—would not realize that he thought her anything but that, that he called her so only because he was so anxious for her, because he was afraid that she was dying and could not comprehend her death. Nervously he twisted his broad-brimmed straw hat round and round in his hands.

He must think of something to comfort her—something not important, that would make her calm and forgetful of her ague. Perhaps he might tell her how Jack Kelso had gone to sleep under a tree with his hat over his eyes and his Shakespeare in his lap, how a bee had stung him in the hand, and he had jumped up and shouted that Shylock had bitten off his thumb; or how Sam Hill had gotten drunk at his own wedding, and nobody could find him until they went out into the road and saw him sobbing and pouring buckets of cold water on his head. But she was so weak, he knew, that it would hurt her to laugh. He racked his brain for something cheerful and interesting. Awkwardly he wanted to express his sympathy and wished that he had been able to tell her of his desire to marry her. If only they hadn't missed each other at the barbecue, or if he hadn't thought it necessary to wait until he had seen her father and had spoken to her at any of twenty other times, she would know that he loved her and was not just a stupid gawk with nothing to say, paying a duty visit and waiting patiently for the moment when he could decently go. But she was sick now; now it was too late for him to say anything. He must keep to little words, must be careful to say only what soothed and not what excited. Oh, Lord, what was there that soothed?

A loud clock on the chimney piece ticked off the seconds; growing more and more conscious of the silence Abe counted them while they accumulated and became minutes. Finally he said, "Where'd you get that clock?"

Ann smiled at him. "I don't know," she replied. "I expect Pa brought it with him from South Carolina. It's old."

Abe turned to look at it. "It's a handsome looking one," he said. "Does it have to make all that noise?"

She smiled again. "I like it. It keeps good time, and it's company for me when no one's here."

He looked at her arm resting on the quilt. At the wrist, below the sleeve of the nightgown, it was very thin. Her hands no longer looked strong; under the roughened skin her knuckles were outlined sharply; and the flesh had left her fingers. She saw the direction his eyes had taken and moved her hand nervously. Abruptly he shifted his gaze. "You'll get well, Ann," he said.

"Abe, David wrote me last month from up in Jacksonville. It was a good letter because he called me, 'Valued Sister,' and he isn't often as nice as that. Anyway, he saw Miss Graves. I'm sure I can go there this fall."

"We're both fixed then, aren't we?"

"Oh, naturally I have to do some studying first. I don't remember much of the learning I got in school, and so there's a heap for me to do." She looked thoughtfully down at the lump in the covers that her feet had made at the end of the bed. "I think I ought to know something about algebra. Did you ever learn any?"

"Not much; I worked a little at it while I was keeping store with Denton Offut. Doc Allen had an old book he lent me."

"He wouldn't let me have it, I know. He doesn't like me to read."

"I could scout out a copy for you next time I go to Springfield. There's bound to be someone there who has one."

"That would be good. I don't want to go over to Jacksonville just knowing nothing. They might not let me stay."

Abe propped his elbows on his knees. "You have enough sense, Ann," he said. "Don't you worry about not knowing anything."

"Well, you read a lot; you don't know what it's like to get so poor at it you can't recall some of the hard words. I don't expect that since Pa moved up from White County, I read so much as a book a year till I got sick, except the Bible and the hymnal on Sundays sometimes."

"Well, I don't believe that Miss Graves knows too much herself. Probably all you'll get will be the Bible anyway. Maybe some hemstitching."

"I'll get more. I'm not going there for that; I can hemstitch now."

"I don't see how you can get more than she's got to give you."

"If she can't give it to me, I can go to the college. You'll be there, and so will David, and you can teach me. You're both smart enough."

"Yes, Ann, I'll teach you."

"You see, that's another good reason why you're going up there. Abe, I'm so glad you are. You'll be able to do so much more than you ever could before." She was quiet for a minute; then she began absently fingering the edge of the medicine-table cloth and smiled meditatively. "You know," she said, "I remember that first day when you came floating down the Sangamon with Denton and those others and got stuck on Pa's dam. I was standing with him on the bank, and he was cussing at you for being such fools as to try to get over it in such low water, and at the same time I could hear all of you swearing because you were in such a scrape. Then when you came ashore to get the auger, you passed right near me, and it struck me how skinny you were. But I thought you looked smart, and I saw you were so when you figured out how to get the flatboat loose. I didn't have any idea, though, that you'd ever want to be anything bigger than a river- or a farm-hand. You took everything so easy."

She mustn't talk so much, Abe thought; she'll get tired. He did not answer her but got up and walked to the window. Holding one of the flapping curtains against the wall he looked out

and followed the line of trees along Concord Creek as it turned southward and lost itself in the prairie. Most of the land was unowned; but there were some fields, and near the creek he saw James Rutledge and two of his boys moving about in the corn. He noticed that it was short for early August and remembered that there had not been enough rain that summer. Even so, it looked healthy; it would ripen, though harvest might be late. And after many harvests, he knew, would come a time when Sangamon County and all the others around it would have no crop but this, when the coarse, windblown plains grass would be burned entirely away, when the hundred log cabins that lay in the region would have become a thousand white farms, and every undefined hillock that broke the flat of the prairie would be topped with ripening corn. Times would change, and times would get better, and he would be part of the times. It did not matter if it was dry now.

Yes, it was pleasant to look out the window today, when the sun was giving the corn life and its yellow, and the sounds of insects and leaves filled the restless air. It was pleasant, too, to think of the good in the earth, the wealth in the soil, and dream that it was all black dirt. And it was pleasant to forget that there were rocks in the ground and swamps by the creek, that malaria came from the swamps. Most of all, it was pleasant to forget what went on indoors on such days.

He turned away from the window. Ann's hand was still resting on the medicine-table, and she shifted her gaze from it to him as he sat down. "You looked so gangly standing there," she said. "What made you stay so long?"

"I was watching your father in the field."

"Is it hot out today?"

"Not very. There's a little wind. You can see the curtains moving."

"Oh, Abe, I'm so sick of this bed."

He pressed his hands together. "You'll be well soon, Ann; I know you will. We met Doc Allen as we were coming up; he said you were getting better all the time."

"He's good and busy these days. A lot of people have caught the ague."

"That's what he said. But there aren't any serious cases." He rubbed his face against his shoulder. Already nervous, he was beginning to feel very tired. "I'd have thought of you long ago if it had broken out very badly." He realized vaguely that he was repeating what he had said when he first came.

"Oh, well, it'll go away soon. It's not much. Doc says he might have me out of bed in two weeks or so."

"He's a good doctor."

"At medicine he's good. At everything else he's crazy. These temperance societies and I don't know what all that he starts!"

Abe sat up a little and smiled. "Well, he has to enjoy himself, you know. We oughtn't to be too strict with him for that."

"I wouldn't if it wasn't that Pa's liable to join his latest society."

"When did he start thinking of that?"

"He's been talking about it ever since I came home. I don't like it. I don't want any reformers around."

She stretched out her arm to the table for a cup of water. Suddenly Abe thought he had never seen anybody looking so haggard and exhausted. The weak light of the cabin combined with the innumerable quilts which covered her to make her appear utterly emaciated. Every movement she attempted seemed accomplished only through tiring, discouraging physical effort. He remembered her standing in Uncle Jimmy's doorway in the late June evening and watched her now as her fingers shakily gripped the cup and brought it slowly to her lips. "Oh, my God, Ann; my God! Your hand is so thin."

Only when she dropped the cup and he heard it break on the floor did he realize that he had spoken aloud. "Ann, I didn't mean to say it," he cried and, seeing that water had spilled on the bed, went mechanically to it to wipe up what had not been absorbed in the bedding. She had slumped back against the pillow. "It's all right," she said. "I'm dry. What's on the blankets

won't soak through. Ma can fix it later." Her face was expressionless; standing by the bed he could scarcely hear her speak. Feebly she asked for more water. There was none in the room, and he had to go to the well bucket for it.

When he returned, she took the cup he brought her, drank slowly from it and thanked him. He stooped down to collect the pieces of the other. "Ann, please don't think I meant to say it—I can't tell why I did. It's just that I'm tired, and I'd never seen you sick before. I expect I'd better go now; you must want to sleep."

"I'm glad you said what you did. Living or dead, I don't believe I'll ever hear that tone of voice again."

She was lying on her side at the edge of the bed. As he stood up with the broken cup in his hand, she smiled at him. "I'm going to get well, Abe," she said.

"Yes, Ann, yes. I know, I hope, I pray you will get well." Forgetting malaria, he bent to kiss her.

When he left the cabin to return to New Salem, he saw one of the Rutledge boys working in the field across the road, bending shirtless to his labor and singing. He listened to the song drifting through the fecund summer air:

*"Never try to trouble poor Mary Jane—
She was troubled once, she can't be hurt again,
Troubled very sorely once and can't be hurt again."*

Its rhythm caught him; he found himself walking in time to the tune and humming it to himself. Doing so distracted his mind; out of all proportion to its words the melody was cheerful and rollicking, and as he succumbed more and more to its catchiness, he began to feel glad to live. So many things were happening.

Death In a Dancing Dress

By ALBERT N. WILLIAMS, 1936

HE hadn't really wanted to come to this student mixer. They were such boring affairs; but after all, it was rather expected of him. When one is professor of psychology at the age of thirty, and by all odds the most popular teacher on the campus, one does owe something to the students who lionize him. Also he had promised to come. It seemed that one of his students, a girl, had demanded that he dance with her. It was right after the nine o'clock class on this very morning that she had stopped him and asked him. It seemed, too, that another had put in her claim. He thought so, but he wasn't sure. He couldn't remember exactly. Things had been in such a daze all day anyway — the rush that always followed registration, the heat, and the success. What success? Oh, to be sure; he had forgotten for the moment — his book had been accepted for a spring publication.

So he decided to go. George Hall, in the math department, was coming for him in his car. Hall was decidedly a good fellow to go to dances with. A young bachelor like himself. Like himself? Yes, that was right: he had never married. Or had he? He didn't seem to know right then, but it was all right. Things would clear up in a minute. He had been in such a daze all day.

He wore his brown suit — the one with stripes. Somebody had once liked that suit very much. Somebody he had liked had liked that suit. Somebody that he had loved had loved that

suit. Somebody that he had married had married . . . no, no. That was absurd. He had never married. It must have been somebody that he had nearly married. Somebody that he had very nearly . . .

He was getting out of control. He mixed himself another drink — a long, tall one, and gulped it down.

George Hall picked him up in his new roadster, that car that he had been bragging about. It was nice to drive in the October night. It was nice to have one's hair blown about by the wind. Dimly, the recollection of having ridden to the full moon on an October night ages before came back. He seemed to remember the moon very well; but the journey back — the long, parabolic sweep through the heavens, and the crash — he couldn't remember that very well.

Hall was telling him about the mixer. It seemed that one danced with whomever one wished. No introductions were needed. That was nice, thought he, for he hated introductions.

It was a long, long time, he realized, before they came to the gymnasium. Why had it been so long? The gym was only a mile or so away. But he didn't care — it was good to ride in the October night and have the wind in one's hair.

He went into the gym, and was snatched up at the door by one of his students. This was rather fun. Was she the girl who had asked him for a dance that same morning? He thought not, but he wasn't sure. It was fun anyway, even though things were in such a daze. There were so many people there. Short people, tall people — people in brown and people in black. There were even people in green and people in grey and blue and orange and red and yellow and pink and gold and purple and blue and lighter blue and lighter blue and still lighter blue and blue so light that it was white. And so it was. She was dressed in white. He saw her at the doorway. She wasn't dancing. Her dress was of the whitest white that he had ever seen. He made a mental note to write a paper upon the whiteness of white. After all, wasn't it the duty of psychologists to write papers? Decidedly.

She was still there when he had circled the floor again, and then the dancing stopped. He was next to her. He excused himself from his partner, and went to get a drink of water. He came back and approached her from behind. Why was she dressed in so white a white at an informal affair like that? He looked at her hair. It reminded him of some other hair; of some hair that the wind had blown through.

Hall had said that one might dance with whomever one wished; he, then, could dance with her. But he didn't want to. He didn't want hair blowing in the wind when he was dancing. But that was just an excuse. He didn't want to dance with her because she looked so much like somebody he had once known . . . like somebody he had once loved. Who was it? Things had been in such a daze all day. That's it. He remembered that he had once liked . . . known . . . loved . . . had once married . . . oh, no . . . just loved a girl named Helen, and this girl in white reminded him of Helen. He didn't want to dance with her because she reminded him too much of Helen. Her eyes, her lips, the tilt of her nose — all were like some creature's that he had once loved named Helen. He walked away and danced with someone else.

His eyes kept seeking her out. There she was in white. Why didn't somebody dance with her? Why didn't somebody take her outside? Why didn't somebody take her outside and kiss her until the moon set? He had done it to Helen. He didn't want to see her. He looked away.

He stopped dancing. The music had stopped. Everybody had stopped. He turned around. There she was. In the dance he had circled the floor, and had got right back to where she was — right where he didn't want to be. He was afraid to stand there. He was afraid that she might see him. She did see him. She was looking at him. But she didn't know him. He would have recognized her if he had seen her in a class-room. But he had never seen her before. Or had he? Had he looked at her for years and years and years? Had he never recognized her before?

He was afraid of her now. She might come to him and speak to him of the past. She might carve out old memories from the ruins of his consciousness — his consciousness was nearly dead now. Everything had been in such a daze all day. It was probably the beginning of the end. He had laughed before when people talked about psychologists going crazy. But it was not funny when it happened. But what of it? He might as well have as good a time as possible while he was still in the partial possession of his senses. Good time? Not while she was standing in the same room with him.

So this was what a fatal fascination was? If only he could kill her, or get rid of her in some way; or if only the clouds would pass from his brain so that he might see what memory was troubling him. Psychology taught that if the past were uncovered, and brought to light, it would cease to bother one.

He watched her. All through the dance he watched her. Not only did her hair seem to blow eternally in the wind, but her lips and eyes, and even the tilt of her nose were so like Helen's. She reminded him of Helen. Helen's hair blew in the wind as her's would . . . as her's did . . . as her's must have. Helen had the same eyes and lips. Helen had once ridden with him in the wind. This girl would do it. He knew it.

But who was Helen? He fought against himself. He didn't want to know who Helen was; but he must. Helen? Who was Helen? What part of his life had she been? What part of him was Helen? He had known Helen. Oh, yes, he had known Helen. She had ridden with him, and they had . . . had they driven to the moon? He didn't exactly know. It would be in his diary at home. He would look it up. It would be written thus . . .

“Drove to the moon with Helen tonight. The wind blew in our hair. We came back by the parabolic way. It was longer, but more interesting. We landed with a great crash.”

Yes. He would look in his diary to see if he had ridden to the moon with Helen. That would clear that point up altogether.

But who was Helen? His diary wouldn't tell him that. Nothing could ever tell him who Helen had been, yet this girl looked like Helen. Had he ever been in love with Helen? Possibly. He had only been in love twice. He was sure of that. One of the times must have been with Helen. But which time? Helen. And then this girl looked like Helen.

He wondered if she danced like Helen. Of course she did. Helen never wore white, or at least as white as white as this white, but this girl undoubtedly danced like Helen, whoever Helen was.

He could easily find out if he danced with her, but that was out of the question. Oh, no. That would be fatal. She would dance like Helen, and then he would have to go home and write it in his diary. No. He wouldn't dance with her. He would watch her once more, and then go and get a long drink and walk home. That would be swell. That would clear his mind. And then, when he got home, refreshed, he could look in his diary and read all about Helen. He could read all about the ride to the moon, and then, if he felt like it, he could write Helen a letter and tell her all about this girl who looked so much like her.

He stood in front of her and looked at her. O God! She said, "yes". She thought that he had wanted to dance with her. That was terrible. He hadn't wanted to dance with her. He had wanted to look at her — to see if she smiled, perhaps, like Helen. But she thought that he wanted to dance with her. The worst part of it was that she had answered him just as somebody else had answered him aeons ago. Just like . . . like . . . like Helen. But who was Helen?

They were dancing. His feet, at least, were moving, and she was in his arms. Would she know who Helen was? No she wouldn't, because Helen had lived too long ago. Helen was too old. Helen had lived ages ago when the world was too young to know a white as white as the white that she was wearing tonight. Of course she wouldn't know who Helen was. It would be foolish to ask her.

She danced just like Helen. Damn it. Now he would have to go home and write in his diary that she danced like Helen — this when he wanted to stay and dance all night. Why did she have to dance just like Helen? Why did she have to look just like Helen? Why did she have to . . .

She was asking him his name. He didn't know. He would have to go home and look in his diary. He pretended not to hear. He had pretended not to hear Helen at times. Now he was thinking about the moon. How cold it was, and how bleak. But what a nice ride it was there and back, and how the wind had all but blown the hair from their heads.

What was she saying? Why didn't the orchestra play more loudly so that he couldn't hear? He didn't want to hear. He shut his ears. She was saying that her name was . . . He hoped that her name would be Betty or Jane or even Ada or Melba. He knew that he should have to kill her right there on the dance-floor — strangle her, if she said that her name was Helen. What was her name? Why, she had told him. It was . . . It was HELEN . . . Helen. Then she did know who Helen had been. That was impossible, because it had been so long ago when he and Helen . . . but . . . yes, he would have to kill her. He would have to kill her because she looked like Helen, and because she danced like Helen, and because she *was* Helen. The dance-floor swayed. The blue became green became gold became white. Everything became white. White like the dress that she was wearing. He reached for her throat. Now was the time, when everybody would be wondering why it was so white all around . . .

At this time the figure on the table moved. He was reviving. The doctor was saying, "Yes, when we told him that Helen, that's his wife, was killed instantly in the crash, he fainted. The shock of the accident and the news. Very sad. They were riding with some other teacher to a school dance — some sort of a mixer at the gym. Yes, going far too fast. It's a shame, but he will be all right. That will be all, nurse."

Leaves from a Tuscan Diary

(to the memory of C.E.P.)

By HUGH CHISHOLM, 1936

July 10th

*Surely morning never rose
And walked so fair across the plain,
Never daybreak drew the bows
Of light and shot the nascent grain
So clean, so final that the furrows
Harbor each an hundred arrows.*

*Over olive wooded slopes
The spirits, lengthening their stride,
Ghosts of artists, saints, boy-Popes,
Return across the dark divide
To their particular Inferno,
Leaving me to guard the Arno.*

*Cypresses were sentinels
Of sterner substance far than I,
New-apprenticed to the bells'
Encounter with a wakening sky,
An alien to Tuscan beauty,
Subject to the sun's entreaty.*

July 17th

*Six days
and the fool's
Paradise is complete,*

*Builted about oblivion's pools,
Bordered with crimson shrubs
In terracotta tubs
And lulled to the breeze's banter,
The low reply
Of Judas trees atremble
Under a naked sky.
Impregnable to all
The world's processional,
There I sit while the sun
Harangues the stone,
Attributing eternity to their silence:
Save for the lizards darting
Across the court
 alone,
Alone and sensible
That moments there will wait,
The song at the gate
In other accents well
From other throats
In other notes
As sweet and terrible.*

July 21st

*Casements opening on light again,
Oxen spilling white dust
Behind in spirals:
The remembered
Cry of locusts splitting silence,
Roofs burned to deeper red:
Beggars stirring
In grey cathedral shadows,
Workers up from sleep
Stretching and scattering
Crumbs on the pavement:*

*Signatures on the scale
Of a Tuscan street song
Calling the quick to life
To afternoon laughter
And the dead to fresh
Weeping for the vision
Dried thin in their land
Where suns are motionless.*

July 27th

*How could I know that you were lonely too?
The brave apparel of your world's success
Brooked no suggestion that the heart of you
Wore other than a courtier's dress.*

*Your laughter burnished bright and dazzling,
Familiar to the crowd, your gestures terse
And splendid in possession could but wring
From envious lips a silent curse.*

*I think this hillside incident disturbs
The pattern of my days more than if one,
Considered myrtle, turned to poison herbs
And drew the marrow from my bone.*

August 3rd

*.... and the tremulous lips of the dark withheld their solace,
Night withheld peace from the hillside, the imploring cypresses.
From the gardens where bougainvilia with purple tendrils
And the belled Judas blossoms flirt with an evening wind,
Darkness withheld her gentle finger-tips.*

*Young men and girls walking the vineyards
The plain below communicant of shadows
Children clutching with black hands at sleep
And the picture-postcard sunset in the West
are curbed*

*Are halted by Time's taut rein
Aware of the singers as they march in columns
Increasing coiling their uniformed terror
About the cool heart of the evening.
One like another they march*

shouting the song
*To recall the deserter Courage
And the young bodies under their heavy coats
Shiver in icy pride.*

*O dark, hasten the coming of your solace,
Draw your gentle finger-tips over the faces by the roadside,
Touch with your tremulous lips the faces behind the waving
handkerchiefs,
Still the breeze stirred in the olives by their passing
And now devising fresh delicate patterns of death.*

August 12th

*Death is beautiful:
His posthumous
Slash of cutlass full
On cheek for us
Martyrs nor dismay
The sniggered laugh
At embalmers' ways,
The epitaph,
Honeyed words in stone,
And funerals,
Social status shown
In orchid palls.*

*Death is beautiful,
And Man has made
Beautifully dull
Time's renegade.
Here, where she was gay,
The fountain's pool*

*Mirrors earth's dismay,
And death is cruel.*

August 14th

*Is this then education, meditating
Chaos in the midst of unity
Close-manacled to paradise and prating
Manifestoes on an olive tree
With silver secrets vocal or a hawk
Intolerably still against the blue?
To walk where Dante dreamed his dreams, and talk
In casual tone of rooms Boccaccio knew?*

*Too much of beauty is a perilous
Pastime: though the morning light be soft
Insistent, noon comes sudden flooding us
With shadowless destruction. Curs that coughed
At flies and slumbered in the early cool
Lie panting and the hatless man's a fool.*

June at Governor Junction

By GEORGE S. DE MARE, 1936

I.

THE road through Governor Junction had not been worn very smooth by Elezer Burson's Ford car. Few cars traveled through Governor Junction, so that it was with considerable surprise that Millie Furness, throwing some potato peels over the pasture fence, saw a long blue limousine break the slow silence of leaf-murmur, drive past Lincoln's General Store, and come to a stop in front of old man Carter's rambling wooden house.

The door of this large blue car opened, and three men climbed out, two thick-set, heavy individuals with bluish jowls, and a thin young man, having a very white face and deep-set eyes, which in the gathering dusk were dark and liquid.

One of the thick-set men, dressed in a double-breasted, stylishly-cut suit, from some big city like St. Louis, Millie guessed, held the young man's shoulder and was talking to him. The young man appeared extremely white, and there was something that looked like blood at the side of his mouth. Millie could not hear what they were saying, but suddenly the young man slumped down and they had to pick him up and carry him.

Millie put her hand to her heart. She had never seen anybody so sick-looking as that young man.

From the door Ma called Millie. "Oh, Millie!" she said, "Come on in — yore pa wants his supper."

The three men turned off the path and seeing her walked toward her.

Millie stopped with the dishpan in her hand and waited for them — a little wind fluttering her skirt softly against her legs.

The biggest man, who wore the fine clothes, came forward and leaned against the gate. Behind, his companion was holding up the young man.

"Pardon, Miss," said the big man. "Could you get me to a Doc? One of my friends had an accident."

"There ain't no doctor 'cept Doc Pitts, who lives over Tacombe way," said Millie. "You ain't aimin' to move that young man no more," Millie added. "You bring him in here."

The big individual hesitated, but the young man had fainted, so nodding to his companion the two brought the sick person onto the porch. Millie went in and got Pa.

Pa had been reading the papers, his bushy eyebrows contracted over the JUNCTION COURRIER. Waiting for supper, his thoughts travelled idly over his limited range of ideas: his barbershop, the doings of the Eliots, the young Kerand boy hanging around Millie; then food and the beets which ought to be weeded, then Ma's going to Pine Glen for some stuff for a dress. Old Furness was glad the hard winter had gone. Pleasant days lay ahead — good hot days, when he could doze in the barber shop, and maybe they'd have a Fair pretty soon, and people would be coming around.

This was indeed the time of fertility and fairs — marriages — maybe Millie and that Osburn chap, that was makin' money over in Kearton in a garage . . . Millie was gettin' to be a pretty figure of a woman, Old Furness reflected, with the surprised idiocy of one to whom the world changes little. She'd got a mighty nice look on her.

As he was falling into the numbed reveries which came easily to him, Millie entered.

"Pa, there's someone needs a doctor bad out there," she said. "Pa, you better go out and see them."

Furness rose and worriedly followed Millie to the porch.

The big man stood over the sick one whom they had laid on the porch swing.

"He's gonna kick off," said the other stout man.

The big man started to say something but turned around, as Furness and his daughter slammed the screen door behind them.

"Here, you better bring him in here," said old Furness peering at the young man. "That ere's a sick man you got."

The big man smiled genially, his large Italianish face with the tremendous bent nose seemed to radiate under that genial smile. His creased eyes sparkled.

"Thanks, Governor," he said. "The guy was hit in an accident. He ain't so strong."

They picked up the limp figure and carried him inside and up the stairs to Furness' bed.

"Millie," said old Furness, "you fix up that ere bed in the spare room; put them ere clean sheets on it. This man's mighty sick."

The two stout men were talking quietly together in the corner. They seemed very intent.

Evening had crept into the room blurring everything.

At last the big man came over to Furness.

"Governor," he said, "we've got to stay here. We can't move the kid. Now look, we'll pay you plenty to keep this guy here. We'll try to get rooms any place we can in this town, and we've got to get the Doc up tonight — you see . . . "

The big man paused and smilingly shrugged.

"My name's Smith," he said, "and the other guy's name is Brown. The kid's a pal of ours; he's called Jimmy — just Jimmy — that's all you got to call him. If he says anything different, it's because he's a little bats. He's been awful sick and he gets that way when he's sick . . . "

He smiled and held out his hand to Furness. Furness took the big man's hand and shook it. He liked Smith, his geniality and straightforwardness.

"I'm glad to know ya, Mr. Smith," he said.

"Now we'll be goin' to get the Doc," said Smith.

Millie stood in the shadows near the doorway, that is, a little beyond the doorway near the linen closet. She heard every word

they said. "I reckon they won't come back," she thought. "I reckon they're goin' to leave him."

They clumped down the stairs and out the front door, her Pa clumping after them.

She stole softly into the room and stood gazing down at the white face of the man on the bed. He had his shirt torn open, and his throat was as pale and delicate as a girl's. His face looked ravaged, the eyes shut in exhaustion, the lips apart and a small trickle of blood down the side of his mouth. He seemed scarcely able to breathe. One leg was crumpled under him.

"I never seen anyone so powerful sick," Millie thought. "My Lordy."

She put her cool hand on the velvet skin of his throat.

At supper she couldn't eat much because of thinking of that ravaged face. Pa was telling Ma about it, about the two men.

"Yes, I seen them goin' up the stairs," said Ma, "but I thought it was some of them darn fool friends of yourn of the town meetin' hall."

"No," said Pa again, and he redescribed the circumstances again.

Ma went up to see the sick man. Millie heard her heavy tread on the stairs and to their bedroom.

Then she heard Ma calling her.

"You, Millie!" Ma said. "Come up here quick," and she went up the stairs lightly because she was young.

"My land," Ma said, "the boy's dyin' and they just bring him up here and dump him down like a sack of flour . . . my landsakes, Millie, get me water and a towel quick."

Ma was undressing him when she returned with the water. He wore funny kind of underwear — made of silk in two parts, not like Pa's.

"My land sakes," said Ma, "the boy's near dead, and they go off like he was a shot coyote."

"You go on downstairs and take care of yore Pa, while I put this boy to bed."

Millie walked down the stairs, watching her leg shape itself against her skirt as she lifted it. She watched her shadow on

the wall, with her hair piled up. Pa had the electric light on, lighting up the parlor.

Then she heard feet tramping on the porch. Pa got up and came into the hall. It seemed like spring. She could smell spring blowing in through the open window of the living room.

Then there came tramping and voices outside on the porch. The two men had returned with Doc Pitts.

"The kid had an accident," Smith was saying, as the little doctor put on his coat, "He was hit by one of them spike bars."

"Yes," said the little doctor irritably, "why didn't you get me afore this. The man near died. A man can't bleed fer hours and stay in this world — yore lucky he's livin' now."

The wizened doctor bent over his bag, putting away his instruments. He was tired. He looked once more at the man called Jim lying death-white between the sheets.

"Well," he said, "Good-night. If you'll drive me back to Tacombe, Mr. Smith, I'd like to get me some sleep. The man'll be all right. I'll come around again. Feed him easy. Leave him lay."

Smith and Brown lumbered down the stairs after the tired doctor.

"Sure, we'll be glad to take you home," said the big man Smith in his genial east-side voice.

Pa came pottering down after them all.

Millie stayed at the head of the stairs.

"Listen," said the big man, Smith, to Pa, "Joe, that is, Brown and me, we want to stay in this town awhile. Is there any boarding house we could put up at?"

"Well," said Pa, "yes, there's the boardin' house over on Straight Street, but it ain't a place fer decent folk, it's full of them cowhands and such-like. But maybe the Carters next door'll take you in; they have boarders sometimes in the summer. You can see them in the mornin' . . . "

"Thanks," said Smith.

They went out, and Millie heard the car starting and the soft purr of the motor, then the bump of its wheels over the dirt road, and the sound died away.

The leaves rustled outside in a little wind. Millie could smell the pines a mile off.

It was certainly spring.

II.

The train whistle blew faintly across the echoing mountains, as it drew near Governor Junction. The fresh morning stillness settled back glistening. Two days had passed.

The man called Jim opened his eyes. In his mind vague thoughts began to break their moorings. He lay still.

Sounds came to him faintly, without arousing curiosity; wind outside in trees, chickens cackling, the movement of someone below in the kitchen, a girl's or woman's or girl-woman's voice in the yard. He lay quietly and listened.

The room, low-ceilinged, had white flowery wall-paper, faded, a plain table, a bureau, chairs of rough wood, a picture of pine trees in a valley on the wall, a yellowish photograph of a girl of the early nineteen hundreds with the name Carrie in flowing bold handwriting on it; then his eyes came to the windows and the sun shining in the windows and blossoms from a cherry tree on the window sill. Then he smelled perfume, pine needles . . .

He wondered when the maid would appear. He knew he must be sick. He had probably fallen off that roof-garden while he was painting the trellis. Then he thought, no, it couldn't be that. Yet Genevieve always said he would.

"I wish the maid would hurry," he reflected again, "I'm dying of hunger."

He attempted to sit up. Then the fixtures of the room penetrated his consciousness: the large bareness of the room in spite of its furniture. This wasn't his room. The sound and scenery of the spot became real to him. This was not his world.

Slowly piece by piece the recollection of the circumstances of the last few days returned to him and his heart contracted with that dull anguish. But where was he?

Steps sounded on the stairs. After a small interval the big man Smith, followed by Brown, appeared smiling in the doorway.

"Well you're up," he said clapping his hands and wreathed in smiles. "Kid, you sure can sleep. How you feelin'?"

"I'm all right," replied the man dully.

Smith suddenly walked over to the bed, surprisingly quickly and sat down on it. In a second his face was serious.

"Listen, do you remember who you are and what's come off?" he said.

The young man nodded.

"Well, we're in some little hick place, where no one will ever find us. We couldn't have spotted a better hide-out. Your name's Jim. You ain't no other name, and remember it. Here they call me Smith — Joe's name's Brown. Now don't try to pull anything funny here, kid, or we'll get you quick. You see our life's not worth a damn, and we ain't takin' any chances on your double-crossing us."

The young man's face was white and tense.

"Listen, kid," Smith continued in the same low serious voice, "we ain't goin' to hurt you. Just as soon as your old man coughs up, we'll take you back safe and whole. Fifty grand isn't too much to pay for a swell kid like you."

"A man's got to live," Smith went on, "I'm only doin' my job. When we get the fifty grand you go home, but till then, you and me will be always together, and if anything happens . . . well I'll only be doin' my job . . . "

Brown sat quietly on the other side of the bed chewing. He didn't say a word. He never spoke much.

"My father hasn't got fifty thousand dollars," the young man said tensely. "Why don't you kill me and get it over with. I'd rather be dead than live through what I've lived through this last week . . . "

"Take it easy, kid," said Smith.

Suddenly Millie was standing in the doorway. They had not heard her come up the stairs, her feet were so light.

Smith was all smiles.

"Hello," he began genially, "the patient's awake. This is Jim, Miss. What's your name, baby?"

"Mildred," Millie said softly. She was not listening to the big man. She was looking at the boy on the bed.

"Are you hungry?" she asked Jim.

"Yes," said the young man. "If it's no trouble, I'd like something to eat."

He spoke with a slow crushed humility. Then he lay back and shut his eyes.

The two men got up. They clumped down the stairs after Millie.

III.

Everybody in town knew about the arrivals. It was still early for the Fair, which came toward the end of June.

Down in the barber-shop old Furness talked about the strangers, who had appeared two weeks ago.

Carter, who ran the grocery down the street had words to say about the two big men who boarded at their house.

"Right nice feller," he said, reaching for the thick watch chain across his beer-belly. "They're right decent. They pay their bills regular, and liberal, and I always say that a generous, liberal man is a intelligent man . . . Plays poker like a shark," Carter added lowering his voice.

Townspeople used to gather and look over the long blue limousine, in which these men had come. It had a Pennsylvania license on it. The children stood around and gawped at it.

The Washburns said no good would ever come from these people, but the Washburns, it seems, were jealous. However, it was true these men never said where they had come from and not even Mally Brainard, the town's best arguer, could worm any information from Smith's expansive evasiveness.

After three weeks the excitement concerning preparation for the Fair eclipsed the excitement over the new arrivals. The town stirred in the spring. Gay days were coming.

All around the aspen trees whipped their silver-bellied leaves in the still blue air. The pines stretched with a dark green shine

off into the mountains. Cars passed desultorily along the highway, five miles off. No one turned down the dirt road to Governor Junction.

In the evening the express train roared through. It never stopped. The mail was brought over from Kearton by Elezer Burson in his Ford car. There was not much to talk about, but the birds sang, the wild flowers grew in the fields, the corn was green, the air sparkled.

Millie standing at the gate saw Harry Osburn drive up in his new Chevrolet. He got out, a tall, straw-colored, sullen figure. He was good-looking, the best looking fellow for miles around. He had a sullen face with a strong jaw. He worked in a garage at Kearton.

Millie said, "Hello, Harry." She seemed unsurprised to see him, perhaps indifferent.

"Is that all you got to say fer your big moment?" said Harry. "Howya, Millie girl."

"All right," said Millie.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" asked Osburn, his sullen face darkening. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothin', Harry," replied Millie, "only you don't have to treat me like you owned me."

"Well, of all the nerve!" said Osburn. "I come all the way over from Kearton to see you, and you tell me that. I've a good notion to go right back."

"You can fer all of me," said Millie.

Osburn stood still, angered. He had never been treated this way before. He was not used to being unappreciated and it perplexed him. His anger mounted, but he did not want to go.

Millie leaned quiet against the gate, her lovely body defined through the ready-made dress. Her face was not especially beautiful but vivid and well-complexioned and her corn-colored hair had been put up as stylishly as she knew.

"Who you waitin' for, then?" asked Osburn.

"Nobody," she replied slowly.

"Is it that Perry Hudson fellow?" Osburn spat contemptuously.

She remained silent.

"Is it Gage Hogely?" he asked again.

She put on a disdainful look and did not answer.

At last he became exasperated.

"You'll never see me again," he exclaimed angrily, and he turned, walked down the path, kicked a stone savagely, got into his car, and drove off in a cloud of dust and gasoline.

Millie turned around slowly.

Then she saw him.

He stood on the porch, smiling, the first time she had ever seen him smile; his wasted face appeared to ignite under the smile.

He limped down the steps and approached Millie.

She stood almost as tall as he, her fertile hair piled up that way. She noted his delicate-skinned throat through the opened collar. Yet there was something indefinably disturbing to her in his lank wasted body. He wore his quiet clothes with an air.

"Was that your sweetheart?" he asked smiling.

"I ain't got no sweetheart," she replied angrily. She brushed by him and walked into the house. He stood and looked after her, still smiling.

IV.

The big man stuck close to Jim. The boy never moved without him, never went down town or into the fields without Smith and perhaps Brown, walking a little behind, taciturn and chewing.

Ma invited the men over to supper several times, and Pa was pleased. He liked to talk to them. Brown was quiet and unobtrusive, but Smith was genial and talked smoothly. He had been places, seen things. He dropped references to big cities like Cincinnati or St. Louis or New York, vast vague fabulous places where follies girls danced at night and young men drank themselves to death. Crime and murder and fires and larceny went on in an eternal cycle of glorious movement. Pa was going up there someday. Nothing ever happened in Governor Junction.

While they were talking, Millie felt the presence of the young man all the time. His personality was like a heavy perfume

around her. She dared not look at him; yet her eyes, disobedient, continually strayed to his thin body. Her body felt him, as if he had touched her, but he did not come near her very often.

She hated the humility, or perhaps hopelessness, which sometimes shrouded his face, the mechanical movements of his existence. He still limped a little. He would watch her feeding the chickens or helping Joss milk the cows in the barn behind the house.

The hired man, Joss, with his dangling wrists and red neck would come in and pitchfork the hay into the troughs for the plow horse But the young man was not in this world of fertile-growing things. Although he watched her, his eyes were vacant. And always near him Smith was doing something, whittling a stick, jawing with the neighbors, and Brown stood behind a little watching.

One afternoon toward the middle of June Millie couldn't stand it any longer. She was in the barn giving Joss some orders from Pa, and Jim was leaning against a hay rack near her watching.

Pretty soon Joss went out, and she turned toward Jim. It was a hot afternoon about three o'clock, and the sun blared in through the big wagon-opening and the loft windows. The smell of hay and manure was in the air.

Jim felt suddenly the warmth of her presence tearing away the unreality which had held him as in a dream.

Outside Smith sat on the fence stile, whittling a stick and talking somnolently to Brown. They could just see Jim through the wagon-opening.

Millie put her arms around his neck and leaned against him. Then they went away from the wagon-opening around to where the hay was thick in a pile in the stall-vent.

Outside the voices of Smith and Brown droned somnolently in the hot afternoon.

V.

Pa sat in the rocking chair on the porch. He had left the barbershop in the hands of Cass, his assistant, who would close it promptly at five minutes of six. Pa had left at five-thirty.

"I be danged," he thought, "if that feller Osburn ain't sore at Millie. He sure was sore tonight. Ain't no reason why Millie should of treated him thataway neither. Specially after he come all the way from Kearton to see her. Twice he come now. I be danged if I can see what's wrong with her."

He mused thus for awhile, until he saw in the golden glow of the dust on the road Calvin Tully standing at the gate.

Tully approached slowly, deliberately shifting his quid of tobacco to his other cheek. When he came within conversing distance of Pa, he stopped and spit.

"Hullo, Muster Furness," Tully said casually, "Is Millie agoin' out to Brenton with me tonight like she said she thought she might?"

"I dunno," said Pa, "can't tell what that girl's goin' to do. I'll call her. She's been actin' mighty tempermental."

"Oh, Millie," Pa called. "Oh, Millie."

Millie's feet could be heard descending the stairs in the house; then she appeared on the porch doing things to her hair.

"Hello Calvin," she said.

"Are you aimin' to come with me tonight?" asked Tully woodenly.

"I'm right sorry, Calvin," replied the girl. "I can't be goin' tonight."

Tully looked at her slow lovely figure and her greenish eyes gazing at him impersonally. His own wood-colored stare bored at her. At last he said:

"Well, I'm right sorry."

He walked slowly down the path to the road. The halo of gold on the dust had changed to purple. The mountains were on fire in the west.

"I be danged," said Pa slowly.

Then Ma's voice issued from in the house.

"Oh, Millie," Ma called.

"I'm goin' out tonight with the sick fellow," said Millie to Pa.

Just then up the path, their heavy feet crunching the gravel, walked Brown and behind him, Smith, his genial face wreathing in smiles.

VI.

Once away from the house, they walked slowly, Jim limping beside her.

The two big men, Smith and Brown, were not far behind, and their cigar tips glowed in the velvet night air.

"Why do them two always have to be followin' us?" asked Millie sullenly.

"They're following me," said Jim in that hopeless voice.

"Why they followin' you?"

"Afraid I'll escape."

The girl walked on in silence, her hand pressed to her breast.

"They're kidnappers," the man went on in the same dull voice. "Jim isn't my name, you know."

The girl kept looking at him, her cool green eyes intent on his pale face.

"Why don't you tell Pa or the Sheriff?"

"They'd shoot me."

"Why don't you sort of slip away and try to escape?"

"They'd shoot me."

"You ain't got any gumption," said the girl quietly.

"I'm no coward, if that's what you mean. It isn't any use, that's all."

The leaves kept rustling over their heads, as they passed down Straight Street. They turned toward the little rise near Grayam's pasture.

When they reached the spot, the shadows were sweeping with a liquid sway over the luminous night. Clouds could be seen in the sky. The moon had just set.

Millie turned to the two big shadows about fifty yards behind them, walking slowly — nonchalantly. She waited for them to get nearer.

"Don't you look," she said to Smith. "We ain't goin' to be long."

"O.K., Miss," said Smith. They sat down on a rock nearby, their big figures merging in the silver dark of the green grain.

"Here's all right," said the girl.

They sat down, he spreading his jacket.

"You better keep that on," said the girl.

"No," he said. "I'll be warm enough with you."

When they were sitting very close together, he could smell the grass violently, vividly, and a musky perfume she had put on. His heart was thrilling.

"Maybe it was worth it," he said.

"What was worth it?" she asked.

"My dying to be able to have you and days and nights like this."

She did not say anything, and he went on talking quietly, as if he were talking inside himself.

"I've had an easy life, rather existence call it, because I didn't really live, until I met death and you. You see, father wasn't a bad sort. He wanted me to make good at College, and I wanted it, too, and I guess I did, at that. I belonged to a good fraternity, went around with the right people, was in the right society, and I had sort of a future, you might say. You see, my father had a lot of money, and I had plenty myself; I wouldn't be here if it weren't for that. I had a car, a nice little Packard roadster — then I went to swell parties, Millie —that's what they called them, "swell" — sounds a little strange out here with skies miles wide and this grass here or weeds, or whatever it is, and this smell . . . seems kind of strange, all right. You know, I studied Greek and Latin and Economics. I had fine clothes, and we had servants, a maid, butler, — our house was on . . . well, never mind. Millie, I had everything I wanted, but I didn't know what life was about, I didn't realize until I felt the steel and met murder and terror and sickness and green rough fields and trees that don't do anything but whisper with the wind,

and strong flesh and you . . . murder and love . . . I think it was worth it."

"We've got to hurry," said Millie. "Them men might get restless."

She put her arms around the young man's neck and pulled him down to her.

"I love you, Jim," she said.

VII.

"He won't cough up, kid. He tried to pull a fast one on the receiver gang," said Smith to Jim quietly. "We're givin' him one more week. If he tries anything funny this time, well . . . I'm only doin' my job, kid."

"Yes," said the boy going white again. "You're only doing your job . . . you're only doing your job . . . "

"That's like dad, though," the young man went on tensely, "to try to beat the game. That's how he got to where he is now. He beat the game. He was always willing to take a chance. He liked to try to outwit people . . . "

"Now, come on, kid," said the big man Smith soothingly, "Don't take it hard. You ain't dead yet. This time he'll kick through . . . "

The young man stooped from the fence on which he was leaning, pulled up a weed and twisted it nervously.

Smith watched him from his small quiet eyes. The sun beat down shimmeringly in the blue air. Flies buzzed ceaselessly around.

"No," said the young man, "he won't pay the ransom. He'll think you're bluffing. He always thinks everybody's bluffing. That's how he got where he is now, rich and influential . . . "

Smith's eyes narrowed.

"He won't think it's bluff, if he doesn't come through."

The young man shuddered.

"That's all right, kid," said Smith softly, "He'll come through. Don't take it hard. You ain't dead yet. You got a week . . . "

He broke off, for Ma had come to the backdoor step to throw some dishwater out.

The chickens, suspecting food, began to run cackling toward her. She waited till one got within shooting distance, then let it have the water over its back.

"Land sakes, them chickens are senseless," she remarked smiling to herself. She went back into the kitchen.

Downtown Pa was walking slowly home with Cass.

"Be danged if Suddon ain't gettin' more bald ever' year," he said.

Cass nodded sagely in his ruminative way.

"Next week's goin' to be the Fair, Charlie Lot was tellin' me," Pa said.

Cass nodded again.

"What in Samhill's matter with you," Pa said to Cass. "Can't you talk? You been like the grave all day."

Cass turned his head in dumb agony and pointed to a swelling on one side of his jaw.

"Tooth-ache," he said laconically. "Goldarn tooth-ache."

Smith and Jim unleaned themselves from the fence with an effort. Brown stood off near the trough.

"Don't take it hard, kid," Smith said, "You got a week"

VIII.

The days were full of spring. Birds wheeled in the air. The mountains glistened in the distance from morning until night.

Brown had left town quietly, perhaps mysteriously, but little account was taken of his departure. Brown never said much, and the people had not noticed him, except that he was always where the boy was — quiet, his hands in the side pockets of his coat.

Jim's face during that week would take on the paleness it had had at his coming. Sometimes at table a remark or perhaps a

gesture or the sight of apple blossoms on the window sill or the sounds of wind in the leaves outside would start the color from his face.

"Why ain't you eatin', Jim?" Ma would say. "We got to fatten you — you're white as a sheet."

Then Pa would tell one of his old jokes about a pig in the poke and guffaw loudly.

Later in the evening, they would all sit out on the porch, watching the mountains glimmer into darkness and talking in low monotones. The white moths would come spinning against the screen windows. Mosquitos would sing — invisible, whining.

Secretly the young man emptied himself by watching the distant stretches to the horizon, and the stars near the mountains like white-hot coals.

Pretty soon a suitor would come around to take Millie out riding, disturbing the cricket and reed murmur. Then, when Millie had gotten her hat and tripped down the path, and hers and the young man's voices mingled, and the sound of the car door slamming, then the car starting, and finally rattling away, the stillness would settle down again, secret, full, throbbing.

At last after long, Mory Carter would drop over to say howdy and chat with Ma and Pa in a garrulous, indistinguishable murmur. Then Smith would idle over and tell a joke. Soon they would drift off, one by one.

Finally Ma would get up. Pa would rouse himself with an effort and rise after her and stretch. "Well I'll be turnin' in," he would say, "Young man, how about bed?"

"Oh, I'll sit up awhile," Jim would reply, and Pa yawning would remark:

"Well, do as you like. I be danged if these young people ever get to bed nowadays."

He would open the screen door and disappear after Ma up the stairs. The young man could hear their voices droning drowsily far into the interior of the house, until they reached their bed-room and closed the door.

Jim knew he was waiting for Millie. Everything thrilled of her. The crickets continual chirp-chirp, chirp-chirp, seemed to say Millie-Millie, Millie-Millie.

Over on the Carter's porch, he could see by staring through the shrubbery the burning coal of Smith's cigar, moving in an arc when he withdrew it from his mouth. Smith, waiting, waiting forever . . .

After awhile, when he had almost fallen asleep, yet even in sleepiness something listening for Millie, the sound of the car returning would startle him wide awake, tense, thrilled, every nerve in rapture for Millie.

Then through the darkness, he would strain his eyes watching the dark figures near the headlights of the car. He would get up from the chair and peer down at the two from the porch. There stood Millie and the man arguing; then the man grasping Millie in an awkward embrace, which she would break in a second. Jim longed to go down there and tear the fellow away from her and hit him, smash him, and then hit her, crush her in the dim wide night. He would limp frantically across the porch, his heart wild with the sudden jealousy.

Then she would be up the path and climbing the steps and saying in that hushed, thrilled voice,

“Jim.”

“Did you have a nice time?” he would say dully.

“Jim!”

“Jim, weren't you jealous for me?” she would ask. “You waited around, didn't you?”

“It wasn't for you,” he said dully. “I don't care about you.”

Then she would approach close to him, until he embraced her viciously, and they petted together in the dark.

“Jim,” she said, “Are you takin' me to the Fair, Saturday?”

“Maybe,” he answered.

They were silent on the porch looking at the night. Then they went up to bed.

Finally, Smith, sitting on the Carter's porch, would put out his cigar and lumber into the house.

IX.

Saturday evening was full of sound — unusual sound for Governor Junction. More people were in the streets. Large posters flared against the signboards. Posters filled the store windows; Lincoln's General Store had red and orange streamers across its stalls.

The lot near the Court House which contained several benches was congested with loafers. The cowhands from the boarding house stood around the postoffice steps and spat.

The saloon off Primsage road was crowded.

The Fair had come to town.

The strange, secret excitement, which enveloped the town, communicated itself to Jim.

But Brown had not returned by noon.

Smith was waiting, quiet, genial. The young man watched him sitting on the steps of Carter's porch, talking slowly, smilingly to Churchman.

The afternoon grew hot. The children went to the Fair, their mothers telling them to hush their screams or they'd go right back home.

At four o'clock Harry Osburn drove up in his car to the Furness's gate.

Pa was sitting on the porch, it being a holiday.

"Where's Millie?" asked Osburn. His face was sullen, peaked, and showed evidences of sleep or dissipation.

"I'll be danged if I can keep track of that girl," said Pa. "You wait; I'll call her."

"Oh Millie," said Pa, "Oh Millie-e-e-e."

His voice cracked.

After a time during which Osburn stood at strained attention listening to the old man gabble, Millie appeared from around in back of the house.

"Oh, hello," she said formally. "How are you?"

"Are you comin' with me to the Fair tonight?" said Osburn.

He stared at her, his straw-like, handsome face gone a little hard.

"Well, I am awful sorry . . ." she began.

"You gotta come with me," he said. "I come all the way from Kearton to take you," he said.

"Well, I'm awful sorry . . ." she repeated slowly. "You see I done give my bounden word to somebody else to go. I'm awful sorry."

He looked at her, misery draining his face.

"You gotta come with me," he said.

She stood quiet looking at the ground.

"I ain't seen you fer a long time, Millie. I'll kill the guy that you go out with . . ." he said desperately.

"I'm awful sorry . . ." she said.

His voice held an aching, hopeless quality.

"Millie," he said, "I'll . . ."

He stopped, turned, and walked swiftly down the path to his car, got in, and drove off. The dust settled indifferently behind his car tires.

Millie stood apparently wrapped in thought, twisting the belt of her dress.

"Millie," said Pa, "you shouldn't of ought to treat Harry thataway. That ain't no way to treat a feller. Harry was right sore at you."

"I don't mean Harry no harm," said Millie. "I got a date — that's all. He shouldn't act up like that."

Early evening advanced, and still Brown had not returned.

They sat down to supper, Pa feeling cranky from the heat of the day and not having enough people to talk to.

The Fair was for the young, he reflected bitterly, danged if the young wouldn't take the world, if they could get it — locking the old out into that increasing silence, until the old were shut by disease and debility from the sensuous pleasures of the world. The young, thought the old man in a sudden frenzy of irritability, got all the red and orange streamers, the painted balloons, the pleasure from sun and good crops and wind and Fairs at night . . .

Jim was looking at Ma, as she dished out the string beans. His face held a strained look, which, all during the week, had come and gone in his eyes.

Millie was still, as still as pool water in a golden dream.

"You shouldn't of ought to treat Harry Osburn thataway," Pa began again irritably.

No one payed much attention to him. Smith sat on the left of Ma. He had not spoken so much at first, but as the meal progressed he became genial and fluent again.

At last supper was over. Pa went to the porch and sat down.

Millie went up to put on her best gown for the Fair.

Smith and Jim remained at the foot of the stairs. Neither spoke. There was nothing to say that mattered. The young man saw in Smith's quiet, continual propinquity the long patience of death.

He did not believe his father would give up fifty thousand dollars without trying to beat the game — trying something funny, as Smith would say. The inevitability of this trait, grown natural through long years of an attitude toward life — believing that everything and everybody were bluffing, that what really mattered amounted to people's knowing you were not afraid of them, that you were in the social swim, so to speak, and that you were shrewd and brilliant . . .

The evening seemed to have darkened into night while they were standing there, silent, near the staircase. Jim moved stiffly away toward the porch, leaving Smith in the shadows of the hall, quiet, gnawing at his unlighted cigar stub.

When Millie and the young man had walked to Abton lane, the stars were twinkling over the mountains. Down at the end of the fields toward Barnard Hedge could be seen the flare of the big tents and booths, which constituted the Fair.

People were strolling along Straight Street, further over, young men and girls in frills.

Millie's gown, her best, was blackish and rather simple but assumed significance on her. She had worked on the gown

(Continued on page xxiv)

The Rage of Thersites

By LEONARD BACON, 1909

*Thersites' rage, just-handed Goddess, sing —
A railer, though he railed against a king,
And faced the music, the even with the odd,
To and including the Odysséan rod.
See him now wretched, outcast, and unknown,
Though he railed in public, raging all alone.
Oblivious at last to taunt and titter,
Deprived of sweet, conscious alone of bitter,
He sits to canvass persons and beliefs,
To estimate programs and to value chiefs,
And is perhaps not in the frame of mind
That mingles a fair balance with the kind.
In vision come before his wounded eyes,
Thrones, dominations, principalities,
Strength that authentic excellence sublimes,
And all the lifted brows of the times.
He looks 'em over with a glance dyspeptic,
Perhaps too captious, yet not always sceptic,
For loveliness still burgeons here and there,
Housman's grim grace, elf-horns of de la Mare.
This side the bitter sea, make no pretence,
Beauty has been fit for our reverence.*

*And yet Thersites with a moody eye
Rages alone because of poetry.
Well he may. Think of Eliot, all device,
Hurt petrel fallen on perpetual ice,
Never again the fluid plain to oar,
Or wing to Cytherean Labrador,
Forbidden from a static sea to rise,
Prohibited the commerce of the skies.
The lyric laughter sickens to a quack
Daily more flat, more hypochondriac,
Look at the dropped plumes. Then if you're a meany,
Explain the horror of the sight to Sweeney.
Whither has fled the music? Is this dull
Pontiff, unblissing and unbeautiful,
What's left? This bolter of the critic bran?
This parody of life? This was a man
Born with thy face and throat, lyric Apollo.
Fiam ceu Chelidon, but who can swallow
The titivated tosh? What Hellish grief,
When the critic robs the poet of belief.*

*So much for him, and possibly too much.
Here's other matter for the graceless touch,
Pitifully less in vigor and velocity
Since the late sad Armenian atrocity.
Death in the Afternoon might be sublime.
What shall we say of Death at cocktail time?
I do not give a damn for Saroyan,
Hit him if you wish, pronounce him if you can.
But exercise some measure of control.
Don't rage because he stole the show you stole.
It seems few things are harder to survive
Than seeing a competitor arrive,
But Hemingway, you sentimental Thraso,
If I were you, I don't think that I'd say so.
Let the fox gnaw no matter how it hurts.
His literary methods grieved you? Nerts!*

*I too might ponder that saw of old renown:
Save by himself none e'er was written down.*

*But what that squawk, hysterical and shallow,
From where the aloe blooms above Rapallo?
Can that flat clinquant be the authentic sound,
The sterling note of the devalued pound?
Cacophony melancholy, musical,
Provincial Middle-West, gone Provencal?
Ara vos prec — though it be a shame to mock
His only love, the sounding langue d'oc,
Which is to French, I say it on good grounds,
What A. E. Housman's English is to Pound's, —
Ara vos prec — What shall I pray you now?
Only be quiet! Hush! Pipe down somehow!
Stick to your new devices seriocomic,
Engross yourself in problems economic.
But cease to wallow in your arabesque
Arrangements, not dantesque but pedantesque.*

*At Dreiser, Muse, how can I gird too hard?
At wretched English, by worse German marred?
The scabrous details slopped on by the pail!
The wavering hammer missing every nail!
The thought without conclusion, inexact!
And never once a phrase intact, compact!
Only laborious alchemy unclear
Compounding unconvincing atmosphere!
Anacolouthon every little while!
Holy Longinus, what a star of style!
This circumstance perhaps for him should plead.
I should not blame him whom I cannot read.*

*Let's change the key. I'm eager to get on
From clumsy lynx and cock-eyed mastodon.
Transition! Damn it, I will change the key,
Tuning my reed to animalculae.
Dear Muse, I ask you: Must it still be chronic,
The city's imbecility ironic?*

*Is there no humor to divert the mind
Save the crass gibe uncourteous or unkind?
Must we endure through millenary years
Woollcott's brash howl, Arno's synthetic sneers?
For ever in hypnotic stupor sit
Bemused by pale hermaphrodites of wit,
For whom the silver cord of mirth is loosed
When a girl's compromised, a man traduced?
Who find an intellectual excursion
In heavy-weight allusion to perversion,
And essence of pure pleasure unalloyed
When they launch new slander forth "by force or Freud"?
Base travesty is all the art they know
To make men hateful and to keep them so.
Full up of venom, eager for the work,
The Gila and the Shila monsters lurk,
Ready, when comes the moment big with fate,
Their petty poisons to expectorate
That, long digested, in their entrails rot.
"They injure if they can and hiss if they cannot."
Or worse they teeter o'er intellectual chasms
Exploiting idiot enthusiasms,
Back-scratchers who continually vie
In a vast game of how to dot the I,
The game where Jack and Jill and Bob and Clara
Outline three-minute egos with mascara.
Didst thou see Dorothea's face of woe
That fatal night when Damon stole the show?
Or hear how horribly he caterwauled
What time his Alexandrine whimsy palled
And even that assembly must refuse
The tribute offered Calumnia their muse?
How longer bear these questionable shapes
The apes of apes of apes of Shavian apes?
These whisperers, who by callous arts exploit
Natures unkind and talents maladroit,*

*And croak and squabble, a vulturine society
Perched on the carrion of notoriety,
Who tossing grimy clichés to and fro
Obscenely at their betters mop and mow?
But brakes on hard! Enough of these delights!
Farewell, adieu, you pretty saprophytes!*

*Thus far Thersites rages, with gibe unclean,
When in his soul upset a whole tureen
Of hateful tears that ran like cold molasses,
As he mooned upon the sodden strand “thalasses
Poluphloisboio” — so might Ezra say
In his inimitable classic way.
But they were tears too horrible, alas,
That hurt and burned the eyes like mustard-gas.
For some God showed him, and it was agony,
What it was poetry was meant to be.
The noble tale, with motion like a wave,
Triumphing, full of beauty, full of brave
Translunar things, with the whole starry camp
Of human strangeness, Hector, Sairey Gamp,
Beatrice, Mercutio, Tartuffe, Peer Gynt,
All such inventions as have taken hint
From perpetuity that the planets hung.
Not four times forked contemporary dung!
Not conversations with the living dead!
Chloe’s mean wheeze or what Alexis said!
Not ignorant commonplace that knocks and kids!
Not the excreta of Ephemerids!
But, beauty, horror, ambition, love, and rage,
Passions that please or torture youth and age,
The phrase that fell from Heaven, the wizard spell
Of the huge line unlocking holy Hell,
The pity and the mirth of things, the wide
Sweep of the hawk of thought through skies untried
To gaze unblinded at a royal sun —*

*That on the whole, my lad, might be some fun.
But I'll prescribe no more pink pills for Orpheus.
"Let Morpheus aid me, as I've aided Morpheus."
Here is the end, I verily believe.
And Sleep may darn Care's badly tailored sleeve.*

This Was the Night

By JAMES YOST, 1937 E

The Love-Sick

COLD air covered the inside of his lungs. He walked with the relaxed muscles of evening after a day of exercise. He went up to the cabin and stopped, buttoning his shirt collar, and then he leaned back on the logs to watch the mountains grow black in the sky. It was a western night with the chill coming up quickly. Charles shivered in the wind and tightened his back against the cabin. He felt his dinner settling down inside him; he was aware of the unrest of food prodding the inside of his intestines.

I have waited long enough, thought Charles, this will be the night. He shivered again at his plan for the evening. It wasn't exactly a plan, because he seldom went to that much trouble. He would get an idea and act upon it as quickly as was convenient and with what energy he felt like using. For a week the idea had been that he was in love. It was a strange conception even to Charles that he should be in love. He was a gruff person, accustomed to bluffing, and if the bluff failed, to talking his way out, and if both failed, to using force of which he could produce much over short lengths of time. That he should be in love was unbelievable to other people and to Charles it was a strange sensation that made him feel helpless and sometimes almost tongue-tied.

Before this had happened he had treated the girl much as he treated everyone else, with a loud voice and a cynical laugh, but now his heart, his stomach, his internal organs made him

feel that a certain tenderness toward her was necessary. And when tenderness came his gruff charm went. Where before he had been picturesque now he became foolish and a trifle uncouth. The realization of this was more acute to him than to anyone else except perhaps Betty; and in her it produced sympathy, repulsion, and a puzzled fear. As he leaned back watching the evening climb high to the mountain peaks he felt the unrest that comes from love and a heavy dinner and he felt that tonight was the night.

At times in the past from certain things, from glances that met him full in the eyes, from the pressure of her leg against him in the movies, from these things and others he had decided that she loved him. He had never cared before to have anyone's love and now that he did, he expected to have it given freely. He had offered her at great expense to his pride several reasons to believe that he loved her and although she had never acknowledged them or made any statement of her own he felt that she was receptive, and as he leaned back against the cabin the shivers in his body reached a tremendous pitch, and with a jerk of his muscles he shook himself free and walked into the big room. Tonight was to be the night.

Betty was sitting on the floor before the fire. She was leaning back against a bench with her legs stretched out toward the fireplace. Charles walked in and sat down on the bench above her. He did not speak because on that particular night he was more self-conscious and reserved than he had ever been before.

"Are we going into town?" said Betty.

"Yes."

"Are the others going?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered and looked straight into the fire. Nothing was said for some time, but the restless silence made him aware of a fine unbalance within him. Betty put her palms flat on the floor and hunched her shoulders. She was wishing that someone would come in. I should say something, thought Charles. I should start now to pave the way. He didn't say anything be-

cause there was nothing that didn't sound foolish to him. The glow of the fire made him feel that time was being wasted.

"Betty," he said, looking down watching for her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, not looking up, and then someone came into the room. The person walked across the floor and the rounded heels of his boots made a thudding sound through the bearskin rug.

"Hello, George," said Betty. "Sit down."

"Are you going into Beaver tonight?" said George.

"Yes. Are you coming?" she said.

Charles's dinner was thick in his throat. He felt that a chance had gone which would never come again. His eyes bore down at the floor and in the side of his vision were her two legs with her blue jeans up to her knees and the hair on her legs was gold against shining brown skin in the firelight. Charles was completely baffled by himself. He felt like a big touring car stalled on a hill. He would have to do something. He would get up. He would say something in the old fashion.

He stood up with a bounce and punched George on the back of the head. "Well, cowboy," he said, "party night tonight?"

Everyone knew that that wasn't a very scintillating remark. It was not Charles in the old style. George finished his smile with Betty and then looked sideways.

"It's party night," he said. "Get on your old clothes."

"I always wear them," said Charles. And for the first time since he had entered the cabin he felt better because after all maybe he was taking it too seriously. Maybe it would be better to get drunk and forget about the whole thing. Maybe she wasn't worth all this trouble. He'd get drunk and forget about the whole works. He walked around with his hands in his pockets swaggering in his high heel boots. "Where's Dick?" he said. "It's time we started." He felt much better.

When Dick came they went out to the car; and Charles with one of his bursts of force picked Dick up off the ground and dumped him in the rumble. He climbed in afterwards and

pounded on the metal of the car, calling "Off to Beaver" in every direction.

It was uncomfortable sitting still in the rumble. His muscles were restless. The night air was weakening to his decision. He was afraid to sit still. He set his face against the wind and tried to look ahead, thinking of nothing at all, but the hum of the tires on the oiled road and the dead stillness of the flats to the side and beyond the flats the mountains tumbling high in the sky and all this covered by a huge western night made him uneasy and made him glance through the window to see what was going on in the front seat.

George was driving and Betty was looking out at the flats. Charles felt an indecision creeping from his stomach up. He leaned his head back and watched the stars revolve as the car rounded the turn into Beaver.

Every Night is Party Night in Beaver

A drunken man walks with precision. A sober man affects a swagger. In Beaver everyone swaggers: the drunk because they are too drunk to walk with precision, and the sober because they always swagger. In Beaver it is not uncommon to see a car driving on the sidewalk, nor is it uncommon to see a horse on a porch, but seldom there does one see a cowboy with his pants tucked neatly inside his boots. Seldom does one hear any shooting, in fact seldom does one see a gun outside the hardware store window. Seldom in Beaver does one go far without being offered a drink, and never in Beaver does one refuse it.

On the corner is the Cargo saloon, dance and gambling hall. Steve stood behind the bar and that night he was exceptionally busy. His bar boy never stopped running up and down behind grabbing empty glasses and tossing them into a pan of grey water. He jerked the glasses out from the water and polished them on his apron. He set them bottom up on the shelf behind the counter. The crowd before the bar was two deep. It was three days until the rodeo.

There were five pieces in the orchestra that played in the back room: two saxophones, a trumpet, a piano, and a set of traps. The man who played the trumpet sometimes alternated with the piano player, and the man who played the second saxophone sometimes played a banjo. The music was loud and brassy, it clanged back from the walls and tangled in the center of the room with a rush that sent the dancers galloping like colts. When the music stopped there were cheers and shouts and when it started again there was a skirmish and the thunk of boots.

It was into this turmoil that Charles walked, already upset internally and trying hard to make himself get drunk before he did something more foolish. But he was undecided as to whether he could win in either way. He thought: I will dance with her and see how she acts. The idea that she was unwilling to have his love had not yet formed in his mind. It was still in the phase of brain vapor. He was aware of a block in his way, something which he could not bluff out, talk down, nor push over, but he did not know what. He turned around to ask her to dance. George had asked her first. He saw them moving through the crowd toward the back room. Her blonde head and the white sweater on her shoulders were visible for a second before they turned the corner. Charles felt as though he were about to explode from internal pressure. He snapped his jaws shut and elbowed his way toward the bar.

"Rye," he said. Steve smiled his patient smile and reached for the bottle of rye.

Charles wasn't drinking rye because he liked it, nor because it was party night in Beaver. He was drinking rye because he had something to forget and that was the quickest and most painless way to go about it. Charles was taking an anesthetic. Unfortunately he was large and solidly built, and since it takes considerable time to anesthetize a man of that type, there was ample time for Charles to suffer before the rye took effect.

His mind was like a glowing stone. It sent jags of fire out into his body and made his joints twitch. He held himself

stiff and drank four straight shots without wetting beneath his tongue. In an eastern bar when a man drinks one straight shot everyone turns around to see if he has that purple complexion that comes from excessive drinking. In Beaver after a man has drunk four straight shots his friends gather around expecting him to buy them a drink.

"Hello, Charlie," said Horndike. "How've you been? I haven't seen you for a month."

"O.K.," said Charles. "Have a drink."

"Well, Goddam," said McKee. "Where you been hidin', Charlie?"

"I've been on a pack trip," said Charles. "Have a drink."

"Where'd you go? Up Wind River way?"

"No, I was over in Montana. Came back by Horn pass."

"That's nice up that way. Do any shootin'?"

"No. I fished some. Another drink, Steve."

"There some mighty fine trout in them streams. Did you fish in Magonne?"

"No," said Charles. "We fished some in that river on the other side of the valley. I don't remember the name. Snake river or something like that."

"Yeah. I know. They're all good up there. It's that goddam oil road that ruins fishin' down this way."

"Have another drink, Mac!"

"Don't mind if I do."

"Two more. Horndike, want a drink? Three more, Steve."

The drinks were placed on the counter. This time Charles didn't knock his off like a glass of water following an aspirin. Instead he drank it slowly with more deference than two-year-old rye deserved. He was becoming independent. He was crossing the boundary line which separates a sober man from a drunken man.

"Let's sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you about that horse you were trying to pawn off on me a month ago."

"O.K.," said McKee. They started to wiggle out from the bar.

"Mister Charlie. That'll be three dollars." Charles didn't hear.

"Three bucks," said McKee to him in an offhand way.

"Oh, yes." He plunked five silver dollars on the bar. "Keep those two extra," he said in a serious tone to Steve, "and when I want a drink tonight you give it to me. Let me know when it runs out. It saves trouble that way, reaching down in my pocket." Some of the men at the bar smiled.

"That's right, Charlie," said one of them. Charles looked up at the man who had spoken. "Goddam, it is right," he said.

When they had sat down at the table, McKee spoke. "You was talkin' about my horse, Charlie."

"That nag," said Charles. "I got a horse now could run circles around it. My horse goin' uphill, yours goin' down."

"Aw, you're crazy man. I would like to race you."

"Any time, boy. Any time."

"I'll race you tomorrow morning."

"My horse isn't shod. Tomorrow afternoon."

"That'll do me fine, Charlie. I just want to show you I ain't talkin' through my hat. Are webettin' on this race?"

"What do you want to bet?"

"One hundred suit you?"

"How about betting your horse against mine?"

"I ain't seen yours yet, Charlie. I can't say."

"By God! You won't see mine except from behind. It won't matter to you then, anyway. I'm liable to get stuck with that horse of yours, though."

"You won't be gettin' stuck if you get my horse, Charlie."

Charles had completely forgotten his affair of the heart. "Let's go and see what they're doing in the back room," he said. "Come on, Horndike. Wake up!" He gave Horndike a push on the side of the head. They walked through the crowd into the big room where the orchestra played. The crowd in there was less, but more energetic than before. The orchestra was only four now. Their fifth was dancing and singing with a small fat girl. The three weaved their way through the crowd to a

door in the rear. They went through the door into an alley and along through the dark to another door on the other side of the alley. They knocked and it was opened.

"Good evening, gentlemen." Inside was the smoke of tobacco, the click of dice, the hum of a wheel, and the electric light was yellow.

"One for the poor old dealer. Fielder coming up. Fielder every time. Money in the garden. Place your bets. Twenty six. Nobody on. Snake eyes. Your grandmother's teeth. One for the poor old dealer."

"Your dice, lady." And the lady took the dice in her right hand and with her left hand she pushed the sleeve of her white Brooks sweater above the elbow on her throwing arm. She drew back her arm in a graceful gesture and threw the dice into the far corner of the crap table.

"Snake eyes. One for the dealer. Keep the dice, lady."

The lady shook her blonde head sideways and smiled grimly at George who stood beside her. She drew back her arm and threw the dice with determination.

"Box cars. A run for the dealer. All fielders, nobody on. Still your dice, lady."

The lady stood up straight like a pine tree. Her head was majestic above the crap table in the smoke and gloom of the room. She threw her last silver dollar on the field.

"The field," she said. She took the dice as they were scooped toward her and flung them with abandon at the far end of the table.

"Number seven," said the dealer. "Not in the field."

The lady was disgusted. She was leaving the room. She turned to go but bumped into someone standing behind her. It was Charles. He had been standing behind watching her for some time. He had watched the arc of her arm as it threw the dice, the toss of her head, the dim grace of her back. Everything of the past week had come back to him. He stood with his mouth open. His huge red neck stuck like a tree-trunk from his shirt.

"Hello, Charles," said Betty. "Where have you been?"
"I've been in the other room drinking some," said Charles.
"Would you like to dance with me?"

"Yes," she said.

They went into the other room and danced for a few minutes.
"Let's get a drink," said Charles. They went into the bar.
They took the drinks back to a table and sat down. Charles had
forgotten everything but Betty and that he was in love with her.

"Betty," he said. "Ever since I met you last summer" —
He stopped. She took her drink in both hands and drank looking
down at the bottom of the glass. He sat on the edge of his chair.
He was trying to get her eyes but she would not raise them.
"I love you, Betty," he said, "and I want to kiss you. I'm
going to kiss you now."

She looked up sharply. "No, Charles. Don't. I don't love
you."

He was leaning across the table at her. "I'm going to kiss
you," he said, "because I love you." He reached out, but she
slapped him sharply in the face and stood up. The chair fell
over behind her. She was gone.

The ice in her glass tinkled from where she had set it down.

The ice stopped tinkling and there was silence in the glass.
The ice would never tinkle again. It would melt quietly along
the edges of the glass and be gone.

His sight was directed at the table but he saw nothing. No
noise entered his ears. He smelt nothing. He was limp. He
was not functioning.

The Resurrection

It was later in the evening. The door of the saloon was open
to the empty street and the chill air came in to mix with the
smoke and stench of liquor. The light in the room was yellow
and the bartender's smile grew sharper as the night grew older.
The crowd had gone. The hangers-on were sitting and stand-
ing in angular positions with their faces moving slowly and their

eyes dim. In the last booth to the rear stretched out sideways with his head hanging and his hand resting on the table was Charles. Before him on the table was an empty glass and another glass a quarter full which had once been cooled by ice but was now warm and greasy. It was the tail-end of somebody's drink.

Charles drew himself up and leaned on the table, looking blankly at the walls. He was feeling mean. He got up and walked to the bar.

"Give me a tall glass of water," he said. The water was gone in three gulps. He went out on to the street and looked up and down. The car was gone. There were three street lights. One reflected in the window of the drug store. The other two tried vainly to hold back the great western night. Beyond the darkness somewhere was the dawn coming up from the other side of the world.

Charles leaned against the front of the saloon for a few minutes and then with a shiver he straightened up and started for some place to sleep. They must have left him behind. He wasn't mad about it or sorry, in fact he was numb to the whole situation. He walked to the corner and looked around. There was a light a few hundred yards down the back road. When he came closer to the light he found that it was in the jail. When he knocked on the front door no one answered. He knocked louder. After a few minutes the sheriff came to the door in his pajamas.

"What the hell do you want?" he said. He was mad about being awakened.

"Open up," said Charles. "I want some place to sleep."

"For God sakes! Is that you, Charlie? Come in. Did you miss your ride back?"

"Yes. Sorry about waking you up, but I was damned if I'd sleep in the saloon."

"That's O.K. I didn't know it was you or I wouldn't have cussed you like that. We got a nice clean cell back there waitin' for you."

"Anybody in?"

"Yeah. Two of 'em. Old Ferguson's kid for stealin' somethin'. One of them C.C.C.s for fightin'. He's just in for the night."

"You haven't got any food have you?" said Charles.

"Sure thing. Come on back. We'll cook somethin' up."

In the kitchen the sheriff put on the coffee-pot and some bacon and eggs. He took a loaf of bread and cut off four slices an inch thick.

"Easy, boy," said Charles. "I don't want to eat up all your food. What'll you feed your friends to-morrow?"

"They ain't no friends of mine," said the sheriff. "I hate 'em. The state pays for the food anyway. This is a meal on the state, Charlie." The sheriff opened two bottles of beer. After they had finished eating they began to smoke. The sheriff got some more beer.

In a few minutes someone called from the window in the hall. "For God's sake! Turn that light out."

"What did you say?" said the sheriff.

It was young Ferguson. "I can't sleep with that light on, Hal," he said.

"Sleep on your belly, Ferguson, and you won't see the light. I'm entertainin' a guest."

"Let me come out awhile, sheriff."

"What do you mean? You don't come out for ten more days."

"Just a little while, Hal. I'm hungry."

The sheriff got up and went out to unlock the cell. "Come on," he said. They walked back together. The sheriff tossed the key-ring on the kitchen table and said, "Ferguson, this is Mr. Grant."

"How do you do," said the prisoner.

"How are you," said Charles.

"Get yourself some food," said the sheriff. "There's beer in the bucket on the porch. Get two bottles for us."

"There's nothing like a snack of food in the middle of the night," said the prisoner, as he went out back to get the beer.

"He's crazy as a hoot owl," said the sheriff. "He don't know up from down."

When Ferguson had finished eating they sat around and smoked and drank some more beer.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Hal," said Ferguson. "I'll cut you cards to see whether I stay in twenty days or whether you let me out now."

"I can't do it, Joe," said the sheriff. "I'd like to, but I can't."

"Go on," said Charles. "Cut him for it, sheriff. You can't lose."

"No, sheriff. You can't lose."

"Stop that stuff, boys. If you want to play cards we'll have a poker game."

"O.K.," said Ferguson.

"Where are the cards?" said Charles.

"They're on the shelf."

"Wake up the C.C.C.," said Charles. "He might want to play."

"Has he got any money?" said Ferguson.

"Yeah. He's got some. I took it off him when he came in. I'll go get it."

"I'll wake him," said Ferguson.

He and the sheriff left the kitchen. "Bring the bucket of beer with you," said Charles. He sat with his feet up on the table and leaned back on two legs of the chair. He unbuttoned the collar of his shirt.

"Come on boys," he yelled. "There's nothing like a little game of poker at a quarter past five."

Sonnets to an Imaginary Lady

By CYRIL HUME, 1922

I.

*Accept, fair love, sweet friend, the attenuate
And trivial immortality of these rhymes
Which haply yet may serve to personate
Your shadowy graciousness to other times;
And smile with amiable feminine vanity,
Fancying some curious student of our age,
We being earth, how he shall sigh for me,
And for your ghost forget the printed page.
And if my broken phrase limns here but poorly
Your debonair and gentle loveliness,
Be glad at least that, of the future, surely
Love, for my songs of you, shall be no less,
And, for their acquaintanceship, no woman can
Be less a woman, no man less a man.*

II.

*You must not say Not so, when if I praise
Beauties I see of yours in face or mood,
Nor lightly damn to vapid infinitude
A journey I have followed all my days.
How shall I justify myself to life
If this, my service to it, be a lie,
Or where turn now for courage? How shall I
Find new conviction worth the accustomed strife?*

*Wronging yourself, how bitterly you wrong
One whose sole function here is but to see
Beauty at large, to praise her in his song,
And in his life to bless her utterly.
You shall not, with denial selfish-blind,
Dissolve the radiance of another's mind.*

III.

*The great attribute greatness, and the fair
Of heart see fairness only flowing
Out from the sun in light, ineffably glowing
On every surfaced thing, and everywhere.
Those beautiful with melancholy see
The melancholy beauty of their friends
As a supernal goodness which suspends
The corporal laws of our mortality.
And I, so doting on your blessed face,
Do see more beauty there than Earth could hold,
And wisdom far above our sorry race,
And graces rare, and virtues manifold.
Thus oft, while earth-bowed under Nature's rod,
I fear perhaps I am the very God.*

IV.

*We know not what we are nor where we go,
Nor if beyond the illusory veils of sense
There be dear friends indeed whom we may know
To mutual solace for life's impermanence.
We Isolates hold for certain-sure but this:
That, being, each finds himself obscurely wrought
For one surpassing purpose, perchance to kiss,
Perchance to spend all passion on a thought.
For me, I know that I was born to squire
A single aspect of eternal truth,
An image calm as sleep and rare as fire,*

*Unique as birth or death or love or youth.
Who then shall say your end is not the grace
To wear my thought, a light upon your face?*

V.

*Often in fancy have I stood your friend,
Around your grace a constant shield up-flung,
And following fancy to my fancy's end,
Known you in every song I've ever sung;
In fancy worshipped well in flesh and brain
Your gentle womanhood, fathered your child,
Struck you to sudden laughter, and again
Moved your forgiving heart to weeping mild.
And all in fancy, knowing how fancy lies,
I still have smiled, nor yet have grieved too much
To be denied the kindness of your eyes,
To be refused the rapture of your touch.
Grief enters fancy only when I do
Fancy your greatest need my need of you.*

VI.

*Like to an image on a lofty hill,
It is not yours to accept or to deny
The homage of the way-worn passer-by,
But his to pause and muse and gaze his fill;
For who can say for what despair or wild
Destruction personal viewing you is balm,
Or with what oceans of abysmal calm
You make him recollect he was a child?
So stand and gaze I sans excuse, as though
I had the image shaped or once possessed it,
And think there is no beauty that can flow
Along my mind but she has partly guessed it.
And moon-shades, slanting through the o'erleaning tree,
Cast weird leaf-smiles upon her lips for me.*

VII.

*As Bayard, knighting Francis on the field
Of Marignano, having at first protested,
Leaped twice from earth, kissed hilt, and vowed to wield
No more a blade whereon such honor rested
In private quarrel or battle fought for gain,
No, nor to draw it in a cause more poor
Than a crusade to Outremer or Spain
Against the Saracen or Turk or Moor.
Thus too my verse, so honored in honoring thee,
Leaps bright no more from its hot sheath of wrath
For any ire of mine or vanity
In honorless brandishings as oft it hath.
To the fight on fraud and cruelty I bequeath it,
And from this day I swear I shall not sheathe it.*

VIII.

*I am not first to love whom all have thought
As unattainable as Sirius,
(For me thus unattainable, yea, and fraught
With dark infernal dangers and delirious!)
Nor have I hoped to win you; yet when thus
Losing you, oh forever! I am blinded
With a despair which is half fabulous,
And, of the flesh, more than half foolish-minded.
And so, when you are old, and making count
Of happy days and dark in the times dead,
Tally my witless love, which yet could mount
Even above your dear and gentle head,
As that one bead which never matched, and then
String it between your breasts, a talisman.*

IX.

*If there be aught of worth in that I've writ,
Come, let us steep it in a stirrup-cup,*

*And having drawn the essential juice of it,
Let us together casually drink it up;
Then say, dear friend, goodbye, and you shall go
On to your stately and renascent life
Free quite of me, but, having drunk, even so
A little yet my gypsy-hearted wife.
And when you look on water, or laugh long,
Pause for a moment with a stricken breath
Because the dream which might have been my song
Checked you again upon the way to death;
And I, well, I shall be where poets stray
When they have nothing left on earth to say.*

X.

*You Searcher of the unimagined dusk
Of some vast library in the future years,
Striving with foot-notes to make quick the husk
Of our dead time, and all its blood and tears,
Chancing on this page, and ravished straight
By some quaint beauty of my antique phrase,
For its sweet sake make kindlier estimate
Of the huge beastliness of these our days.
For though we dealt in lies and gold and pain,
Yet, by my power of song, there was, I swear,
One woman gracious as the April rain,
And lovelier than the summer of her hair.
One woman to live in beauty I aver,
And, yea by God! one man to worship her!*

Afternoon of Awakening

By LUTHER BERRYHILL DAVIS, 1938

THE mere fact that he was being allowed to ride without a groom was exciting enough. The fact that he was accompanied by Dorothy, the daughter of the man who owned the dude ranch, filled him with thrilling delight.

The two rode out of the corral at a slow walk, both of them looking tiny atop their mounts. Dorothy, he noticed unhappily, was bigger than he. There shouldn't be that much difference when you figured that she was only a year older. The sight of her, serene and competent and brunette, depressed him a little, but as soon as they were out of sight of the stable he began to feel better — he felt that the difference almost disappeared if there were no one to notice it.

He'd learned to ride in the East and unconsciously began posting in the high-canteled stock saddle. Dorothy turned to look at him disdainfully when she detected the sound of leather creaking. "A little English?" she said.

Ed stopped immediately and tried manfully to sit the trot with the ease with which she rode. He began to feel sore, and embarrassed at his incompetence as they rode along at the same pace, but he would have died rather than ask her to slow down. Her superiority, he felt, was too evident in every way. It wasn't fair.

Finally, with all the cruel condescension of eleven, she slowed her horse down to a walk. He knew from experience that it would be impossible to start a conversation with her — in fact

to take the initiative in anything. So he fell to examining the steep walls of the canyon in which they were riding. Red stone with creases and nicks in it. He saw one formation that reminded him of an airplane in flight. The way the shadows fell on it made it look very real, he thought. He wanted to point it out to Dorothy, but didn't. He just stared mournfully at the back of her neck, and her shoulders showing through the mesh of her shirt, and was quiet.

"Do you want to play ghosts?" she asked suddenly.

"Sure. You start."

"H."

"O," he said quickly.

She thought for a minute. "R."

He didn't know what the word was going to be, but he knew from her expression that he was well on his way toward the spirit world. Then, suddenly, with inspiration he said, "S."

Her face darkened. "E," she barely whispered. "And don't tell me that I'm a third of a ghost. I know it."

Ed felt guilty; as though he'd failed in the part she'd assigned him. "Do you want to play any more?"

"No."

He brushed a fly off his horse's neck, and was about to settle back in his saddle when she suddenly quickened the pace. "Hurry," she called over her shoulder. "Cattle."

They galloped down toward a little creek where a bunch of cattle was standing, munching the luxurious grass of the damp stream banks. Ed's horse got away from him, and he found himself in the lead. As they drew closer to the herd she started to yell in imitation of the cow-hands; he felt he should do the same thing, but the sound of his own voice made him self-conscious and complicated the situation — he was having trouble enough just staying on. He reined his horse to go between two trees at the edge of the clearing, and then he suddenly pulled in with both hands and a ferocious strength which surprised him. Dorothy saw his sudden halt and came trotting toward him. "What's the matter?" she called.

He didn't answer until she was almost up to him. Then all he said was "Look."

She glanced into the shade of the trees, and jerked her horse to a stop. They both sat there, pale and sick, watching a cow give birth. A low, desolate mooing filled the air; flies were already gathering; the mother trembled under the hot leaves of the trees. It was a scene of pain and nausea; cruelly new, shocking. They both felt that something unclean, immoral, was taking place before them; they turned away, numb with comprehension.

He tried to keep his horse behind hers as they rode off, so that she wouldn't see how sick he was, but the animal, knowing that they were headed back, pulled abreast of Dorothy's mare. Ed didn't have the strength left to hold him back. This thing he'd witnessed had left him cold and afraid; left him with questions and doubts.

For her part, although the stark realism of it had affected her, she was not surprised. Being a country girl she'd been close to this all her life, although she'd never seen a birth before.

"*You* were born like that," she said suddenly with all the unfeeling directness of her age.

He was angry; wanted to tell her it was a lie; to shout that it couldn't be, but he just faltered, "I — was?"

"Everybody. Me, too."

He turned his head away; wanted to vomit, but didn't dare. Wanted to cry, but couldn't. "How — why?" he asked.

"A bull kissed her — the cow I mean — and caused that." She was serious and very superior now. "It's the same with people. When a boy kisses a girl, she has a baby . . . like that."

That was too much. He burst into tears; felt them running into his mouth. "You mean Dad — ?"

"Yes."

He was lost. Everything had changed; everything was cruel and terrible. He knew that what she said was true; it was the answer to vague yearnings he'd felt inside himself; it confirmed the hints which he'd gleaned from the conversations of other

boys, of grown-ups. All at once he felt life crushing down upon him with all its complications; found horrible meaning and uncleanliness in everything. He lifted his head, sobbing back his tears, and looked at Dorothy. Now he knew the reason for the emotions which had confused him when he was with her. *He had wanted to kiss her.* The terrible guilt of himself! He would have caused her to go through such a thing as he'd just seen. He looked at her boldly through his tears. "If I kissed you, would that happen?"

She raised her little head heroically, the martyred woman. "Of course," she said.

Strange Touch

By GLADDING BURROWS, 1937

*These hands would clutch the strength of stone,
Would finger steel and cry for power,
Stretch out a train's length, stride a sea,
Pull stratospheres to earth, mash sun and stars
To powdered weight like snowballs softly shaped.
These hands would strike across a page,
Withering white with a black flame,
Would seize the brush and cast a scheme
Of colors born of dawn and wind-whipped hair.
But now, trembling, they clasp ashamed:
Brute fingers afraid to touch the eyes,
Cool arms and shadowed neck, as if
Substance would melt and low voice vanish,
Leaving only a fragrance on their palms.*

Ten Dollars Won

By ROBERT D. HEINL, JR., 1937

“**A**LL right, Crane, you can report this station manned and ready now — I think everything’s attended to,” said Commander Richardson, fingering a range-table, with “CONFIDENTIAL!” printed on its covers.

On the whole, it looked as if things would come out pretty well, he thought. So far, everyone was attending strictly to business, and the organization of the Department was functioning without any hitches. Commander Richardson had come to the *Dakota* as Gunnery Officer only a few months before, and he had found the ship’s gunnery in a bad way. His brother Jack’s ship, the *Carolina*, flag of the division, was famous for her shooting, and, Richardson recalled, Jack let you know about it. You would have thought he was the only gunnery shark in the Fleet. Well, today ought to show him. “That ten dollars, now . . .” he said.

“Sir?” answered Lieutenant Crane, the Assistant Gunnery Officer.

“Nothing — I was only talking to myself. Sign of old age, I suppose.”

On the other side of the Fire Control Station, two enlisted fire controlmen were talking quietly to each other.

“Hear that, Shorty?” asked one.

“What?”

“Didn’t you hear the Commander talking to himself about that ten dollars? You know — that bet he’s got with his brother that we’ll outshoot them today.”

"Hell, I got better things to think about than that." A pause, as he flicked a bit of oil-soot from some fresh paint-work. "Do you think we'll sight the enemy before chow? — I could eat a raw baby, I'm so hungry!"

"Well, you better be thinking less about your belly and more about your shooting, because if we do get out of this without beating the *Carolina*, there's going to be hides nailed on the barn door! I even got a little dough bet myself, and they say the Skipper ———"

"Belay that talking, there!" called the Gunnery Officer, and there was silence.

Commander Richardson borrowed the spotting-glass and looked back down the line of battleships towards the *Carolina*. His brother's station was in the fore-top, but, unfortunately, the smoke of the *Dakota*'s funnels obscured the ships astern in a fog of oil-soot and heat-waves which distorted the view and made them look like objects seen through old glass. It was all so familiar and so routine. A hundred times a year, the Fleet had exercised at sea, gone through the same painstaking drills, executed the same manœuvres. Now that they were steaming out in dead earnest, Commander Richardson was unable to convince himself that it wasn't just a super battle-practice. He turned his thoughts toward the possibility of casualties, of being sunk, but it was no use. After all, things like that just didn't happen to you. If only everyone would take it easy, that ten dollars was as good as won.

And it *was* like battle-practice. True, there was a feeling of tension throughout the ship, and all hands had been a little more thorough in their preparations for action, but, on the whole, it seemed like a drill. From the foretop, surrounded by his fire-control instruments, his gun-directors, and his satellite officers, the Gunnery Officer took it all in: the far-away smudges of smoke on the horizon that betrayed the scouting-screen of cruisers; the destroyer-flotillas, on the disengaged side waiting their chance to steam headlong into the enemy battle-line and loose their torpedoes. Every now and then, a hoist of bright signals would

jerk abruptly to the halliards of the *Carolina*, and their own signalmen would reply. All radio-instruments were silenced, and the signalmen led a harassed existence.

Commander Richardson's enlisted "talker", harnessed about with head-phones and mouthpiece, was connected to the ship's Battle Telephone Circuit. Over the phones, you could hear buzzing fragments of orders and reports: "Plot, Plot, Plot . . . Plot, aye, aye! . . . Testing JV Circuits, Plot! . . . Plot, aye, aye! . . . Forward Battle Dressing Station manned and ready! . . . Group Four Secondary Control Station manned and ready! . . . Flag signals William Dog Mike Easy Queen . . . Chief Master-at-Arms reports all prisoners released before action . . ." The talker felt that a cold beer would go just about right.

Commander Richardson tapped his foot and whistled a little tune between his teeth. Probably they would pick up the enemy before the *Carolina*, and that was one advantage of leading the Division. Below, in their special station, the battle lookouts were sweeping the horizon; surely something would be sighted soon. The Assistant Gunnery Officer was tracing geometric patterns on his scratch-pad. In the cramped, hot turrets, the gun-crews perspired; in the fire-rooms, where the furious burners were never still, the bright orange jets of flame set shadows jumping on the bulkheads with their tortuous pipes and steam-leads. The Medical Officer, in the merciless white dressing-station, was scrubbing his hands with bichloride while a Pharmacist's Mate clipped dressings and spread them in neat piles. Throughout the ship, every one waited.

The afternoon was sultry, and, at first, Commander Richardson thought the noise was thunder. Then, in quiet amazement, he realized that the cruisers must be in contact. Mechanically, he called "Stand by!" and heard the order repeated by his talker. His Lieutenant abruptly stopped scribbling, and crumpled the page. A tiny cloud of smoke blotted the horizon on the port bow.

"Enemy in sight!" barked the Spotting Officer; "Enemy in sight!" repeated the 'phones; "Enemy in sight!" winked the

blinker-signals from ship to ship. The rangefinder readings began to come up, "One-nine-oh-double-oh . . . one-eight-nine-five-oh . . . one-eight-nine-double-oh . . ." The spotters focussed their glasses: "Target bearing one-five-oh true . . . target angle two-eight-oh . . . speed twenty knots!"

"Good," thought Commander Richardson, "I'll bet Jack's people aren't so cool as these fellows." As he coached the director around, following the tiny image hull-down on the horizon, he felt mildly surprised not to see a regular target-raft, but the distant target was scarcely less impersonal than a battle-raft. The blunt, snouted rangefinders were tracking the assigned enemy target, as the huge, solid turrets trained noiselessly. The guns pointed upward like fingers as the advance-range and deflection came down to them. On Commander Richardson's right, a cluster of little red lights flashed on, one after the other, each signifying a turret ready to fire. In the magazines, sweating powdermen pushed canvas-bagged charges of ammunition through flame-proof doors, and shell-hoists clanked upward.

In the conning-tower, the Captain nodded.

"Commence Firing!" buzzed the phones.

The *Dakota* rolled. As the horizontal wire in the director-sight crossed the horizon-line Richardson pushed the firing-key. The whole ship shuddered; orange flame, veiled in acrid brown smoke, shot from the twelve 14-inch gun-muzzles; and ear-splitting thunder rumbled and crashed around the ship. Already, fresh ammunition was coming up, plugmen were spongeing off huge breech-blocks, and gun-pointers were matching their indicators as the ship rolled. "Up a thousand!" sang out the spotters.

Hardly conscious of the din around him, Commander Richardson tranquilly manned his director. Shells were beginning to scream and rip overhead. Salt shell-spouts doused the ships all down the line. The enemy was answering, and he could see the distant flashes of his guns, feel the approach of the salvos, and finally see the shells hurtling down right at him like huge blue-bottle flies. A signal ascended the flagship's halliards, and, a moment later, the entire line commenced swinging, each ship

leaving a curling, foamy wake in its path, so that from the air it seemed as if a giant pen had made fifteen curving parallel strokes on the dark sea.

In the middle of the turn, one battleship swung wide, away from the rest, and, with smoke pouring from its funnels, broke the formation. As every eye in the Fleet watched, she steamed directly towards the enemy line, her rudders apparently jammed. In an instant, as the range rapidly began to decrease, she was surrounded by a veritable smother of shells, salvo after salvo dropping about her, and curtaining her with huge clouds of spray. Her guns maintained a steady fire, and, between every enemy salvo, the spotters in the other ships could see the flare and recoil of her turret-guns as she tried to reply to the hammering fire of virtually the entire enemy battle-line. At her mainmast was a blue flag, and, as she crossed the *Dakota*'s line of fire, Commander Richardson realized that it was the *Carolina*.

He saw a cluster of smashing shell-bursts about her conning-tower; her foremast, its base blanketed by smoke, slanted crazily, toppled, and fell. A second later, a huge jet of living flame shot skyward, higher than her standing mainmast; a volcano of smoke erupted from her vitals, and there was a thundering, pealing reverberation as the entire battleship disappeared, literally blasted from the surface of the sea. "*Carolina's* blown up sir!" laconically reported the spotter.

"The *Carolina's* blown up," Commander Richardson repeated after the spotter. He stood still for a moment. His Lieutenant looked at his face and broke off an order he was giving. Despite the terrific din outside, there was an impression of utter silence. Then the phone began whining.

"All right, man, what are you standing there for? Don't try to mesmerize the damned thing! Answer it!" Commander Richardson jerked an order to the talker. The Lieutenant bent over his calculations again.

The Gunnery Officer trained his director on the target. No longer was that miniature silhouette remote or impersonal. Now it was not merely the enemy at whom he was firing. The turret

ready-lights flickered on. With deliberate precision, he followed the target. His hands were clammy; the brass instruments felt cold against his palms. When the enemy ship came exactly on, he pressed the firing-key. As the blast of his salvo rocked the ship, he knew that he had done with target-practice.

Sweet Thunder

By A. J. WARING, JR., 1938

OLD Sam Locke had been dying for months. Cancers can be slow, and located in places where no treatment, however radical, can get at them. He'd known it all along, and took it with the same reserve with which he had received orders in 1898: "If you're gonna die," his philosophy ran, "don't make a dam' fool out of yourself doin' it!" He simply took it all calmly, and let Molly and Dr. Carroll think that they were putting something over on him.

Molly was always cheerful and kind, even though she never had got married. She always came into his room like a little flurry of dust in the breeze, fixed his bed, and laughed and made plans for next summer. But her voice was queer when she planned, and Sam wished she wouldn't try so hard to make him happy. Why couldn't she be like Carroll? Young Carroll was only about fifty, and he would come in and sit with Sam and joke with him. "It takes a hell of a lot to kill us old men off, doesn't it Sam?"

Carroll was nice about the liquor, too. That damned squirt who came in on the case before had tried to stop him. Carroll had simply said, "It hasn't killed you yet, Sam. Now if you only take a couple of drinks a day, I think it'll be all right."

Sam had a farm down on the Ocmulgee, one of the best in Georgia. It was on the Southern side of the slope where the sun struck warmest in winter, and where the frost never hurt the peach-trees. That was where his mind stayed most of the

time. Now, he was hunting woodcock in the canebrake on the swamp's edge, or sitting for squirrel in the swamp itself, and, again, he was up in the pines on the hillside with the slick, clean, pinestraw deep under his feet, or walking in the fields with his dogs.

Harvesting was over, and Flaherty, Sam's foreman, came into town with six great, smoked hams. He stood at the foot of the bed with his hat in his hand, and the hams piled high on the table. Mr. Locke looked pretty bad, he thought. Sam called to Molly, "Molly, oh, Molly! Call up Carroll and tell him I've got a ham for him."

Flaherty was trying to resume the conversation and fingered his hat as he spoke. He felt a little uncomfortable in Sam's bedroom, and tried to hide it beneath a mask of strict business. "Do you think I'd better get them hogs out of the swamp, Mr. Locke?"

"Yes, I would. It's cool enough for a cutting."

"All right, suh, I'll get round to that the las' end of the week. I sure hope you'll be feelin' better soon."

Flaherty turned to leave, but Locke raised up on his elbows in bed, and spoke in a changed and grimly suspicious voice, "Flaherty! Were you aimin' to use my huntin'-hounds for hog-dogs?"

"Lord, suh, I wasn't studyin' it." Then, rather pleadingly, "But Bonny is mighty fine in roundin' in hogs."

"Mind you don't use him. I ain't riskin' a one of my hounds on them dam' razorbacks. Use nigger-dogs."

With resignation, Flaherty answered, "All right, suh."

Sam lay back in his bed and looked over the foot at Flaherty. He spoke in a different voice, one at the same time warm and dreamy. It always embarrassed Flaherty to glimpse the feelings of his employer when Locke became gentle.

"Flaherty," he said, "how are Bonny and Trudy, and Jagger?" He became reflective, and his eyes wandered from Flaherty's face. "It used to be mighty good to hear them down in the canebrake after a fox. Yes, it's a fine sound. I'd rather

it'd be the last I hear, not barring angels, or harps, or anything. Yes, I'd rather it'd be the last before Judgment!"

Autumn was at its height when Sam made his request of Carroll. It was early one morning after breakfast. Molly had taken his tray, straightened his sheets, and moved the table with his papers on it over by the bed. Carroll had come early. It always gave Sam a little lift in spirits when Carroll called on him before any of the other patients.

Sam had lain awake the afternoon that Flaherty had come to town. Usually two stiff drinks at four put him to sleep until supper, but he couldn't sleep thinking of his hounds.

Locke was sitting up in bed when Carroll arrived. The papers were still piled neatly on the table, and the seltzer bottle and decanter had not yet made their advent. Sam was so eager to talk that it honestly surprised Carroll.

A half an hour later Carroll closed the door behind him and started down the stair with his bag. He didn't leave, but put the bag down by the front door and started for the back of the house after Molly. He found her in the kitchen putting some doves a friend had given Sam into brine to soak. She dropped the last dove when she saw Carroll's face and spoke hastily. "What's the matter?"

Carroll answered in a voice calm but tinged with despair. "Sam knows everything!"

Molly spoke with vexation. "Oh, why did you tell him?"

"I didn't. He must have known it all along."

"What bum actors we are!" Molly said with disgust.

Carroll paused a moment and then spoke rather slowly. "At first I thought you had told him, but I guess when a man grows old and death is near he feels it somehow. He has been thinking about the farm and the dogs. He said to me 'Carroll, I haven't more than two or three weeks at most. When the days crowd you like that they really don't amount to much. I'd give them all just to sit on the porch at the farm and hear my dogs in the canebrake again.' "

Carroll watched Molly's face closely for the effect of his words. Her face tightened a little and she paused before she spoke. "What did you tell him?"

Carroll kept his eyes on her face. "I told him that I didn't think it would do him any harm."

Molly didn't look up for quite a while. When she finally did she spoke quietly and there was a shadow of a smile on her face. "I don't guess he'd miss two or three weeks, do you?"

Carroll's new Packard turned off the main highway and down a short clay road towards the river. Sam sat in the back with Molly, deep in pillows and blankets. He was happy now, like a child home again, delighting in every familiar sight. The red Ocmulgee glinted over the shoulder of a hill; willows, still yellow in the late autumn, marked its margin and the edges of the fields. As the car rounded the hill the willows widened into the swamp and canebrake. Sam's farm stood there on a little rise with its back to the swamp — three houses, a barn, a water tank, all white in the afternoon sun.

They finally got Sam comfortable in a big morris chair on the porch where it was sunniest and where he could see the whole valley and the river winding away to the east. When Carroll and Molly finished with him he was completely packed in blankets with the exception of his face and the hand to hold the drink. Flaherty, a bit bewildered by the whole procedure, took the dogs down into the canebrake and Carroll and Molly went with him to watch. Soon the valley was filled with the yapping of excited dogs, and, later, with the long baying when the quarry came in sight. All afternoon, Sam sat there, as if he were Moses come to Canaan. The sound drifted up with the slow evening breeze and filled him with a great happiness and a great peace.

He looked down the valley, away from the setting sun, with the distant baying of the hounds in his ears. The earth seemed to rest; the brown fields and distant, golden hillsides slept against

the late Autumn sky. A long, blue mist seemed to rise and grey the colors. The trees began to change, and the fields became dimmer. The air took on a nebulous golden haze. That faded too. Sam thought it was his eyes growing weak, but of course it was only the evening mists and the smoke from the negro cabins.

Carpenter's Hill

By CHARLES C. BUNKER, 1936

*The mist is rising from the cellar-holes,
From the white slender gravestones on the hill,
With the west wind blowing the leaves turn back,
The yellow grass whispers,
Over the fallen fences and the roads grass-grown
The air stirs freshly the rain is ceasing.*

The land was cleared and the houses built,
The soil was sour the stones in it many
And the winters long with the frost forever in the ground:
The West, they said, was richer, less heartbreaking.

*Now it's a hundred years the land has lain
Cold and rock-filled with the rain frequent,
Gone back to pasture with the mud deep in the late springs,
And the soil still bitter, the earth unyielding.*

I'm Not Worrying

By BRENDAN GILL, 1936

FOR a week I knew it was coming. I was the only kid in the garage who wasn't married or didn't have a family to help support, and I'd only been working in the ACME for about six months, so when the boss had to lay off some one, of course it would be me. We all knew he was losing dough hand over fist; one of those modernistic service stations had bought up the corner across the street and was getting all our trade. The ACME was kind of an old-fashioned garage, dark and gloomy, and grease and oil all over the place. You had to back around to one place to get gas, another for water and oil, another for air; it was made over from an old stable or something, I guess, and when this new place opened across the street, with shiny red pumps and glass show-windows, there wasn't very much the boss could do about it. Those guys across the street even wore uniforms, red and gray, with black puttees, and the name of the company on a little shield on their chests. "My God!" the boss had said, when he first saw them; then he looked down at his own dirty brown overalls and wiped the grease from his hands onto his hips. "How'd you like to be boy scouts, boys?"

The boss was cheerful enough, but we all knew what he was thinking.

Well, I knew it was bound to come, so when he called me into the little glassed-off cubby he called his office, I was ready enough. He tried to explain why he had to let me go. "I'm sorry, kid," he said, "but that's the way it is." I told him to forget it. I knew he couldn't afford to pay me for work that

the other men had plenty of time to do. The ACME wasn't a charity institution. That's what I told him. "Look, kid," the boss said, "I can give you a week's wages, but that ain't going to last you long. Got any idea about what you're going to do?"

I would have felt like a bum, taking an extra week's wages from him; it was tough enough already. "I think there's a new place in Meriden," I said. "A friend of mine went up there last week. I guess it's just opening up. I bet I can get something there." You could see the boss knew I was lying, but he wanted to believe it, because he hated to throw me out.

"That's swell, kid. Here's fifteen bucks. It ought to get you to Meriden, at least. And so long."

"Forget it," I said. "I don't need the money. I got some saved up; and I'll be getting that Meriden job in the morning. So, so long, boss."

He didn't fight very hard about my taking the money. It was funny, seeing him pretend I ought to have it, but glad I refused. Or maybe it wasn't funny at all. I was feeling so rotten I could hardly see.

I didn't want to go back to Mrs. Riordan's, because I owed her five bucks from last week. There wasn't anything but a tooth-brush and a razor and a tube of shaving soap in the room, anyway, and an old suit that wasn't worth lugging around with me. Mrs. Riordan could have that instead of the five bucks: it would fit one of her kids if she cut it down here and there and patched the seat of the pants.

The ACME was in West Haven. What I wanted to do was cut across into Hamden on the College Highway, where there was always a gang of trucks going by. I could bum my way along as far as I wanted, maybe as far as Boston. I had about as much chance of getting a job in Meriden as the boss had of beating out that new super-service station on the other side of the street; but there might be something doing in Hartford or Springfield or Worcester. Everybody said there was a lot more money up there than there was around New Haven, and I guess they were right.

It was only about three o'clock. The sun was very bright, but the wind seemed to make it feel a long ways away. I figured I could cut over through West Rock Park, along by the reservoirs, and come out finally on the College Highway, near the Sleeping Giant. That would save me bumming my way downtown, then all the way out of the city again. Besides, I wanted to go a little of the way by myself, just to figure things out. I wanted to stop and say to myself, "What's going to happen to you tomorrow?" because I'd been ducking that question for the last four months. It was about time I got wise to myself, and started to think for a change. Like telling the boss I had some money saved up! What did I want to say that for?

Whenever I had about five bucks more than I needed I used to date up Tonie, who lived with her mother across the hall, and we'd go down to Savin Rock for the evening. I'd borrow a car, and a pair of white shoes from a guy I knew, and Tonie'd get out the white dress of hers that was all soft and filmy, and showed just about everything she had: you could see right down through the V of her dress where there was some kind of a sacred medal hanging against her white skin. Anyway, we used to have some swell times, dancing and riding in the *Comet*, and on the flying horses, and sitting out on the platform afterwards, drinking beer and listening to the slap-slap of the waves on the beach. And sometimes we used to walk a mile or so along the shore, to a little secret place there was in the rocks, like a cave. She didn't used to put her shoes and stockings back on until we were almost at the park again, to keep the sand from getting into her dancing slippers. We used to have a lot of fun, when I could get the money; and her mother didn't mind, because she knew we never did anything except hug and kiss each other a lot, and dance, and have a good time. We tried to pretend that was all we wanted; and sometimes I'd ache all over, thinking about it after we got home. Most of the time we didn't even talk about love, because I was earning fifteen bucks a week, and she had her mother to support, and we both knew I might be thrown out of my job almost any day. We didn't think about it, if we

could help it: we just went out and danced, and laughed, and sat around. And we couldn't do that very much, because the guy used to ask me two bucks for the car. So I had a fat chance of ever saving any money, like I told the boss. And I knew I had to wake up and figure out just what I was going to do about money, as soon as I started earning some more.

So I took the path that climbs around the west part of the Park, where you cross the brook and walk along the edge of the cliff above the quarry. There was such a strong wind blowing against the side of the mountain that the trees were crying and shouting like live people; and when I threw a stick out over the edge of the cliff it flew back high above my head. When I got to the top of the mountain I lay down on a warm red rock that faced the sun, and tried to think what I should do. I kept watching the men in the quarry; they were little black specks against the heaps of crushed rock. I was sorry about leaving Tonie without saying good-bye, but she didn't quit work till five, and anyway she would understand. I'd drop her a post-card from Hartford or Springfield, or wherever I got a job.

It was no good lying on a rock if I was going to get over onto the College Highway before dark; and it's hard to bum a ride after dark, because half the time they don't even see you until it's too late to stop.

A gang of men was at work along the top of the mountain, putting a new road through. It was one of those government jobs. There was a lot of Italians and Irishmen grading the soft earth and raking the pebbles from the new surface of the road; a little further ahead were ten or twenty niggers, swinging pick-axes against the rock, digging the foundations for the new road. They had a white boss watching them; he sat under the shade of a tree on the bank, holding a red flag in his hand, his eyes asleep. The backs of the niggers were pitch black and the sweat streamed from their shoulders and faces. Their khaki trousers were discolored with sweat all around the waist and through the crotch. They did not stop pounding the stone with their narrow axes.

"How do you get a job in this racket?" I asked one of the white men in the gang near me, an Irishman, who was dragging his rake over and over the same level patch of dirt. He shifted the bulge of his tobacco from one cheek to the other. "I'll tell you," he said. "You go down to the relief office and tell the young lad there that you haven't been able to find work for five years, that your family is without food, that you're strong and willing, and as much more as you please. Then you fill out a lot of papers that don't mean a thing, and say whatever you please on them as I did, then they give you a pair of khaki trousers, like these, and tell you to start work the next day. And here I am. And here you'll be, if you make it sound bad enough."

He loved to talk. It gave him an excuse to stop raking. A little juice glistened, brown and yellow, on his chin.

"Yeah, but they'd tell I had no family. They know I'm too young to be married with kids and all that. Are you supposed to have kids to get a job like this?"

"Well, it helps to have them, whether you have them or not, if you know what I mean. Maybe you'd better try the CCC, my boy, instead of this. That's the fine life for you."

"Oh, hell, I want a real job, with some dough in it, and something to do. I'd rather do some real work like those niggers than sit around on the grass all day, waiting for the whistle to blow. Good luck with your raking, Pat."

"Thanks, my boy." He went back to the level dirt. He didn't care a damn about what I said. He was getting his twenty bucks a week.

I cut across, down from the top of the mountain through some pines. I thought that the pines meant a reservoir must be pretty near; they were always planted around them for some reason or other. But I hit a swamp instead, full of skunk cabbage and brambles and soppy tufts of grass. Every time I thought I was striking a dry place the grass started to sink under my feet. My shoes were wet through, and a thorn tore through my sock, starting the blood on my leg. I could feel the water stinging against the scratch.

Finally I came to an open field, with broken walls around it, and an old tree leaning crazily in the middle. Beyond it was a corn field, the stalks in it six feet high, and I walked down through one of the lanes, not seeing anything on either side. When I came out I was right beside a farm-house on the side of a little hill. I had never been in this valley before. I could see that it lay between West Rock and the Sleeping Giant, but I did not know how you got into it, it seemed to be shut off on all sides by the hills. It was already dusk; I could see one star beginning to shine behind me, over the tops of the trees in the swamp; and a kerosene lamp had been lit in the kitchen of the house I passed as I went down into the road. There was a man sitting at the table, his big hands folded over the red and white table-cloth. He was talking to the woman who kept passing in front of the window, apparently from the stove to the sink and back again. I could not hear what he was saying.

I kept walking down the road, because it seemed to be heading north and east, and that was the way I wanted to go. The road was sandy, and there were pools of water lying along the sides of it. Once I passed a spring that had been piped down into a steel barrel for the horses. I took a drink, and it made me shiver, it was so cold. I guess I walked about three miles before I came to a branch in the road. Anyway, it was dark and I didn't know which way to go. A little further ahead was a farmhouse, with a barn across the way, and lights in it, shining through the narrow windows. I pushed open the door of the barn and saw a man in the dark at the other end, milking the cows, the milk squirting splash-splash, one-two, one-two, into the pail. I spoke, but he did not hear me. I was afraid of something suddenly, and went back towards the farm-house. I wondered where the dog was; it was the first place I had come to where one didn't rush out to bark at me and follow me down the road. I went around by the kitchen, where a lamp was burning close to the windows, and inside I could see two women getting supper ready. One of them was gray-haired and stout, and her sleeves were rolled

up over her red elbows. The other was a girl, about twenty, I guess, with a thin little body and tiny arms. I could have put her arm between my finger and my thumb. She had sort of brownish hair, and it was curly at the ends, like Tonie's. It made me feel sick, standing out there watching the girl who looked a little like Tonie, or anyway reminded me of her. I wanted to walk in and sit down at the table and put my arms around the girl's shoulders and say, "Hello, Tonie, darling. Gosh, it's good to feel you so close again, and listen to that crazy heart of yours beating." Tonie and I had a joke about my being able to *see* her heart beating under that white dress she used to wear. She used to cover the place with her hand so that I couldn't see.

This girl in the house wasn't really like Tonie at all. She was too young and thin. But I liked the way she put the knives and glasses on the table, as though she liked doing it. I wanted to go in and have supper with them. It was kind of a crazy idea, but it was pitch dark now, and I didn't know which way Hamden was, and anyway there was nothing to do when I got there. I thought maybe if I went back to the barn and asked the right road to take the man would ask me to stay and have some supper with them.

I opened the barn door again, and walked down the side of the stalls, to where the man was milking. He saw my shadow against the floor, and stopped the splash-splash of the milk in the pail. He had a little scraggly beard, but his hands were pink, like a child's, and his eyes were already smiling.

"I wonder if you could tell me the way to Hamden?" I asked. He got up from the little, three-legged stool. "Sure thing," he said. "Go back to that fork in the road, and turn left till you hit the macadam; then straight along till you bump plumb into the College Highway." His voice sounded high and funny, as if he were telling a story. "Thanks. Is it very far?" "Oh, no, three mile, mebbe four. If you ain't in a hurry, why don't you stop off for some supper, and start up after; glad to have the company."

That was what I had wanted. I had wanted to go in and sit down by the table in the soft light and hold that girl close like Tonie, pretending it was Tonie. But I was afraid to go in; it made me feel more sick than ever; it would only make it worse stopping off for supper here. Besides, I did not want to see that girl with her brown curly hair like Tonie's. I couldn't touch her if I did go in. They'd think I was crazy if they knew what was in my mind all the time.

"I can't," I said. I didn't even say I was sorry I couldn't stay. I didn't even thank him for telling me which way to go. I waved my hand from the door, and ran a little down the road. I didn't stop hurrying till I got out of sight of the light in the kitchen and the first dog started barking at me up the hill.

I wasn't hungry any more. I kept thinking about Tonie. I wondered if she had found out yet that I was fired; she would hear it from Mrs. Riordan, probably, but she mustn't think I was forgetting about her. I wished I'd left her a note, or something.

Tonie and I used to have these parties down at Savin Rock. We were going to have another one as soon as I had five bucks, but that would have to be called off. She used to wear the white dress that made her waist as thin as a match-stick, and you could see the sacred medal she wore around her neck on a gold chain. I wanted to kiss it there once where it hung, and she became angry at that, and wouldn't speak to me; but that was a long time ago. We hadn't had a fight in a dog's age. That was a kind of a joke between us, that it was just like we were married only we never had any fights. I couldn't even joke about marriage, though, until I got a good job. I wanted to wait, and Tonie never said a word. I guess she thought that was O.K., if that was what I wanted to do.

Finally, I saw a string of lights along the valley. That was Hamden. And where the lights kept moving in a straight line was the College Highway. You could tell the trucks, because the lights were so high and they moved so slow in the dark. I started hurrying again, but my feet hurt, and the gravel kept

kicking up between my socks and my shoes. I reached the road finally and stood on the shoulder facing north, where there were no trees to hide me. There was no moon, but I had on a light shirt, and pretty soon a truck came along and picked me up. He said he was going as far as Hartford, and I said that was all right with me. Then I guess I fell asleep.

When I woke up we were at the Railroad Station in Hartford. "This is the end of the line, kid," he said, and I climbed down from the seat, my back aching from the ride. "Thanks, bud," I said. "Good-night!" It was around eleven by now, and I walked into the waiting-room to look around. It was empty, except for some porters who were sitting asleep by the main entrance. A penny was shining on the floor by the information booth. That was a good luck sign. The refreshment counter was closed up, but I couldn't have got anything for a penny anyway. On the counter was one of those revolving post-card racks. There was an iron grille in front of it, padlocked, but I could just reach over the top, and I grabbed the first card that came between my fingers. Then I ran for the door, but nobody even saw me.

Up the street was the post-office. It was still open; so I went up to one of the little windows and got a one-cent stamp. The fellow who gave it to me was the only man on duty. He wanted to talk, but I went over to a desk by the wall and wrote as much as I could all over the back of the card, even where I was supposed to leave space for the address. I wrote Tonie that I loved her and that I would get a job here, that I would send for her and we would be married. I never said anything like that to her before in my life. I don't know what made me write so much, when I didn't even see where I was going to get a job yet. It was the craziest thing I ever did. I went back and dropped it in the out-of-town slot, and walked back towards the station. I didn't even see what the picture on the card was. I thought of Mrs. Riordan and Tonie's mother reading it before she got home from the office. I called myself everything under the sun. Then I saw this park across the street. I came over here to sleep.

But I feel so funny, I can't sleep. It isn't that I lost my job, because I knew that had to happen, one time or other. It isn't that I don't know where I can get a job, because I'll get one, all right, sooner or later. I'm not worrying about that any more. I can't even think of marriage with Tonie without a good job.

I love Tonie. And I'm going to marry her. It's all so damn simple, and I never dared think of it before . . . I wonder what the picture is on the back of the card? I hope it's a picture of this park, because this is where I'm going to sleep tonight, and I'd like Tonie to be thinking about it . . .

Whom the Gods Love

By CHARLES CARVER, III, 1938

THE examination was to take place in a large room very much in the style of a bank-board sanctum, holding a large table flanked by eight carved chairs. The carpet was a dull green, matching the dull green curtains on the large window, and on the paneled wall hung a solitary portrait of a bearded gentleman in a doublet. There was none of the clinical about the place at all, nor were the six gentlemen who entered it especially imposing, as doctors should be. One was small, wizened, with the philosopher's inquisitive expression about him. Another was tall, lean, and bald — he looked more medical. The rest might have been bankers rather than psychologists.

When all were seated, the bald one rose and said they were fortunate in having the opportunity of studying Harold X, as he was one of the few definite "idiot-savant" types in the East. He possessed no mental coordination at all except insofar as reciting parts from plays, which he could do to a remarkable degree of perfection. At forty he had suddenly, upon the death of his wife, become helplessly insane, necessitating his being fed, dressed, and constantly watched lest he hurt himself inadvertently. His remarkable talent at reciting was soon discovered, and it was generally agreed that was the first case to exhibit this queer twist to the usual "idiot-savant" type. For the last three years he had been kept in the R. Asylum where he would probably remain the rest of his life. The bald man finished speaking, and left the room to fetch Harold X.

The patient was a heavy man, dressed, at first glance, very shabbily. But upon inspection one saw that it was the careless

way he wore his clothes which gave him this appearance; his tie was crooked, his vest partly undone, a shoelace untied, and there were numerous other signs of neglect. His dress resembled that of a child who has successfully avoided its nurse for an afternoon.

Looking mildly at the men, Harold X. gave one the impression that he was blind. There was a total lack of expression on his face, and he seemed in a complete trance. Any gesture he made was slow and indeterminate, and his eyes seemed very distant, as though they were dreaming.

"Gentlemen," said the bald one, "this is Harold X."

There was a good deal of excited murmuring while they looked attentively at the lunatic, who just stood dumbly, unresentful of their stares. He was, in fact, looking at the table with that curious blank disinterestedness which marked his whole manner.

Someone was talking coolly: ". . . and he will recite all of 'Macbeth', 'Lear', 'Hamlet', and 'Richard III' without a moment's hesitation. He accompanies his speech with the appropriate gestures, though he does not comprehend in the least what he is saying. A truly phenomenal memory! Evidently he is a case of pronounced dissociation. Whatever resistance there may have been to his repression has entirely broken down. He cannot utter a coherent syllable, apart from his Shakespeare. Some day, by suggestion, he may be brought back to his normal train of thought, but that is very doubtful. In all probability he will never think coherently again, though there have been" He spoke on and described remote rumors of cures in such cases.

"Now, gentlemen," he went on, "watch closely." There was about his tone something of the relish of a ringmaster about to present a trained ape. Looking at Harold X, the showman said clearly and in a tone louder than heretofore:

*"Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."*

The madman, perfectly in character as predicted:

*"They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rained many a tear, —
Fare you well, my dove!"*

The showman:

*"Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
it could not move me thus."*

The madman, emotionlessly:

"You must sing down a-down, and you call him down-a-down. Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter."

Breaking in, the showman shouted to the others, "You see! Pick any passage at random and he'll reply correctly. Try it, one of you!" His eyes flared wide; and he was enthusiastic as a boy. His confreres also grew excited, and they leaned forward tensely, drinking in the dead words and flat tone of the lunatic. There was about them a contagious jubilation, in which all professional enmities and jealousies were completely forgotten. The glory and triumph of having the senseless clod perform for them allowed of no other emotions. Even the little old fellow with the philosopher's manner so far stepped out of character as to offer the next lead. In a high, strained voice he said:

*"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks . . .
Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! . . .
Finish it! Finish it, I say!"*

The lunatic had been standing like an inanimate thing, making no motion, showing no impatience, and shifting his eyes from the table top to the floor and back to the table top, which was dark mahogany and mirrored sudden shadows as his interrogators shifted position in their excitement. The second time he heard the quotation, he began reciting it in full, slowly and absently, yet never at a loss for the correct words.

*"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout*

*Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned
the cocks!*
*You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt curriers of oak-clearing thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill
at once,
That make ingrateful man!"*

He stared again at the table. Now the shadows on its top were dancing quickly as the men pumped each other's hands. This final proof clinched all doubt. Here was a definite "idiot-savant", a mine of interesting study, and a case of incalculable benefit to science. Look at him there, a senseless lump of clay, yet having the power to recite Shakespeare word for word. And *they* had had the opportunity of studying him! The center of the tumult shifted to the bald man, who had been the author of the show. He was showered with congratulations, offers, and obsequious praise, which he took with the grace of a playwright who has just written a highly successful play. "It was really excellent, excellent!" "A triumph!"

He had little difficulty in persuading them to remain with him for dinner — excepting the little wizened man, who hurried home to complete his notes. Harold X, unnoticed during the hubbub, was led out by a keeper to be fed, undressed, and put to bed.

But he could not sleep. Madmen can not always sleep. He lay tossing and muttering with his distant eyes wide in his head.

*" . . . Pray do not mock me: I am a very foolish
old man . . . I fear I am not in my perfect mind . . .
If you have poison for me, I will drink it . . . Do not
abuse me . . . You must bear with me . . . Pray forgive
and forget . . . Thou'lt come no more . . . Never,
never, never, never, never!"*

No one came near to hear him as he spoke. He was choking now, his face buried in the pillow, his hands against his head.

Manhattan Evening

By DWIGHT E. ROBINSON, JR., 1936

*The evening with blue wings flies down
In a sky cut in rectangles
Wearing a rose and yellow gown
Illumined with electric spangles.*

*Millions enjoy the commonplace
With a dash of glamour
Hoping that God may heat the forge
Millions hammer.
Silent foundations underpin
A maze of clamor.*

*Grey-headed clouds
Speculate upon the scene aloof.
Hard-heeled crowds,
Half right, assume the sky's reproof.*

*The cinema's replaced the moon
As lovers' go-between,
But she rides to her silver noon,
A smiling, sceptered Queen.*

Three Trees

By ANTHONY GARVAN, 1939

THREE trees stood on a green bank beyond. A palm tree shook with the wind, a pine stood strong and straight, a willow waved easily, freely. The stars stippled black night. A comet seared silently. The lightning struck; the pine was splinters. The sun clouded; the palm froze. The night was starless; the willow wept.

A young boy and girl walked slowly together, yet apart. They were striving to recapture that deepest red of the sun's last ray. They could only speak of trivialities. Why had they tried to meet again? Why should they seek to capture forever something that had been so poignant in its insecurity; something whose beauty had asked and created that glorious sinking vacuum? Together they had seen a lone fish-hawk hover over tall pines and dive with streaming speed. Together they had watched the fire dance on dark beams, seen that glow that halo-like grasps the worthy and unworthy, the living and the dead, alike gives them that passing orange caress. They had watched lightning silhouette a bell tower and cross, seen that cross against a green moon as the curtains of clouds gently, lovingly, parted. They had talked of color in vowels. Red was u. O was white. They loved with beauty, with nature. Now they tried to love with convention, automobiles, lawns, grapevines, and found — It was different with a laugh.

Inevitably they strolled through the grapevine toward the house, a house deserted for many years by its owners, now empty

altogether. Its owner had been the great French revivalist architect and had built this house as a memorial to a childless love that was unbroken by death. In it he combined all those features for which he had stood in eclecticism. His wife after he died could not live there and yet could not leave it, so she bought a place at the foot of her old house and there entertained his tired friends.

As the boy and girl came to the house they could not keep from looking through the main hall. When they did so they saw on the steps facing the lawn on the other side a bent back, crowned by uncreased grey felt.

The boy knew they *must* talk to him, the girl felt they *would*, but hesitated. She remembered that terrible quake she had had once before when they had talked to the old and sad. They had gone out to the greenhouse to get flowers for her evening dress. The old gardener was delighted, he loved their youth. Theirs was love. He had just lost a son. The second evening they had told him that the girl left that night. He had ignored them the first time and gone on talking. They told him again. He said nothing. They said good-bye. He whispered, "Good-night". The old fear to say good-bye. She had trembled with its force.

She was running to keep up with the boy. They burst in on the old man. The boy and the man seemed to be merely continuing a lifelong discussion. The girl was silent. "I was just remembering," said the old man. To the boy it seemed he could have said nothing else. The girl had never remembered.

The old man said, "It is beautiful, isn't it? Tom knew that beautiful disregard for balance that only an innate sense of balance can give. See how the lawn dips down to the bushes, then the tall trees. See how that simple open temple, empty as all temples should be, balances the whole of the servants' quarters. In the Gothic they did that. Except in the degenerate there would never be two towers alike. The church's exalted height typified the ideal, the perfect, the various designs, individual aspirations."

The foolish young man fearing silence asked the old man if he had ever stag-hunted in his France. The old man said he had not but he would like to tell them a story of a model horse he once owned.

"This horse, as soon as a man approached his stall, would kick so furiously that he would break the stall door. At last I hit upon the idea of keeping the groom away when I came near him, and finally he got so I could take very delicate measurements and he would not move.

"Well, this groom I was telling you of proved to be a crook of a most hateful type. He had used my good faith to defraud me repeatedly in all manner of deals in which I had trusted him.

"One evening, shortly after I fired him, he burst into my room mad with drink and (I know not why) with conscience. He babbled up the bile of his tortured mind and told me everything. Then somehow he resented my hearing it. He had wanted the relief and now wished to destroy its source. He seized some weapons I had been using for my models and began to swing at me. I wrestled with him and at last subdued him.

"For I was young then and wanted to live.

"That night the groom, being old, cut his veins in the filthy tub of his tenement."

The old man rose, he too seemed relieved, and, bowing gracefully, left the two together. He walked carelessly, not knowing what he did. He heard the newsboy's plaintive voice as out of a dream:

*"Five cents
half a dime
keeps you thinking
all the time."*

The old man stepped off the curb. Brakes shrieked, he looked up, he looked down again. "I was a young man then,"—now—

The other two sat alone. Night was with them; they did not see the sky. The boy finally said the inevitable: "I love you terribly."

She hesitated, then she thought of what the old man had said "young . . . wanted to live". The pain was not worth the ecstasy. She did not want *to live*; she wanted to have fun. She said:

"I'm sorry I've never felt that way towards you. You're swell, let's be friends."

The boy's throat choked. His heart felt tight, compressed. He could not cry nor laugh. He muttered: "Not your fault . . . so sorry — good-night."

Then she knew and she could sob futilely.

A comet seared silently. The pine was splinters. The sun clouded; the palm froze. The night was starless; the willow wept.

Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine

1837	1844	1851
E. O. Carter	I. Atwater	A. H. Carrier
F. A. Coe	J. W. Dulles	E. W. Evans
W. M. Evarts	O. S. Ferry	B. F. Martin
C. S. Lyman	W. Smith	S. McCall
W. S. Scarborough	J. Waite	J. W. Noble
1838	1845	1852
C. J. Lynde	W. Binney	A. Bigelow
C. Rich	G. B. Day	C. M. Bliss
T. G. Talcott	J. W. Harding	W. W. Crapo
J. P. Thompson	G. C. Hill	D. C. Gilman
J. V. Varnum	T. Kennedy	H. B. Sprague
1839	1846	1853
C. Hammond	J. B. Brisbin	A. Grout
R. D. Hubbard	W. B. Capron	G. A. Johnson
H. R. Jackson	H. B. Harrison	C. T. Lewis
I. P. Langworthy	D. Hawley	B. K. Phelps
I. D. Sherwood	W. R. Nevins	A. D. White
1840	1847	1854
J. S. Babcock	B. G. Brown	W. C. Flagg
H. Booth	W. S. McKee	J. W. Hooker
G. H. Hollister	D. T. Noyes	W. S. Maples
J. G. Hoyt	J. Munn	L. S. Potwin
G. Richards	C. F. Sanford	C. T. Purnell
1841	1848	1855
J. Emerson	F. R. Abbe	W. H. L. Barnes
E. P. Gaines	W. Aitchinson	E. Mulford
D. G. Mitchell	T. H. Porter	W. T. Wilson
G. B. Schott	G. B. Willcox	S. T. Woodward
T. C. Yarnell	B. D. Young	H. A. Yardley
1842	1849	1856
E. L. Baldwin	C. G. Came	G. F. Bailey
W. P. Gready	J. Campbell	J. M. Brown
A. Matthews	F. M. Finch	W. H. W. Campbell
S. B. Mulford	E. D. Morris	H. DuBois
R. W. Wright	C. B. Waring	L. C. Fisher
1843	1850	1857
R. Aikman	E. W. Bentley	F. E. Butler
D. W. Havens	W. R. Bliss	J. M. Holmes
J. A. Lent	W. S. Colton	H. S. Huntington
F. Munson	E. H. Roberts	N. C. Perkins
E. W. Robbins	O. L. Woodford	G. Pratt

1858	1866	1874
E. F. Blake	H. Cole	O. F. Aldis
D. G. Brinton	G. C. Colt	T. W. Grover
C. S. Kellogg	C. M. Southgate	A. D. Whittemore
J. E. Kimball	L. C. Wade	T. P. Wickes
S. H. Lee	H. O. Whitney	J. S. Wood
1859	1867	1875
S. D. Faulkner	W. Bruce	C. T. Chester
G. W. Fisher	J. J. DuBois	H. S. Gulliver
B. N. Harrison	A. E. Dunning	J. W. Brooks
T. R. Lounsbury	J. W. Hartshorn	A. F. Jenks
A. H. Wilcox	R. W. Woodward	W. R. Richards
1860	1868	1876
R. S. Davis	R. W. Ayers	J. B. Gleason
W. Fowler	J. Lewis	E. P. Howe
E. G. Holden	W. A. Linn	W. W. Hyde
W. C. Johnston	W. A. McKinney	J. H. Marvin
C. H. Owen	A. P. Tinker	R. B. Smith
1861	1869	1877
W. H. Fuller	L. H. Bagg	C. R. Chapin
J. L. Shipley	E. G. Coy	F. R. Dillingham
S. Shearer	H. V. Freeman	A. Gould
E. R. Sill	H. W. Raymond	A. C. Hodges
E. O. Williams	E. P. Wilder	A. R. Kimball
1862	1870	1878
G. M. Beard	E. P. Clark	G. B. Edwards
E. Hemenway	J. H. Cummings	T. S. Jenks
W. Lampson	W. C. Gulliver	C. H. Kelsey
R. Skinner	C. H. Strong	E. H. Seely
J. P. Taylor	T. J. Tilney	C. L. Spencer
1863	1871	1879
E. B. Bingham	C. D. Hine	L. F. Burpee
J. H. Butler	A. B. Mason	H. S. Green
S. W. Duffield	W. R. Sperry	L. J. Swinburne
C. W. Francis	G. A. Strong	A. Tighe
J. F. Kernochan	E. F. Sweet	
1864	1872	1880
M. C. D. Borden	R. E. Coe	J. A. Amundson
S. C. Darling	C. C. Deming	W. M. Hall
L. Gregory	J. H. Hincks	A. B. Nichols
G. S. Merriam	C. B. Ramsdell	D. Scudder
A. D. Miller	G. Richards	
W. G. Peck		
H. M. Whitney		
M. H. Williams		
1865	1873	1882
T. Bulkley	W. Beebe	Benjamin Brewster
T. F. Caskey	H. W. Lyman	W. I. Bruce
A. McLean	W. A. Houghton	J. E. Whitney
C. E. Smith	F. B. Tarbell	C. A. Wight
W. Stocking	S. O. Prentice	F. E. Worcester

	1883		1892		1900
G. W. Johnson		Edward Boltwood		J. W. Barney	
F. W. Kellogg		P. C. Eggleston		S. G. Camp	
E. T. McLaughlin		G. B. Hollister		J. M. Hopkins	
H. H. Palmer		Thornwell Mullally		Owen Johnson	
W. Trumbull		F. J. Price		Hulbert Taft	
	1884		1893		1901
R. Foster		W. E. Dwight		P. T. Gilbert	
E. C. Gale		J. H. Field		R. Kingsley	
H. M. Painter		Francis Parsons		W. G. D. Morgan	
H. W. Prouty		R. C. Wadsworth		Ray Morris	
H. M. Wolf		L. A. Welles		O. M. Wiard	
	1885		1894		1902
H. DeF. Baldwin		H. L. Eno		A. M. Cressler	
J. C. Bridgman		Arthur Judson		E. L. Fox	
E. L. Richards		R. H. Nichols		W. B. Hooker	
F. R. Shipman		R. D. Paine		D. L. James	
H. L. Doggett		E. B. Reed		B. A. Welch	
	1886		1895		1903
C. M. Lewis		L. Denison		G. S. Arnold	
C. W. Pierson		B. J. Hendrick		P. Berman	
E. J. Phelps		C. C. Hyde		R. L. Black	
A. L. Shipman		E. G. Taylor		H. F. Griffin	
E. Woollen		R. S. White		A. J. Waring	
	1887		1896		1904
A. F. Gates		M. Griggs		A. Gordon	
W. Kent		G. H. Nettleton		H. Ford	
C. H. Ludington, Jr.		E. S. Oviatt		G. Chittenden	
W. L. Phelps		P. C. Peck		C. S. Goodrich	
J. N. Pomeroy		C. W. Wells		F. E. Pierce	
	1888		1897		1905
J. F. Carter		C. B. DeCamp		J. L. Houghtelling, Jr.	
E. C. Fellowes		C. P. Kitchel		W. F. Peters, 2nd	
H. R. Griffith		N. A. Smyth		J. G. Rogers	
R. M. Hurd		C. E. Thomas		E. V. Stoddard, Jr.	
F. I. Paradise		F. Tilney		W. K. VanReypen, Jr.	
	1889		1898		1906
J. C. Griggs		A. D. Baldwin		J. N. Greeley	
H. A. Smith		D. DeF. Burrell		D. Bruce	
L. S. Welch		F. A. Lord		J. H. Wallis	
H. W. Wells		G. Morris, Jr.		S. M. Harrington	
	1890		E. C. Streeter		J. S. Newberry
A. W. Colton					
John Crosby					
G. A. Hurd					
Henry Opdyke					
H. M. Sage					
	1891		1899		1907
Grosvenor Atterbury		H. A. Callahan		W. B. Wolf	
H. T. Kingsbury		I. Henderson		L. Jennings, B.M.	
Albert Lee		R. Hooker		R. M. Edmonds	
R. B. Smith		H. Mason		H. F. Bishop	
L. H. Tucker, Jr.		B. B. Moore		H. S. Lewis	
				R. E. Danielson	

1908	1916	1923
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1909	1917	1924
H. W. Stokes L. Bacon H. A. Beers, Jr. E. K. Morse C. H. P. Thurston F. A. Morrell, Jr., B.M.	A. R. Bellinger, Ch. J. R. Sanderson, B.M. S. S. Duryee R. P. Pfieger P. G. Hart C. M. Stewart, 3rd	D. G. Carter W. Crafts, B.M. L. S. Goldsborough G. W. P. Heffelfinger, B.M. W. E. Houghton, Jr., Ch. N. R. Jaffray M. Tyler
1910	1918	1925
R. D. French A. E. Baker R. D. Hillis H. V. O'Brien T. L. Riggs J. W. Ford, B.M.	J. C. Farrar, Ch. W. S. Lewis W. Douglas P. Underwood P. Barry H. H. Kondolf, B.M. J. L. VanPelt, B.M.	W. T. Bissell, Ch. R. P. Crenshaw, Jr. J. R. Chamberlain F. D. Ashburn W. W. Troy T. M. Purdy, Jr., B.M. H. P. Baldwin, B.M.
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1912	1920	1927
J. LeC. Bell, Ch. E. P. Dawson A. L. Goodhart E. N. Hickman P. L. Rosenfeld W. C. Smith, B.M.	J. W. Andrews W. Millis J. Crosby, Jr. H. R. Luce C. Sudler T. E. Hurley, B.M.	T. C. Patterson, Ch. A. H. Olmstead A. Maximov E. A. Davidson J. H. G. Pierson P. Haviland, B.M. N. L. Griggs, B.M. C. B. Barrett, B.M.
1913	1921	1928
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1914	1922	1929
K. Rand, Ch. F. Bergen N. Noyes S. H. Paradise H. E. Tuttle H. E. Ocumpaugh	T. C. Chubb R. P. Gale, B.M. C. Hume J. H. Paxton S. Selden J. A. Thomas, Ch. G. Tobin, B.M.	W. Dodge, II, Ch. T. Prideaux E. S. Johnson J. I. B. McCulloch W. D. Judson J. S. Ellsworth, Jr., B.M.
1915		
J. C. Brown O. McKee, Jr. A. MacLeish, Ch. J. C. Peet F. W. Tuttle A. H. O'Gara, B.M.		

1930	1932	1935
T. Prideaux, Ch.	G. H. Hamilton, Ch.	C. Seymour, Jr., Ch.
W. D. Judson, Jr.	M. Mack	G. Peck
E. S. Johnson	D. McKee	D. E. Robinson
J. I. B. McCulloch	J. Baur	G. DeMare
N. Davis	W. Field	B. M. Gill
F. C. Wright, Jr.	E. Kingman	A. D. Berliss, Jr., B.M.
A. Woolner, B.M.	N. Douglas, B.M.	
1931	1933	1936
L. Fox, Jr. Ch.	F. V. Lindley, Ch.	B. M. Gill, Ch.
W. H. Hale	R. Barlow	D. E. Robinson, Jr.
J. B. Coleman	T. Miller	C. C. Rodgers
F. C. Power	H. T. Cunningham	G. S. DeMare
S. Rodman	R. B. McNitt, B.M.	W. K. Cole
J. P. Wade		J. H. Ferguson
H. Williams		H. W. McBride, B.M.
J. T. McClintock		
1934		
	H. T. Cunningham, Ch.	
	G. A. Gordon	
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The Editor's Table

HERE is an end and a beginning. Our filial labors for the honor and glory of the Old Lady draw with these lines to a tardy close; tomorrow, rather like one of Edgar Wallace's heroes quitting Dartmoor, we hope only to be forgotten, to start life anew in the metamorphosis of what we will; yet we cannot help half turning in the door to bid a long farewell to the pleasant golden dust of our Durfee office, to the ants and ant-poison with which we have lived on such intimate terms for three years, to the remembered anguish of ill-pasted dummies, of contributions mislaid, and of the whole kit and boodle of editorial sins; and to pause in our farewell and recite a handful of the memories of this centennial year.

Here is the Centennial Issue, for what it may be worth. We have not read it ourselves, nor do we intend to for some time, at least until the pain it has caused us has been colored by an equal measure of the joy we have known, until we no longer wake in the night with the burning sight of these hundreds of pages hot against our lids, until its errors have been by my Uncle Toby's angel's tear silently washed away. In the meantime, gentlest and best of readers, what if this old heart were to unburden itself a little, not without self-pity, but with as much respect for your patience as we feel you deserve?

We began work (said Grandfather, shifting comfortably in his chair and pulling reflectively at the lobe of his left ear) a full year ago. Plans were drawn up to make the magazine some such sort of anniversary issue as you hold now in your (perhaps slightly fatigued) hands; and the chief task, that of wooing the multitude of contributors, began. By the special dispensation of a just Providence which has before now admitted at least a small handful of editors through the portals we were permitted to tell as many lies in the course of our correspondence as we chose; in fact, the first thing we learned was to be as inconsiderate and deceitful towards the prospective contributor as the limits of human nature and a gentle up-bringing made possible. Every one was informed that the dead-

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line for articles for this issue would be the twenty-fifth of May, not a day later, lest the firmament crack and the heavens fall.

Stuff and nonsense!

One contribution we failed to receive until last January—eleven months after having asked for it.

That is considered a relatively high average for promptness by those who pretend to know.

* * * * *

And so things went. A busy man like Archibald MacLeish tests the patience of the devil, who has, you have our word for it, infinitely more patience than Job, because he put us off with such determined sweetness month after month, explaining how very soon indeed we were to expect a contribution—and before we knew what had happened, the first snow was beginning to fly and the editorial withers were being sharply wrung by those whose sense of time and the river was more acute than our own. It is safe to say, for those who keep tabulations and charts of such matters, that Mr. MacLeish is a tough baby: he is an editor himself, and knows too much, too many of the secrets of the game.

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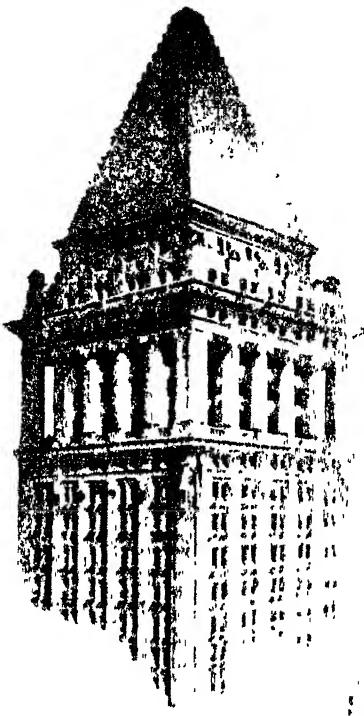
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Stephen Benét and Philip Barry and Walter Millis, bless their hearts, were as ideal as contributors could possibly be, accepting the invitations to write, and then—and here is the extraordinary thing—writing. Not within a year, or six months, but as nearly pronto as we pleased. It was a caution to us, to see such immediate kindness, out of so clear a sky; for at that time we still had a vague feeling that if a man were important the chances were thousands to one against his also being a human being. There seemed somehow a wide gap between a man and his reputation: they were different beings, and the latter was all we knew.

Thornton Wilder, it developed, was a betwixt-and-betweener, which is a technical term of the trade for which there is no ready explanation. In May he was very anxious to send us something; by June it was almost in the mails; by September a great silence brooded over all, even over Vienna, where Mr. Wilder had hidden himself. The way we looked at it, he was just teasing. So, by a barrage of telephone calls to his sweet and patient mother, we discovered his address, and dispatched a cable, to which there was no answer. We had embarrassed him. By November he had returned to New Haven, where we cornered him in the Library one day, and said, "Please."

Forwarded to page xxxiv

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COLLIERIES

June at Governor Junction

(Continued from page 161)
herself, so that it fitted her with the devilish ingenuity which suggested Eden and the apple and the still, yellow corn fields stretching down a fertile land.

Cars drove by, spilling dust and noise into the air for a brief moment; then leaving the night to the distant revelry of the jazz at the Fair and the night winds.

When they came near the big barn covered with posters and streamers, where the dance was being held, Millie opened her purse and took out some money.

"You haven't any money," she said.

Opposite the big barn was a tent and a booth in front where a man was yelling, concerning the splendors in the Curiosity Center.

Millie and Jim entered the dance. Inside the big barn, hung with streamers and gay with bunting, the air was full of the smell of stale chocolate, perfume, and hay. Four men were playing for all they were worth, the sweat glistening on their foreheads. Farm hands



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held girls in their awkward, sweaty hugs. The dancing was in full swing.

Millie extended her arms as if to embrace him, and they glided off to the lilt of a popular song — slow and jiggling. The young man limped even in dancing.

The music and heat and smell began to make them talk loudly and laugh as if intoxicated. It penetrated their blood, and the color suffused their faces.

In the corner old farmers sat passing a jug of corn surreptitiously from one to the other. The barn seemed to bend and swirl around them.

"Gol-danged, but that's the real stuff," one of them said, wiping his mouth.

Through the hazy air Millie saw Harry Osburgh, standing at the door with a gaudy-looking girl. His eyes were blood-shot and shone as if from liquor. He was watching her.

They danced for an hour . . . perhaps two hours . . . perhaps three, until they were hoarse from laughing and saying silly things. Then they went out and saw the curiosi-

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ties and went on the merry-go-round until they were dizzy. They wandered among the tents, and Jim won her a cupid doll by knocking over three cats in succession at the three-shots-for-a-nickle booth.

It was around two in the morning that they started out toward the field near Grayam’s Pasture. They were neither of them tired, and the big stars overhead in the clear sky and the warmish wind hissing along the pines added to their dreamy exhilaration.

The young man limped quietly in the dirt road; the girl’s feet were light and soundless, as her dancing slippers printed the dust.

“This must have been like Eden,” he said.

Suddenly, when they were turning from Straight Street toward the little rise near the field, they saw Smith confronting them. Brown stood behind him, his hands in his coat pockets. Smith’s face was strange in the night shadows.

Millie had never seen that look on Smith’s face before.

Smith put his hand on the young man’s shoulder, and

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they started walking down the path toward Grayam's field.

Millie walked behind them, Brown a little to the left of the young man.

Brown had come back.

When they reached the spot near the rock, deserted, still, Smith stopped and turned around. He saw Millie.

"You better go home," he said.

In the luminous night she could see Jim's face, pale and quiet. The winds whispered distantly across the pines. The grain in the next field looked like shadowy water.

"You better go home," Smith repeated.

Then Jim spoke, slowly.

"You better go, Millie," he said. "Come back for me in the morning."

The girl turned and walked up the dusty path, the wind in her face.

Far off she could still hear faintly the sound of music from the Fair and see to the South its lighted barn and tents in the distance among the trees. She found she was still holding that cupid doll

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Jim had won. The grass along the path gave off a faint odor of musk.

Then she heard it — far down in the fields, short, sharp, abrupt, seeming to fall scarcely echoing into the night. There were three of them, irregularly fired, three pistol shots.

She turned and began to retrace her steps back down to Straight Street.

As she turned into the dirt road, a long blue car shot out into Center Avenue and whirred by toward the road to the Highway.

The girl commenced running down the path to the field, and as she ran she began to grow hysterical. "No, no, no!" she cried as she ran, "No, no, no!"

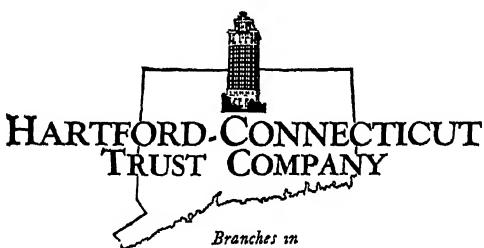
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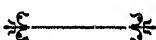
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(Continued from page xxii)

He then gave himself such a dressing-down as even an editor might have been proud to claim, and within a fortnight was able to send in his contribution, sincerely thanking us for what was really our unmitigated gall in so pestering him.

The prize difficulty of the year was Sinclair Lewis. He sent us a cable from Jamaica last May, saying he hoped the Lrr. would inherit more of the spirit of Harpo and Karl Marx than it had had in his own cautious day, excellent advice we hope already taken. Then that same darn brooding silence came creeping in again, and we heard not a word, not a funeral note, for months on end. They seemed on end to us. Finally in November the telephone rang, and a crisp crackling voice said, "Very well, I think you win." Great jumpin'! It was Sinclair Lewis!

Anyhow, we raced down to his house in Bronxville, had a prime talk with him that had nothing whatever to do with our editorial functions, and returned to Yale as excited as that curious beast, an editor, could possibly be.

Knowing Sinclair Lewis has been the biggest thing the Centennial Issue has given in return for its recurrent growing pains. He is wise, tolerant,

(Continued on page xlvi)

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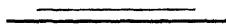
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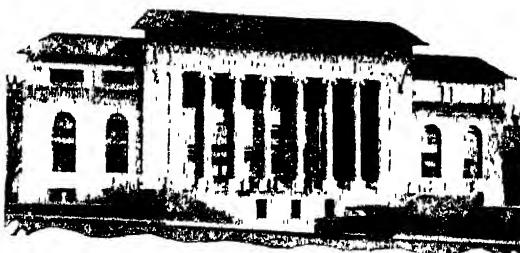
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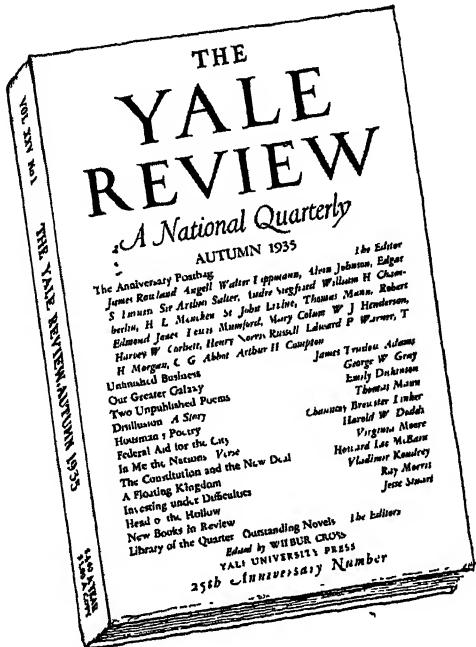
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Clarifying Foreign Policy—SAMUEL F. BEMIS
Mark Twain—WILLIAM LYON PHILIPS Four Poems—ROBERT FROST
Can We Improve the Public Service?—LEONARD D. WHITE
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YALE CO-OP

(Continued from page xxxiv)

humorous, gentle, generous. He has been and is often bitter, mistaken, furious, as well, but all that honestly. He is his own favorite word, "authentic."

* * * * *

So it has gone: infinite time spent in persuading our past editors that now is now; infinite annoyance at the stupid blunders we have ourselves committed, at the mistaken attempts we have made on a score of fronts; and infinite gratitude for the friendship of real men and the increased promise of the years through the strength and light of their help.—With infinite gratitude, in particular, for the literally ceaseless help and counsel of Billy Phelps, who, as our guardian angel through this difficult year, has been the one chiefly responsible for whatever is good in this magazine; one in whose friendship, as in that of his great good friend, Sinclair Lewis, we are unashamedly proud; and one who will be forever a part and parcel of the great tales to which our grandchildren will be mercilessly condemned to listen through the long hours of the night.

Now we can say good-bye, and look to the fresh woods we are so desperately anxious to invade; and even now the self-pity of the past months

(Continued on page xlvi)



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(Continued from page xlvi)

drops from our shoulders in the recollection of the grand excitements and verbal contests of this flying year, through which we have won into the calm of forgetful content with the Old Lady, the memory of having, for better or for worse, celebrated her one hundred years in the best way we knew how—and with God be the rest.

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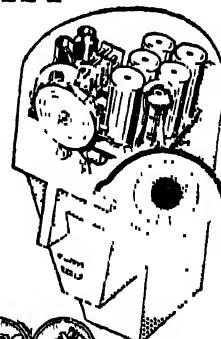
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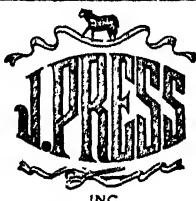
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